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Christmas at Cheri

CHERI, the magazine for the people by the people, is happy to report that our family is growing bigger and better with every issue. From our celebrity roving reporter Fanne Foxe to our *boob*-acous music editor Cheri Baum, the CHERI bandwagon is packed with the craziest collection of comelies ever. The entire staff joins in wishing all you fans the best for this holiday season. We hope that you will continue writing and corresponding with our contributors since this is what has made our first year so successful. So remember all you Yuletime sexophiles—You better not cry, you better not pout, CHERI-claus is cumming to town.

Yuletime, 1976
(Left to right) Front row: Swingers Scott and Suzanne Murray; editor Peter Wolff; Gloria ("Benedict") Leonard; second row: Annie Sprinkle; Patti Wolfess and Jake Wolfee; Herbie; rear: Suzanne Superstar, Nickie, The Incredible Honeysuckle Divine; Teddy; Derek Atkins, Esq., Audrey Andrews, Pat Flint.

BIGGER AND BETTER ALL THE TIME!

Yuletime, 1977
(Left to right) Front row: The high priced talent—Suzie Superstar; Cheri Bomb-Baum; Fanne Foxe; Andrea Ambers; Kim Pope; Jody Maxwell. Second row: Cuntraitist Rene Moncada; Gypsy Gitano (centerfold, March '77); Columnist-hooker Iris de la Cruz; Elda Stiletto (February, '77); Editht the Nuditht, stylist-gopher; Patti & Jake Wolff; Hazel Gravy; Annie Sprinkle. Rear: Mike Foldes; Patrick King; Jimmy Angel; Bob Amsel; Carmine (Bubba) Belluci, Jr.; Unidentified girl who just happened to be passing by; Hot Tip Wolff; Shebo.

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OUR GANG

1977 was one helluva year. CHERI blossomed from a snot-nosed punk to a real powerhouse in the mens magazine field. Hundreds of thousands of you left the bullshit pretty-girl mags and came to live with us.

Except for about a thousand politicians who tried to crawl into office on vicious, medieval, and desperate attacks on the sexual revolution. The crusade against so-called porn (a movement, much like Anita Bryant's anti-fag trip, totally without a constituency) was carried on by morally-bankrupt politicos who were too chicken-shit to face the real issues in this society: like runaway inflation, or energy depletion, or the rape of our ecology, or corporate chicanery and white-collar crime.

In terms of idiocy and repression, 1977 is by far the worst year I can remember. I'm glad it's over. I'm glad all the winners and losers can now go about their real job—which is figuring out how to divert our tax monies into their backers' pockets. At least, that should keep them busy for a while.

But CHERI plows on, undaunted and untameable. We simply have too much energy for the motherfuckers. Plus—we have a legitimate constituency—people who are delighted or curious or puzzled or turned-on by the ever-variegating changes in our sexual morality.

So, this Christmas, while you're exchanging gifts under the tree or oral sex on the kitchen floor, think of your brothers and sisters here at CHERI, think of me and Andrea and Kim and Fanne and Jody and the Incredible Cherry Bomb and Miss Vickie and bruisy Terry Kolb and Hazel Gravy. We're gonna be out there someplace making love and sexual change just for you. We're gonna be thinking of you, tossing an extra thrust and slurping an extra lick, just for you. We hope you do it for us, too. We hope, while you're balling your girl or your wife or your minister or your pet gerbil this Xmas, you say, "Let's do it one more time for Fanne Foxe and Honeysuckle Divine, for the Nude Beach people and the sisters of COYOTE, for the Gay Libbers and the Swingers and the Hobbyists and the Bald-Headed freaks." Hey, we're all one, baby. And we're going to tough this thing out! Do it to us! Do it for us!

Have a Veri Meri Cheri Christmas,

Peter Wolff

ALL-COLOR
FILM

Streetwalker-writer Iris de la Cruz at her office on 42nd St.

Photographer Carlos de Norman in N'Awlins with a boy-turned-girl.

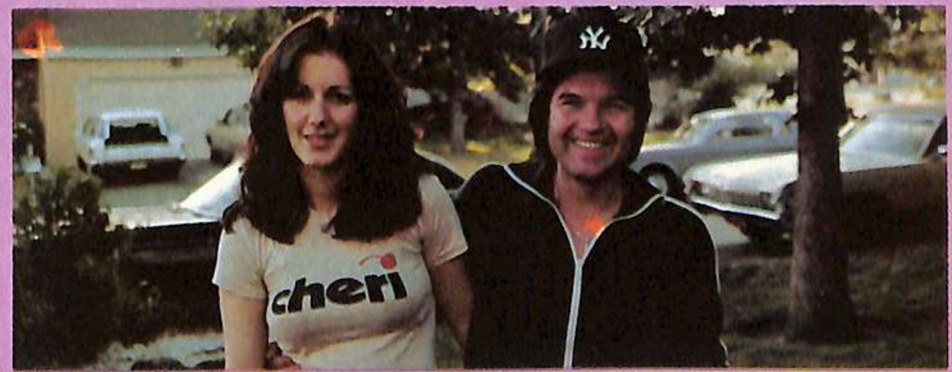
Fanne Foxe, the Delta Basin Bombshell, does her act on Bourbon St.

Our Midwest swing columnist, Britt Loveland, wants to hear from you.

Jody Maxwell, in a recording studio, making her hilarious Christmas record.

Laine Wolf, photographer-author of our authentic maso-girl interview.

Honeysuckle Divine, also in a recording studio, preparing to play flute accompaniment for Jody.



Singer Jimmy Angel and friend. Jimmy's new record is "Wake Up, America!"

Illustrator Joey Epstein

Editor Peter Wolff photographing the lush and luscious Edith Nudiitht.

AMERI cheri

THE SLAVE TRADE

By Terry Kolb

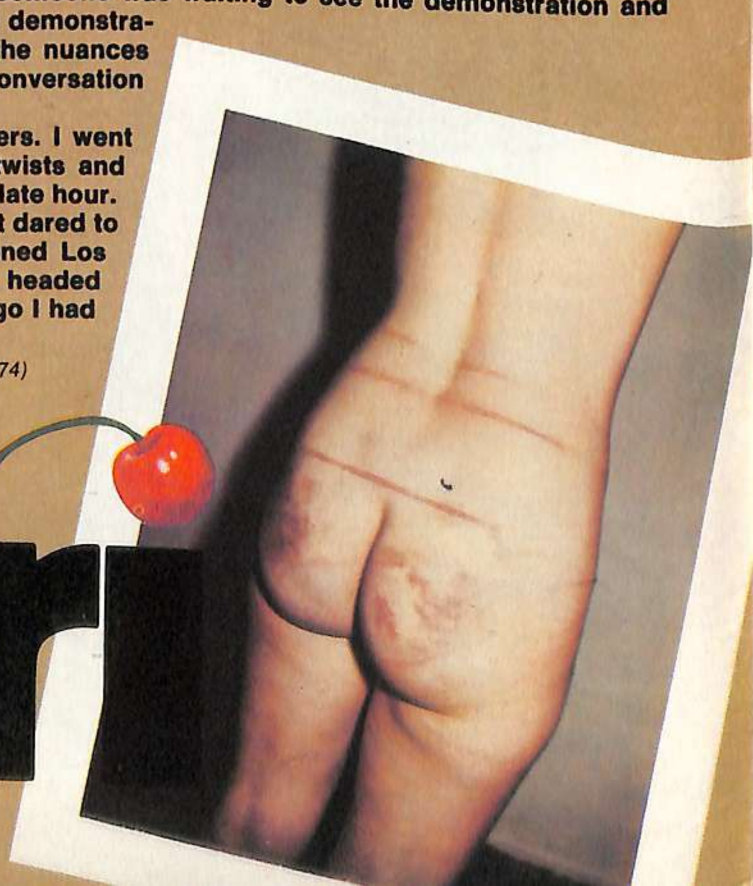
My second day at The Chateau, I was due to go to a swinging party in the Valley to give them a demonstration of a session with Sir James. That morning, I excitedly called two friends who were into the scene, so that they could come to the party and see me get my licks. When they heard who I was working for, they told me they considered him bad news and not to be trusted.

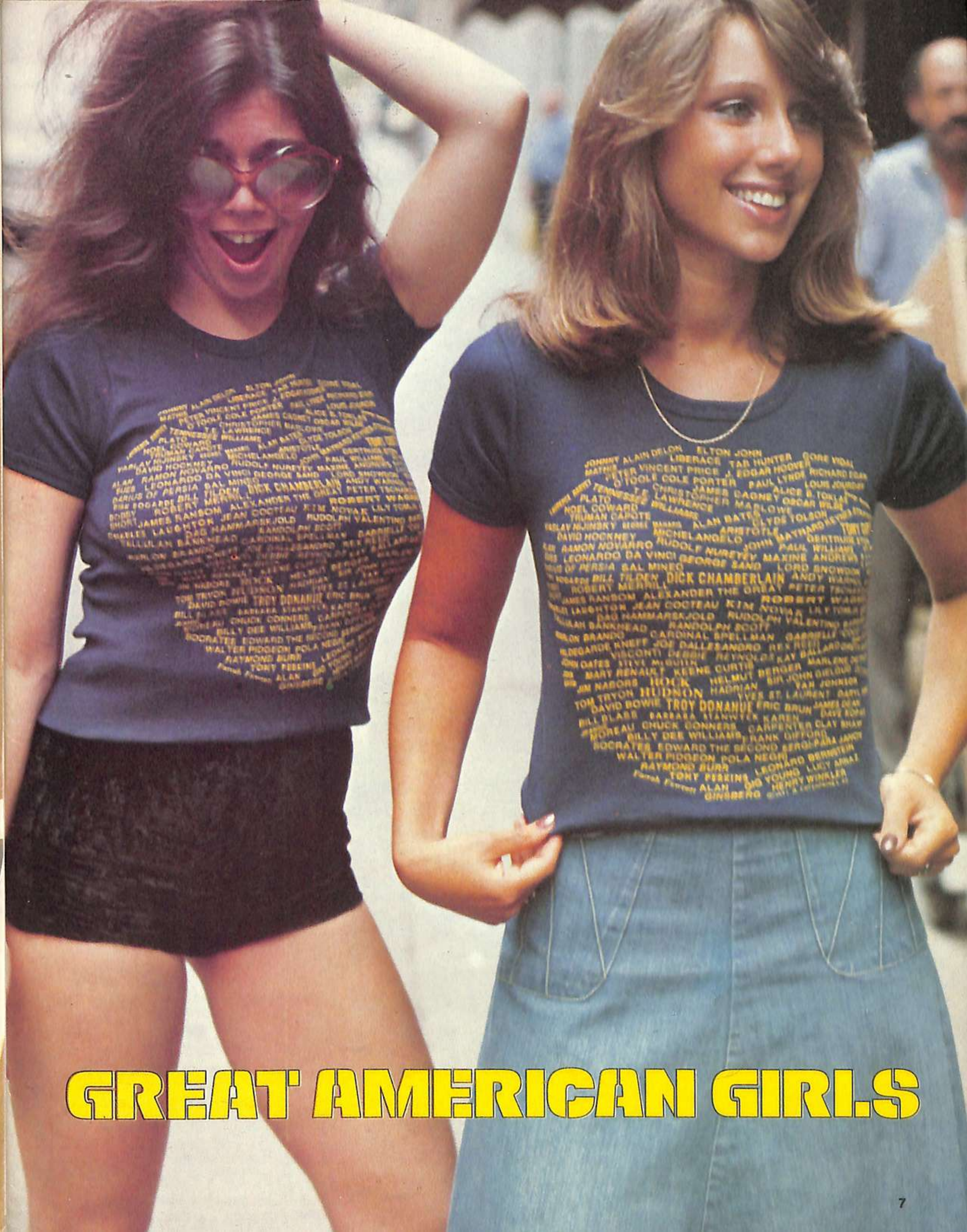
Considerably shaken by the conversation, I arrived at The Chateau, my joyful mood shattered. James did not do much to improve it, either. He was distant and distracted. After the night before, when he had whipped me and established warm intimacy, I was not ready for such a cool reception.

The day dragged on, bringing me no customers but a lot of hustle, bustle all around me. Visitors hung out for hours, and I felt lost in the shuffle. For a while, I was on the verge of quitting. Sir James persuaded me to go to the party because someone was waiting to see the demonstration and wanted to do a session with "the one in the demonstration" at a later date. He didn't pick up the nuances of my mood and I didn't tell him about my conversation of that morning.

I drove up to the party ahead of the others. I went through Laurel Canyon, through its many twists and turns, my radio playing without static at that late hour. I remembered that this time last year I hadn't dared to drive anywhere at night. I felt like a seasoned Los Angelite. I got on the Ventura Freeway and headed out for the party house, where over a year ago I had attended my first bondage party in L.A.

As soon as I arrived and (Continued on page 74)





GREAT AMERICAN GIRLS

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STREET WALKIN' BLUES

Article by Iris de la Cruz

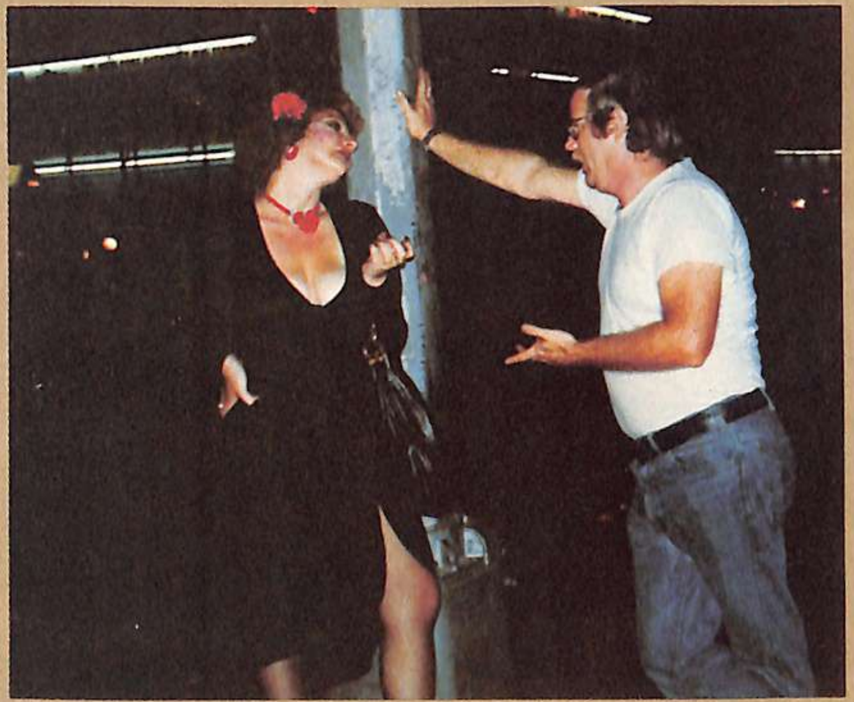
Editor's Note: Iris de la Cruz is a New York street prostitute who has spent the last few years working the sleaziest streets in New York. Beginning this issue, she will be writing for CHERI on a regular basis, covering the new movements for hookers' rights.

I'm a street bitch. Manhattan at night is a thriving bucket of worms. Millions of people humping the air in a pagan ritual to some fat god of decadence. Music emanates out of every open window and door, every drug imaginable is available, just feel good, baby.

That's where I come in. My business is making people feel good. For a price. But it's a fair trade. I'll make you forget your bitchin' wife, waiting at home to break your balls, armed with a puss full of cold cream and enough metal in her hair to stop a Bazooka blast. Every part of my body is there for your pleasure, daddy. I'll fuck you every way but inside out. I've never met a man who could take more than five minutes of my tongue before shooting either in my mouth or on my 40-inch tits. And I really dig my chosen occupation, but now I'm afraid the party's over.

Friday night was hotter than a whore's drawers. It was really the first hot night of the year, and everybody and their mother was struttin' their stuff. There were more tits and ass exposed than covered. The hot pants were so tight that you could see what kind of crack you were getting into before you even got into it. Now you know why they're called hot pants. And, of course, there were the usual parasites that come with the heat to make it hard for the legit prostitutes, the 15-year-olds from the sticks who want to experience the glamorous life of a big city hooker, and the rip-off artists who pose as pros and would cut your throat before anything else. And, of course, we get the blame; how do you tell the real thing?

Then came the usual jive hassles with the twenty-zillion imitation super-fly pimps who swear they're musicians and offer you the world (which means all the coke you can snort or shoot or douche with). I really despise pimps, and I guess the feeling is mutual, because I've been on the streets too long to be initimidated by their shit and that, more than anything else, fucks with their egos. I've never had any need for a pimp, since I work out of my own neighborhood and I have my people watching out for me. The word "pimp" is synonymous with "punk," and although they're assholes, none of them will go up against a bunch of street-fighting Puerto Ricans. I'm really tight with the street people; most of my men were Puerto Rican (they really are the best when it comes to fucking and pussy sucking. That's very important since I don't get off with the tricks, at least not as much as I need to, so if a man can't do me in I can't be with him).



Finally, after all the "Que pasas" and "Looking good, mommy," I got to my office. It's only the corner of 13th street and 3rd avenue, but "office" sounds cool for some reason. I was out there for maybe ten minutes twisting this way and that, trying to show tits and legs off to every male that looked like he needed it, when Jimmy Carter comes sauntering up out of some cornfield. It really wasn't old toothy, but some cracker from Horeshit, South Carolina. What's the difference? It was his first and last night in the sin laden city; he was scared shitless, but before he ran back to the pure part of the country, he wanted to expereince some real-live —*golly*—perversion. He was about 19, and very naive, so it was a goof. We got into his car, an open convertible no less, and I proceeded to give him a guided tour of the raunchiest parts of the city, while pulling his pud. He took the dope fiends on Avenue C okay; and 8th Avenue awed him—all this while I'm shifting gears with his cock. Finally I had him drive to the "trucks." For all you lames out there, the "trucks" is a strip a few blocks long on the west side, where all the gay hustlers ply their trade. It is so named because of all the trucks parked along the docks. All kinds of shit comes down there. You can find everything from heavy S&M leathers, to drag queens with bigger tits than I have, and cocks to match. It's weird because everyone is taking care of business right outside, with just the trucks as a cover. It has now been a half-hour and this mother still didn't come. Just when I'm about to give in to "jerkers' cramp" in my right hand, we see this dude right on the edge of the pier giving some dynamite head to his partner. He was kneelin' down in front of him and the other one was facing us. That cat's head moved like a cocksucking piston, with his face right up against his pal's crotch. And the suckee was humpin' his face like a bitch-in-heat. All of a sudden we heard what sounded like a death moan, and all you could see was the guy still on his knees, flailing arms, and spurts of jism seemingly coming out of nowhere. The fool fell in the water! That's when my cracker decided to crumble. And crumble he did, all over his dashboard and windshield.

Numero Dos was also a car trick. He was a big, fine black dude. I usually take my customers into an abandoned parking lot, but there was a man playing with his dog and the trick (who was about six-feet, five inches tall), got paranoid. As we were looking for a deserted side street it started storming. We had to roll up the windows 'cause it was raining so bad. Then the fool tells me he's an epileptic, has a heart condition and about three other goofy diseases, so he can't turn on the air conditioner. Visions of him dropping dead and trapping me in a death grip flash through my mind. The cops would find us both dead, or I'd be alive and sent up for fucking a man to death. A homicidal pussy! All this while four hours of green eye shadow and mascara are cascading down my face and neck. He also refused to go to a motel with me, because of the great physical harm my five-feet, three-inch body might inflict on his Godzilla body. Super fuckin' shit. As I'm trying to slip my panty hose down my sweat-laden legs, he pulls out his joint (it would have put a bull to shame. That mother must have been 11 inches, and as thick as his wrist). Then he starts a running monologue about his illnesses. I wasn't turning him on; he could have jerked off to a medical encyclopedia. Finally, he gets on top of me. Now imagine this, we're parked right out on a regular street, draped in the front of the car on bucket seats, windows rolled up, no air conditioning, and he's steadily humpin' while my poor head is humpin' the car door. As soon as he was done I ran out into the rain, panties, stockings and shoes in hand, and ran right into a bar where I received some pretty strange looks. I repaired my makeup, put my underwear back on, had four drinks and went back to my office. This really wasn't my night. Bad vibes and all that shit. All I wanted to do was get stoned and go meet my baby, 'cause he always makes everything fine. So I let some street dealer I knew feel my tits, and got a handful of downs and loose

(Continued on page 52)

FATHER GENSKA'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

A priest writing an editorial for CHERI? At first impression, one might think it strange, or what could he possibly say other than condemning us for reading CHERI, or appearing, as we do, in these pages. Or worse yet, a priest condescending to us with an attitude: "Let me help the poor souls!" I come in neither capacity. Both attitudes are sickening, and besides being inhumane, they are also non-Christian. Unfortunately, many Christians do come at you the readers, and you whose pictures and material appears here, with these attitudes. Hopefully, I come to you as person to person, friend to friend. That is the attitude I desire to have and most times have, although being imperfect, it might not be my attitude always and in all ways. If what I say is less than humane, Christian, in a word—friendly—please forgive me and let me know. For this, I will be grateful to each and all of you.

Since June, 1972, I have been involved *fortunately* in working with and for female prostitutes. And in this time, I have also become friends with gay men and women, transsexuals, transvestites, go-go-girls (topless and those who are not), strippers, and persons like my very good friend Honeysuckle Divine who invited me to write this editorial, all of whom appear in these pages. I say again, *"Fortunately,"* because before June, 1972, while knowing the existence of these professions, I never really knew personally anyone involved in them. Before June 1972, not knowing the real-live persons described according to the above mentioned professions, I too was easily self-righteous, condemnatory, and condescending. THANK GOD that that attitude has changed, once getting to know the people involved. How sick, how cruel, to write-off so many persons because I did not know them personally. Fortunately, each and every experience I have had with persons in these life-styles, is most challenging and rewarding.

Friendship is not only the most important quality I wish to share with you, it is the only thing. A friendship that is *other-enriching*—a generous interest and concern for one another: sensitive, considerate, thoughtful, compassionate, understanding, and supportive. A friendship that is *faithful*—stable in good times and bad. A friendship that is *socially responsible*—creative and challenging for the benefit of all persons involved. A friendship that is *honest*—freed from deception, and filled with truth. A friendship that is *joyous*—appreciation of one another's gifts.

In this friendship, we both grow to fuller human beings. In a word, let us be friends! May I hear from you?

Father Genska

"Didja hear the one about the Polish girl who got bald at the office?"

Italia, Nefer titi, Five Branded Women, still more pages
THE RA 'S EDGE
MISS BALD AMER

The small but growing group of bald-female aficionados finally has its own bugle and they're blowing the horn hard. THE RAZOR'S EDGE, a twenty-page black and white production from Talisman Press, recently published its third hairless issue proclaiming that "Bald is Back" from the Nile of Nefertiti to Indian Jain nuns to models, moviemakers, actresses, fashion designers and even hairstylists who looked everywhere else for inspiration and still came up bald-headed.

This surreal little forget-me-not of Auschwitz, Joan D'Arc, Stalinist Russia and swimming pools where ringworm reigned in the 1950s, is a must for kindred spirits who would eliminate locks but have not, till now, had the nerve to do so.

Just $3.00 an issue ($12.00 for six) for this glib, gabrous, bi-monthly episode in trend-setting; available from Talisman, Box 685, Palisades, New York 10964.

From Honey Fitz to Honey Tits!

CAROLINE KENNEDY LETS 'EM BOTH HANG OUT!

As if to prove that even the famed and wealthy have joined the loosey-goosey generation, Caroline Kennedy heiress to the JFK greatness, showed up at a party thrown for RFK Pro-Celeb tennis tourney participants in a shockingly see-thru, wonderfully-1977 outfit that stunned her fellow celebrants. We think she looked right-on! These pictures showed up in the Italian magazine, Eva Express.

"I made a Porno Film for The New York Police."

Article by MICHELLE LAKE

Pornography held the center ring during the three-ring circus that was New York City's last mayoral campaign. Ringmaster Abe Beame, fresh from heavy blasts on his fiscal and law-and-order policies, was desperately playing out his last act.

And he used New York's cops as his clowns.

In a metropolis where muggers, junkies, and corporate pranksters rule the roost, the N.Y.P.D. understands the so-called "menace" of pornography and has, for years, practiced a policy of benign neglect. But, prodded and nettled by a moribund mayor, they were forced into making the Summer of '77, the Summer of the Big Porno Crackdown.

So they made three porno loops.

Our Fun City fuzz in the fuckfilm biz? I myself stared in wonderment when the news of the escapades of the Flatfoot Film Company broke into the headlines. I could just imagine the scene. Sirens and actors wailing; whistles and actresses blowing. What a quaint scene it must have been, complete with dialogue written by some Vice Squad higher-up in the Cagney vein: "You . . . you dirdy raaat. You balled my sister."

My heart went out to those poor naive actors and actresses who actually participated in the production. They must have been wearing blinders. I could just imagine the cops playing porno peddlers, "Hi, my name is Carlo Tunaleone and I make dirty pitchers. Wanna be a stah?"

Tidbits of the scandal began to appear almost daily in the New York press and spiced up a humdrum lull in the campaign.

The irony in the reports was all-too-evident. Here was the Big Apple's Finest actually participating in the very crime they'd been so actively and visibly attempting to squelch.

New York's sophisticates loved it! Instead of being scandal material, it was a big joke.

And then, according to reports, it was revealed that a policewoman had been on the set of the movie.

Scandal!

Had she seen cum? Sweat? Blowjobs? Maybe she got turned on? Maybe she went home and raped some poor man? In any case, she was . . . soiled!

That so frail a being might have witnessed so mighty a foulness was more than Police Commissioner Michael Codd could bear.

He announced the end of Flatfoot Films and further declared that no such films ever existed.

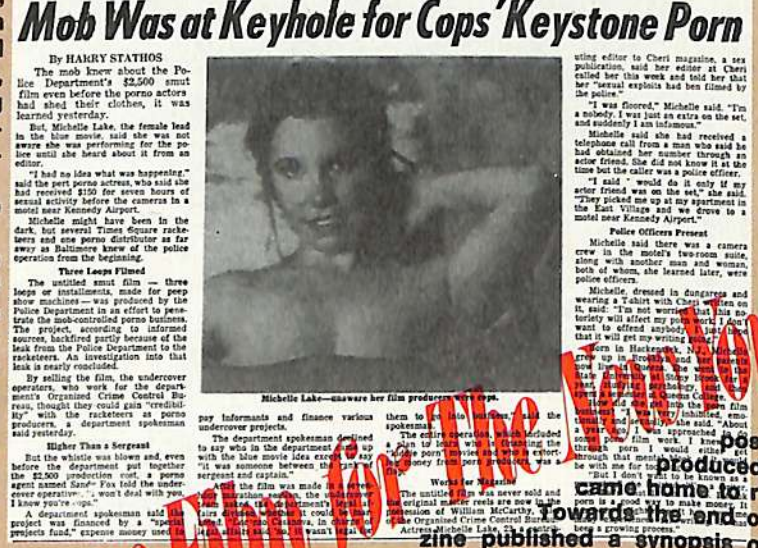
New York's sophisticates guffawed in glee.

Including me.

Being a veteran of the porn business—with one whole year's experience under my oft-exposed garterbelt, it was fascinating to read the whole sizzling schtick.

For instance, I can certainly understand Codd's volcanic eruption at his underlings' imaginative (if ill-conceived) attempts at penetrating the porno underground. But blowing his stack because a female fuzzette was on the premises just doesn't make sense in the year 1977.

From first-hand experience, I know that there are spare ladies in attendance on almost any X-rated location. Photographers, camerapersons, make-up artists, even directors. All of them were born frail and capable of getting pregnant. All of them survived the ordeal of witnessing a public act of love-making. Codd's righteous indignation may have made sense to some old-school hold-outs but not to me.



4 DAILY NEWS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1977

Mob Was at Keyhole for Cops' Keystone Porn

By HARRY STATHOS

The mob knew about the Police Department's $2,500 smut film even before the porno actors had shed their clothes, it was learned yesterday.

But, Michelle Lake, the female lead in the blue movie, said she was not aware she was performing for the police until she heard about it from an editor.

"I had no idea what was happening," said the pert porno actress, who said she had received $150 for seven hours of sexual activity before the cameras in a motel near Kennedy Airport.

Michelle might have been in the dark, but several Times Square racketeers and one porno distributor as far away as Baltimore knew of the police operation from the beginning.

Three Loops Filmed

The untitled smut film — three loops or installments, made for peep show machines — was produced by the Police Department in an effort to penetrate the mob-controlled porno business. The project, according to informed sources, backfired partly because of the leak from the Police Department to the racketeers. An investigation into that leak is nearly concluded.

By selling the film, the undercover operators, who work for the department's Organized Crime Control Bureau, thought they could gain "credibility" with the racketeers as porno producers, a department spokesman said yesterday.

Higher Than a Sergeant

But the whistle was blown and, even before the department put together the $2,500 production cost, a porno agent named Sand— Fox told the undercover operatives, "I won't deal with you, I know you're cops."

A department spokesman said the project was financed by a "special projects fund," expense money used to pay informants and finance various undercover projects.

The department spokesman declined to say who in the department came up with the blue movie idea except to say "it was someone between the rank of sergeant and captain."

After the film was made in a seven-hour marathon session, the undercover team asked the department's legal affairs division whether it could be marketed. [illegible], in charge of legal affairs said 'no,' it wasn't legal for them to go into business," said the spokesman.

The entire operation, which included a plan to learn who is financing the "kiddie porn" movies and who is extorting money from porn producers, was a flop.

Works for Magazine

The untitled film was never sold and the original master reels are now in the possession of William McCarthy, [illegible] of the Organized Crime Control Bureau.

Actress Michelle Lake, 23, a contributing editor to Cheri magazine, a sex publication, said her editor at Cheri called her this week and told her that her "sexual exploits had ben filmed by the police."

"I was floored," Michelle said. "I'm a nobody. I was just an extra on the set, and suddenly I am infamous."

Michelle said she had received a telephone call from a man who said he had obtained her number through an actor friend. She did not know it at the time but the caller was a police officer.

"I said " would do it only if my actor friend was on the set," she said. "They picked me up at my apartment in the East Village and we drove to a motel near Kennedy Airport."

Police Officers Present

Michelle said there was a camera crew in the motel's two-room suite, along with another man and woman, both of whom, she learned later, were police officers.

Michelle, dressed in dungarees and wearing a T-shirt with Cheri written on it, said: "I'm not worried that this notoriety will affect my porn work. I don't want to offend anybody. I just hope that it will get my writing going."

Born in Hackensack, N.J., Michelle grew up in Brooklyn and her parents now live in Queens. She went to the State University at Stony Brook for a year, studying psychology, and then spent a semester at Queens College.

How did she get into the porn film business? "I was very inhibited, emotionally and sexually," she said. "About a year ago, I was approached to do some porn film work. I knew through porn I would either get through that mental block or it would be with me for too [illegible]

"But I don't want to be known as a [illegible] porn is a good way to make money. It [illegible] been a growing process."

Michelle Lake—unaware her film producers were cops.

After all my snide evaluations of the intelligence levels of the still-unexposed actors in those cop-produced loops, the chicken finally came home to roost.

Towards the end of August, *New York* magazine published a synopsis of the three films made by Codd's would-be pornographers. CHERI editor Peter Wolff read them and began calling all his X-rated contacts.

It didn't take long for him to get an answer.

"Oh, *those* loops! I think those were the ones Michelle Lake made last spring," announced one "source".

Within seconds, Wolff was on the horn to me.

"Hold on to your chair, Michelle. As of this moment, I think you're a celebrity. . . ."

He told me the whole hilarious story.

I turned red. I turned crimson. I turned ultra-violet.

I WAS THAT GIRL. THAT LOOP DUPE. THAT ALL-CITY SUCKER.

And, even better, I WAS NOW A STAR!

I removed my foot from my mouth (where I had so calmly placed it with my disparaging comments about those dumb actors) and contemplated my future.

"BUT JUDGE. . . ." My soft brown eyes were pleading, seeking solace in a stoney-faced jury. "I didn't *know*. . . . Who would have dreamed? . . . I tell you . . . I'm *Innocent!*"

Be-wigged, bifocaled, and beetle-browed, my sentencer shakes his black robes and scowls. "Ignorance is no excuse before the law. Just tell your story, young lady."

So here's the story, folks:

Once upon a time, I think it was last May, I was just sitting around biting my lip. I always sit around biting my lip when the rent is overdue. I find it's less debilitating than cracking my knuckles.

The phone rings. B-b-b-b-ring! Saying hello is painful (it always *is* when you talk and bite lip at the same time.)

The voice on the other end is mysterious.

"Michelle Lake?"

"My name is 'Carlo Tunaleone' and I make dirty pitchers. Wanna be a star?"

Money. Rent. Salvation.

"Is a 300-pound robin fat, Carlo?"

Okay, so it didn't happen exactly that way. But essentially that's how I got lassoed into my current notoriety. A simple phone call. A simpler proposition.

I asked "Carlo" how he got my phone number. He told me that it was supplied by an actor friend of mine (let's call him "Bob" for now who, not uncoincidentally, would be my male co-star.

I was told that there would be more actors on the set besides us. They never showed—and I now know why.

Apparently, according to published reports, Carlo and his partners had been all over the industry during the preceding weeks, looking for talent to employ in their amateur porn productions.

Being new to the game—and apparent out-of-towners—they were greeted with the usual paranoid suspiciousness of the overground New York film family. Directors, model's agents, cameramen, and producers had long been warning each other to steer clear of "Triple-X Productions" (which is what Codd's cowboys finally decided to call themselves.)

I was the only fool in town who didn't know.

Even my good buddy, "Bob", a long-time porno actor, no spring chicken, a co-fornicator from loops past, and even a "close" personal friend, had known that "Tunaleone & Co." were on the industry's quarantine list.

"Bob" told friends that he'd checked them out through his "mob" connections, and that they were okay.

Me, he never told anything. . . . Sometimes, late at night, in the privacy of my own room, I wonder about him. . . .

Anyhow, shortly after the phone call, "Carlo" and "Bob" and a car appeared in front of my house and I was chauffered to the "location": two motel rooms near Kennedy Airport.

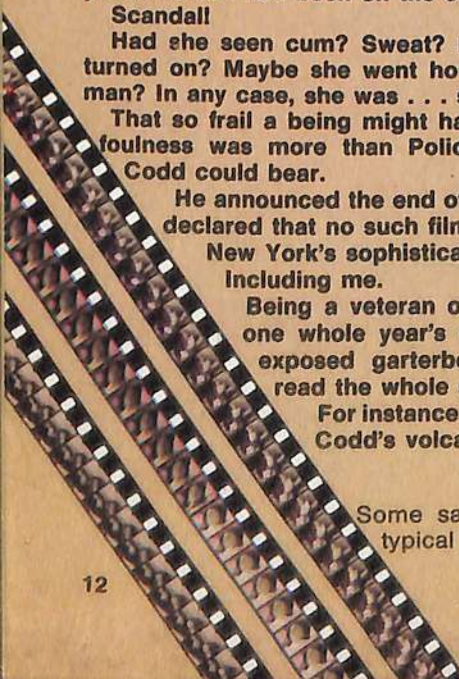
Conversation on the ride up was pleasant and sexless. Nothing special. One thing I did notice, however, was that "Carlo" was a real nice guy. Gentle. Friendly. Not pushy. He went out of his way to make me feel at home.

But he did seem mighty new at the game. He treated me almost *too* well. Most porn people are very matter-of-fact and casual. This kind of concern was indeed unusual. I found myself going out of my way to make *him* feel comfortable.

After all, I was the pro!

The lobby of the motel was a scream! Dozens of matronly Jewish ladies milling around. Some

(Continued on page 26)



Some samples of the action in a typical Michelle Lake loop.

AMERI cheri

OOH-OOH UHURA!

Here's a little tidbit for all you Trekkie pekkers to go into Warp 5 with. That's right, it's the usually stoic Lt. Uhura (whose real name is Ms. Nichelle Nichols) in a state of semi-dishabille at a recent Star Trek convention. The way we see it, the sight of Uhura's delightful aureola might even get Mr. Spock's Vulcan impassivity to lose some of its clout. Good nips, Uhura!

meet SANDY FREEDOM

The lovely lady pictured here is our own Sandra Friedman—henceforth to be known as Sandy Freedom. Beginning in 1978, Sandy will be giving CHERI readers monthly reports on who's who and where's where in nude beaches—as well as first-hand reports on local busts (no pun intended). Let's face it, when a girl like Vice President Mondale's advancewoman can get busted for going topless, this kind of cause has to be spreading like wildfire. As for Sandy, she's a long-time nudist and frequent visitor to clothes-optional beaches from Maine to California. Send her your Nude Beach news.

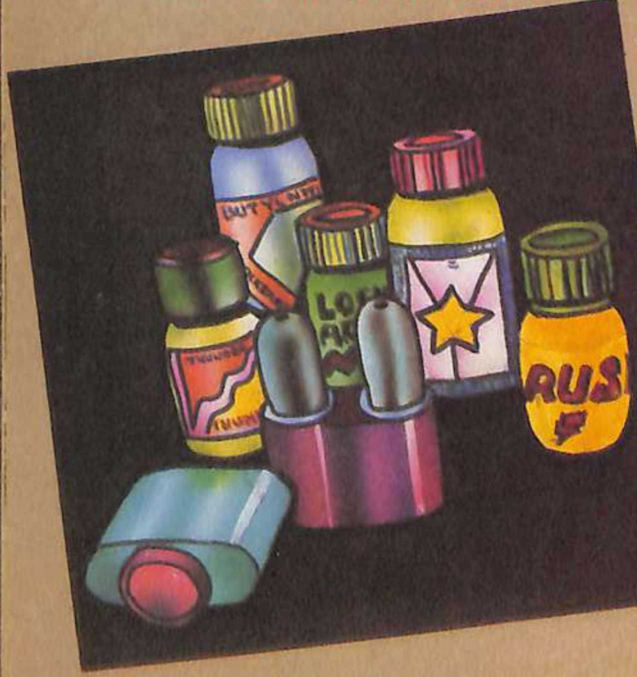
SAVE THE BUNNY!

The true tragedy of a sicko crusade like the anti-Gay inquisition recently launched by Florida fruit queen, Anita Bryant, is that it tends to breed even more insidious movements in its wake. Such is the case in Miami where the citizenry, having co-opted the human rights of its homosexual community, is now in the midst of an anti-heterosexual blitz by local law enforcement officials—complete with the usual entrapments and harrassments.

Bunny Yeager is a Miami-based photographer, a one-time *Playboy* model, and a legend in her own time. She has been photographing naked pretty girls for almost two decades, has never killed anyone, cheated anyone, or even harmed anyone. Earlier this year, however, somebody down in the Sunshine State obviously decided that lovely, staid Bunny was a menace to society. So the local fuzz decided to entrap her into selling them a picture of a man and woman making love. Now she faces fifteen years in jail on a felony-porn charge, as well as the total ruin of her long-time career as a pin-up photographer. Realize now that we are not talking about some mob strongarm or underground revolutionary. We are talking about the author of several books on photography, a businesswoman who has carried on a successful career in the Miami area for years. The whole bust stinks. And Bunny Yeager, isolated from the porn lobby and big city sophisticates, is fighting alone a fight which all of us should share. She needs help. From us. From you. From everybody who believes in civil liberties and the sexual revolution. If you'd like to offer her your help, drop her a line here and we'll forward your mail to her.

Why is this girl smiling?

POOR MAN'S POPPERS



For years now, amyl-nitrite has been used by gay folks to enhance orgasm. A short sniff before coming can triple the force of the explosion for both boys and girls, leaving the user in an ecstatic swoon. In the early sixties the product was readily available at any drug counter, sold as an aid to heart patients. Then in 1968 The Federal Drug Administration, in their infinite wisdom, discovered that the drug was being *abused*! People were taking it for fun.

That was the end of amyl-nitrite. But early last year a company named Pacific Western of San Francisco brought out a product called Locker Room. Sold as a room "odorizer", Locker Room purports to make any room smell like a men's locker room, a rather dubious achievement. But, taken in small breaths during moments of sexual excitation, that old nitric magic comes surging back.

Locker Room and its spin-offs, Rush, Bullett, Pleasure Poppers, Lock-a-rama and Thunder are not actually amyl-nitrite, but butyl-nitrite, a substance that can be sold legally as a room deodorant. But sharp law enforcement officials were not so sure. Last winter the F.D.A. confiscated thousands of bottles of Locker Room, bound for Florida, only to discover that under its marketing policy the product broke no laws. The Administration grudgingly returned the shipment but warned that those who misuse Locker Room are "killing themselves."

"It's true that people using Locker Room indiscriminately in a short space of time run the risk of developing a headache," says Johnny Greene of New York's Pleasure Chest, one of the many emporiums where these products are readily available. But, for the present at any rate, the rush is on.

Cherry Bomb's ROCK WORLD

Hi hons,

I've been in Boston for a spell, trying to figure out why they call it "Beantown." Let me tell you, those Boston boys know how to rock and roll. After all, they are responsible for such heavyweight contenders as Aerosmith, J. Geils, and the incredibly successful Boston. I made sure to trip by the local underground clubs, to see what's up and coming and they've got some pretty sick bands there. I'll tell you more about that in a bit, but first listen to what happened when I got back.

I went to the Palladium to see Bob Seger, who is finally getting the recognition he so deserves. The band that opened for him was a band I'd heard a lot about, but never seen live. They're called Starz. Starz are a five-piece group that are currently working their way up the charts with their smash single, "Cherry Baby", from the album "Violation" on Capitol records. They are a hard-edged, powerful unit with an emphasis on melodic content. Their set was well paced and built up to frenzied climax. Sexy-lipped front man Michael Lee Smith had the girls creaming in their jeans, while the band left the rockers exhausted with heavy metal brain damage.

They seem to have almost dropped out of the sky into the reaches of stardom. Breezing by other bands, they've earned a solid reputation as an opening act. Michael Lee Smith is incredibly hot and will probably replace many of rockdom's aging screamers as a #1 sex symbol.

A few days after the show, I arranged to do an interview with them. I was invited to a plush restaurant for lunch, where I was met by dashing drummer Joe X. Dube, M. L. Smith, and lovely Roberta Skopp of Aucoin Management. Lunch was great and the conversation, with its hilarious, wry humor was flowing strong. I turned on the old taperoo. Instead of the usual "just the facts, Ma'am" interplay, Dube asked me if *he* could do the interview.

"Now look," says me, "I'm doing this article, so I'll ask the questions."

"Okay," says Dube, sweetly, "I guess I'll just have to pour this nice red wine all over your pretty white Fiorucci jeans."

So here you have it. A real first. Michael Lee Smith as interviewed by Joe X. Dube:

DUBE: What's that you're drinking, Michael?
M.L.S.: A Pink Lady.
DUBE: Who thought up your name?
M.L.S.: Your mother . . .
DUBE: How have you adopted to life on the road?
M.L.S.: I'm adopting a Korean later this year.
DUBE: Who writes most of your material?
M.L.S.: Should I really tell them that?
DUBE: Why don't you tour with Kiss?
M.L.S.: Because they write all our material.
DUBE: Why was "Violation" pressed in yellow vinyl?
M.L.S.: It was originally going to be called "Piss Party", but that song never made it to the album. It's a great song. Everyone loves it.
DUBE: Will "Piss Party" ever make it on an album?
M.L.S.: Yeah, when we do the live "Pull the Plug" album. We're going to hand out lyric sheets to everyone and have the whole audience sing with us.
DUBE: Are you a sexual deviant?
M.L.S.: If I revealed that, I'd be in jail.
DUBE: Last question: What are you calling the next album?
M.L.S.: "Tight, Wet and Pink."

Now if that doesn't tell you what you want to know, you're reading the wrong rag. Histories of bands are useless, anyway. I'd advise ya'll to get on the Starz bandwagon though, 'cause I know these "boys in action" are going to live up to their name.

Now back to Boston. I went there with a girlfriend to check out the local rock scene, and there were only two real getdown crotch clubs, the Rat and Cantone's. Both are very small bars with a kind of seamy air about them. The Rat (hi, Steve Wexx) is more akin to C.B.G.B.'s, and the

(Continued on page 52)

They're called Starz.

AMERI

cheri GREAT TITZ FROM TULSA

"Jackie Hill? Yeah, she's got great tits, all right," said our confidential source for these photographs of the Tulsa Tease.

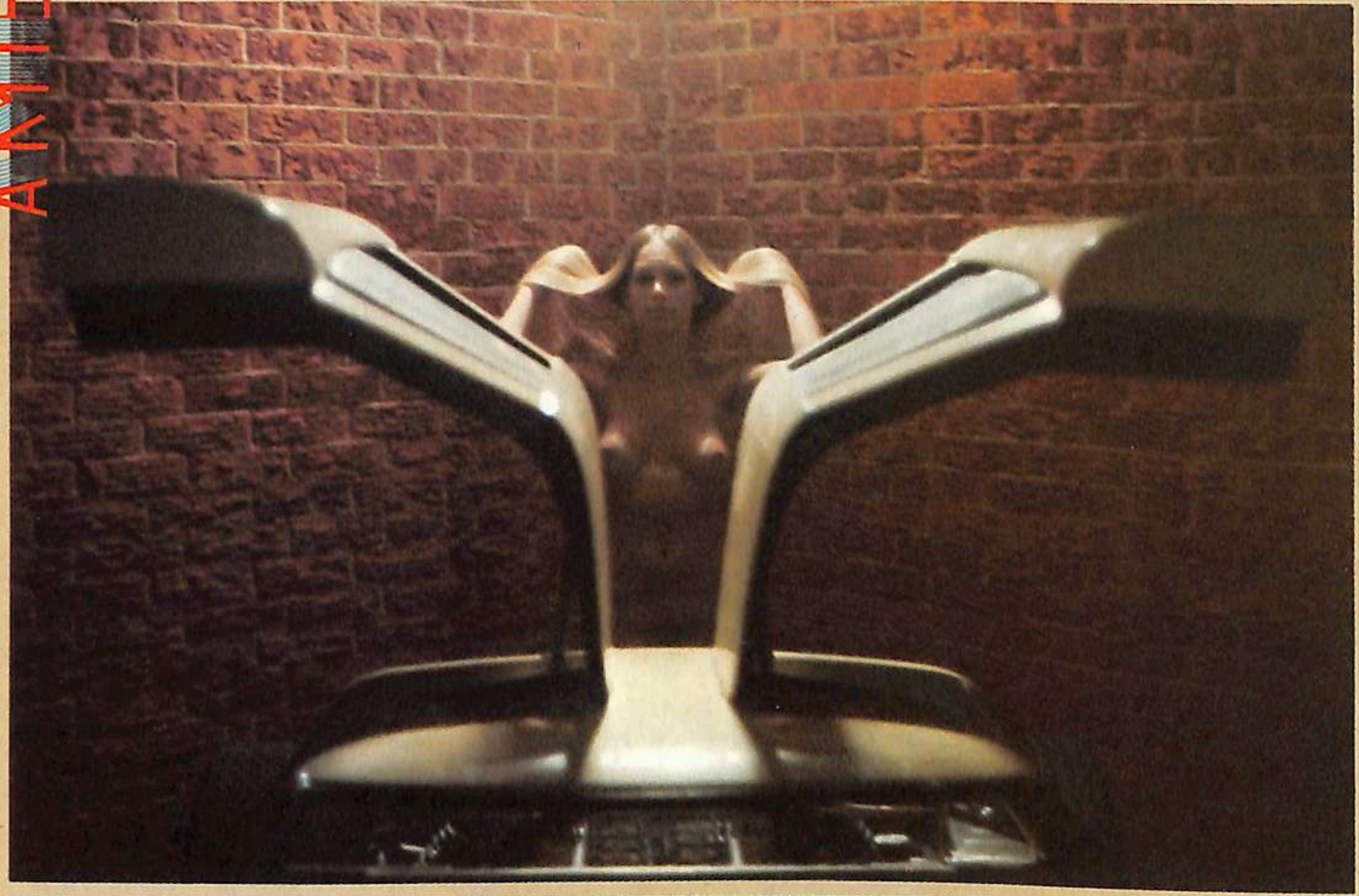
"And that green Lotus Europa! It was built for a tight little package like her. Not some oil tycoon in cowboy boots," he continued. "In fact, the gull wing Bricklin may be a beautiful piece of Canadian bacon, but it's pretty small, too. Has the same mid-engine design as the Lotus, though. They stopped making 'em, you know."

"Yeah, but what about the girl?" we plied, trying to fill CHERI readers in on her vital statistics.

"She's a physical culture buff, if you know what I mean. A real health freak into foods and exercises. It shows. Her old man was working on the Alaska pipeline. She was going to come to New York to do some shoots and make the money to go visit, but she never did.

"The cars belong to the owner of the Hallet Speedway outside of Tulsa on the Cimmaron Turnpike. Now, there's a speed demon. Has a stable of antique and rare autmobiles . . ."

None of them, we might add, quite as interesting as Jackie Hill.



MARTIN S. COHEN

'73 OKLAHOMA IS OK
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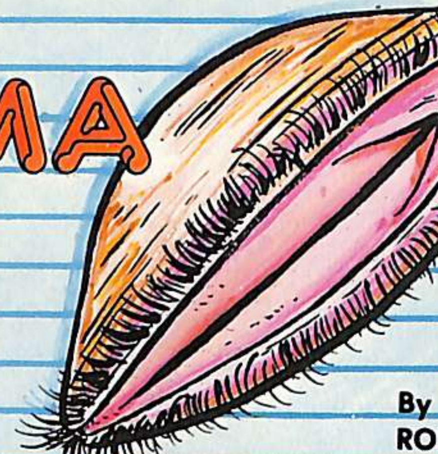
CLAM·O·RAMA



CHERI's monthly review of fliXXX about town

By
ROBERT AMSEL

BARBARA BROADCAST A sense of style highlights this plotless tale of a high-class tart and the ritzy restaurant she dines at—where more cunts than bellies are filled by the ever-randy waiters. West Coast beauty Annette Haven came East to lend her fabulous face, body, suntan, and energetic twat to the proceedings. Likewise another California cutie, Constance Money, gets a chance to grovel as a bondage babe. But it's due to the sizzling performances of our lovely East Coast cocksuckers Suzanne McBain and C.J. Laing that we know that our talent doesn't have to be imported. Thus, with East meeting West, it's a certainty that men across the nation will profit from the steam emitted by the entire lusty cast.

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BIG THUMBS This comedy in the Deep Throat tradition often sacrifices graphic sex for humor and may disappoint raunch lovers. Though not a jerk-off vehicle, this well-integrated tale of a prissy miss who gets a cock rammed down her throat during an elevator accident and blossoms into a sex-drunk nympho is a breath of fresh air on the heavy-handed porn circuit. The girl's resultant court case against her crooked landlord provides chuckles galore—as she frolics with the jurors, fucks the judge, and lusts after her lawyer. Porn star Jamie Gillis saves the day by brandishing his own formidable weapon and curing whatever ails her. Highly recommended for couples.

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VIRGIN DREAMS A sexually frustrated virgin is haunted by cum-coated dreams in which she gets enough sexual expertise to put Xaviera Hollander out of business. But not until she finally experiences the "real thing" does she learn that a cock in the bush is better than ten in a dream. The pastoral settings, lush countryside, flower beds, romantic woods, and artsy dialogue make this blue film something that actual schoolgirls might coo over, but will alienate many men. Although lyrical lust is not everyone's cup of cum, the presence of Jean Jennings as the schmaltzy virgin and the high voltage, jism-squirting erotica may make the rest of the poesy palatable.

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SYLVIA A rip-off of *Sybil*—this flick concerns a woman with multiple personalties: a religious fanatic, a sex-drunk siren, a butch lesbian, and a prim, respectable lady. Keeping with the porn format, the "sex-drunk siren" surfaces more readily than do the others—with a helping hand from the dyke. The publicity info tells me that leading lady Joanna Bell is presently an inmate at a Chicago sanatorium, where drug abuse made her as unbalanced as the woman she portrays. Granted, she puts her heart, twat, and throat into her work—but despite the hardcore sex, this heavy-handed tale of mental illness may produce more soft-offs than hard-ons.

🐚🐚

FEELINGS Hungry men everywhere will find a sensual feast in this sex-packed adventure dealing with drug-selling and prostitution. Lesllie Bovee plays a cream-craving lady out to rent her wares in an attempt to help her boyfriend (Jamie Gillis) pay off some syndicate debts. This slick, well-produced movie has such expertly photographed sexcapades that audiences will be incited to drop their heavy loads on the spot. Miss Bovee—with her delectable derriere, loveable labia, and fuck-me smile—should win a few million more fans. Although the down ending suggests that immoral people must pay for their sins, the sins themselves are well worth the price of admission.

🐚🐚🐚🐚

VISIONS The spirit of a dying man leaves his body and begins an adventure through a sexual wonderland of lusty ladies, danger, orgies, romance, sado masochism, and *l'amour*. The afterlife lays of our lucky hero are enough to inspire an increase in the suicide rate. But it is the fantasy texture of this strange and delightful sex romp that gives one the impression of being on a mescaline trip. For those who are tired of the same old bullshit, *Visions* may offer a vision indeed of what erotic movies can be like with a touch of originality and know-how. Women, too, may enjoy this potent concoction of sights, sounds, and scorching sensuality.

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columns by liberated women

the cheri orchard

for liberated men

photo by PETER HURD

Not your average sweetheart Southern belle, folks. Miss Vickie, our nation's most devilish dominant, hails from Atlanta, where she's discovered there's mental health in them there welts. You've thrilled to her beautiful brutality in our past two issues—and, as her cult of succulent young slavelets can assure you, she's only getting worse. Power corrupts, pain contaminates, passion cures all. Or maybe not—you'll never know, unless you write her here, c/o CHERI.

QUEEN BITCH

by MISTRESS VICKIE

I was eighteen-years-old when I enjoyed my first bondage and discipline scene. I believe I was as frightened of it as my poor slave. Not having the knowledge then as I do today, my first thoughts were somewhat dubious of what I was doing and why.

There was my slave, naked and spread-eagled to the four corners of the bed. I tied a thin rope around his cock and balls and then pulled it up and around his raised neck to create *mucho* discomfort in a very short while. The grimace on his face let me know what he was feeling and I was beginning to feel *elated*. I slapped the head of his throbbing cock and undoubtedly the stings became unbearable as my slave begged for me to stop. It was at this point that I became furious. My slave first begs me to tie him up and torture him —and then the cunt-teaser begs for me to *stop*. My eyes blazed and in a rage I told him, "You shall see what happens when you beg your Queen Bitch to show mercy on your miserable mind and body. I will 'mind bend' you into a lifetime of pleading and whimpering if I choose." I retrieved a cup of extremely hot water and some ice cubes from the kitchen. I can still hear his ecstatic screams in painful pleasure as I slowly poured the hot water on his cock and balls while the ice cubes that I had neatly placed up his ass slowly melted. The combination of the two kinks at once sent him into orbit.

While I still had hundreds of unanswered questions racing through my mind, I was thoroughly turned on from the beginning. The sense of power it had given me was exhilarating.

Afterwards I thought about our session constantly and finally had the confidence to force him into the submissive role, completely surprising him. I would dominate him perhaps as often as four times a week and when I became really angry with him I would call his office explaining that he had come down with the flu or some virus and he would not be making it in. Recalling one particular session, he did not make it into work for three days.

You see, in his profesional life he is thoroughly aggressive; however, in private he needs and desires the opposite role. His masochistic tendencies remain, as they do in most people, on a unconscious level. In real life, his masochism is repressed.

To learn more I began reading all the books I could get my hands on regarding the subject, but most were theoretical.

Since then I have met thousands of people who are interested in B&D and S&M. I consider myself a therapist, who, having met many enthusiasts including judges, doctors, lawyers, couples, actors, law enforcement men and women, filmmakers, publishers and officials in military and other high ranking offices, finds that many have had fears and reprisals instilled in them in younger years. Others carry a burden of guilt, and still others need to balance of the scales because of job pressures and personal responsibilities to "constantly carry the show." Interestingly, these persons encountered little failure in their personal and professional lives.

Once I put my slave through the paces of pain, humiliation, degradation, and so forth, he or she feels liberated, even proud under my tutelage. The majority of people who enjoy B&D are individuals who lead a normal everyday life and include all classes of society. In any type of B&D scene I realize that I'm doing something useful for others. I am a well balanced and fully realized individual.

The strained silence which still seems compulsory during sessions, abruptly gives a reali-

(Continued on page 93)

Mistress Vickie

SUE FEELE, SUPERSTAR

photo by PETER HURD

Ah, Suzanne. How would we ever have made it through the day without her wild tales of sexual misadventures in the big city? She was at once the worst receptionist and funniest fucklet that ever collected a paycheck from CHERI. She's also a damn good writer, jazz buff and erotic philosopher and almost everyone we know is in love with her, so keep those cards and letters coming, fans.

SUZANNE AND HER MEN FOR ALL SEASONS

By SUE FEELE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard II
for liberated men

PERSONAL

Clean, attractive woman, mid-thirties, interested in jazz, literature and sex (within reason), desires to meet man of solid means. Age and ethnic background unimportant. Object: matrimony. Only serious replies will be considered. Write to: Sue Feele/ c/o CHERI magazine.

I never thought I'd have to stoop to this, but I'm desperate. My father wants to have a grandchild, I need some stability in my life, and *there's no question that I'm really bad at choosing men myself.*

So, I'm imploring you, John Q. Public—if you're reasonably attractive (that excludes gnomes and trolls), don't have any filthy habits (such as leaving your three-day-old socks on the dinette table) and are willing to come out from behind mommy's skirt—PRESENT YOURSELF!

In case you're thinking that I haven't really tried, consider that I've traveled throughout the U.S.A., most of Europe, and parts of Africa. I've tried men of every religion, nationality and ethnic group, including Mohawk Indians, and somehow, I've managed to pick the worst of each. I've spent thirty-five years carefully building up a tower of heartbreak and now it's time to storm the walls. My own little Bastille Day, you might say.

I've decided to use this month's column space to tell you of my general conclusions regarding different types of men I've known, loved and lost. I'm going to focus my admittedly myopic glance first on you standard-bearers of the red, white and blue, and for simplicity's sake classify you by religion, age, and marital status. Foreigners will be dealt with later.

JEWS

I'm starting with Jews because it's a group with which I have more than a passing familiarity. My family background, down to the Chi dangling from my mother's key chain, is impeccably Jewish, and most of the men I've married, lived with, and shared one-nighters with, have been of the Hebraic persuasion.

One of the biggest troubles with Jewish men is *guilt.* They can't do anything without tremendous ambivalence. When a Jewish man wants to fuck you, he immediately apologizes and then tries to rationalize it. One man I knew said to me, "Can I help it if you have big tits and give me an erection every time I look at you? Is that *my* fault?"

Another man, in the throes of terminal impotence, said, "You look like a picture I saw of my grandmother Bella at your age. Fucking you would be like incest, God forbid."

Jewish men also suffer from acute hypochondria. They like nothing better than regaling you with stories about their exfoliative dermititis, impacted colons ("Excuse me, but I have to spend the next hour in the bathroom") and heartburn. When you mildly suggest that they see a doctor, they say, "What, and give those crooks $40 for a little tickle here and there? I'd rather die first!"

I've had dinners in beautifully-lit French restaurants ruined by having to rummage around for Sal Hepatica, Donotal and Preparation H every five minutes.

The men who don't have physical ailments have psychosomatic ones. One time, I was lying in bed, mellowing out on kif and George Benson, when the Son of Zion next to me suddenly started hyperventilating like a human bellows. When I ran over to the oxygen tent and defibrillation equipment he had lined up on the far wall of the bedroom, he gasped, "It's nothing, just an anxiety attack. I always have them before sex."

If you happen to be, as I am, a Jewish woman, they will tell you, "You're the first Jew I've gone out with since Zelda Schwartzkoff in high school. I've always preferred blonde shiksas." If you're not Jewish, (I've been told) they'll say, "You realize I can never bring you home to meet my parents. It would kill them to know I'm dating a shiksa."

And fancy fucking? Forget it!

CATHOLICS

It can be very embarrassing being around Catholic men. They have a knee-jerk reaction to any edifice sprouting a spire, and will genuflect and cross themselves in front of the Empire State building or local colonial-style bank. When you point this out to them, they will vehemently deny it.

They also suffer from the Hail-Mary-Full-Of-Grace syndrome. You are either virgin or whore in their heads, neither of which makes them inclined to fuck you. If by some miracle (I don't know which one it is, as I'm not versed in church lore) they do decide to take you home, you have to contend with being watched by some member of the Holy Family—often all three—who are perched on the wall above you. I once had to turn a reproduction of DaVinci's "Madonna of the Rocks" backwards, because John the Baptist was pointing an accusing finger right at *me.*

Sex, however, is not usually an issue with Catholic men. They prefer masturbating. It relieves them of having to deal with the problem of birth control, and they're used to the few Hail Mary's and Our Father's they've been doing as penance ever since their young glands started excreting at the age of twelve. Which brings up another point. Never plan a glorious Saturday afternoon of browsing and museum-going with a Catholic man because he'll be busy in church confessing all the mortal sins he's commited with *you* the previous night.

The one renegade Catholic I dated was even worse. He liked to spend most of our time together convulsing me with stories about the first time he spit out the wafer and

(Continued on page 93)

DIVINE DECADENCE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard II
for liberated men

by MAUREEN MURPHY

THE FIRST CHERI BABY!

Maureen Murphy, Hollywood journalistic pioneer (she co-founded Love, *worked on the* Star *and* Finger*), now toils for the* L.A. Sun *and a new ambisexual mag called* His & Hers. *In a recent letter, she wrote us, "I am a whore, I guess, but 'I didn't lose my virginity, I got rid of it.' (I think Germaine Greer said that.)" Maureen offers a unique and lively voice for the liberated, nonsexist girl of the Seventies. Write her here at CHERI.*

photo by PETER HURD

Maureen is having a baby! How quaint, how nice. How "middle-class." Comments. Never ending comments. Everyone's 2¢.

"What the world doesn't need now is another bastard baby." These cruel words from the mouth of a new "legitimate" father, yet. I could have spit on him I was so disgusted. What the world doesn't need now is more mental midgets like that nurd. I pitied his wife and child.

Most reactions to pregnancies nowadays are negative. Friends, (and strangers, too) feel that it's time to treat the bloated dame like a victim and a robot for all the time-honored procedures that accompany the tradition of pregnancy.

From day one, I've been asked to relinquish control over my body's natural cycle of rhythms. I'm on the doctor's schedule, the job's schedule, my mate's schedule. Hey, don't you know that a woman's body is naturally in tune. So're men's. But modern life, apparently, is hell-bent on cramping our style.

The fact is that with all this programming to be independent, rich, and single, the contemporary career woman has lost contact with her instincts. The confusion resulting from this is classic.

So I'm going to have a baby! No more nude modeling for a while. Pop bellied. My body doesn't feel as if it's totally mine. I am, in the latter-day idiom, possessed.

No abortions, please! Too cruel. Ouch. Had one already, y'know. Thought someone was tearing out my insides. It's cheaper that way . . . without anesthetics. That little fetus sure was hanging on for dear life. Poor thing.

Two months after that, I'm knocked up again. Gonna keep it this time. Gonna grow up with my baby. Gonna discover life with another being.

In the mornings, when I awaken, I feel my tummy. A gentle massage with oil always seems to get me in accord with the little critter. I usually want to spend the day learning about mothering, although time, space, and debts don't always allow me that luxury. But it's a bitch for me to create any piece of writing, any issue of my magazine, create anything, in fact.

I long to travel with the child, experiencing different cultures, lives, foods, housing, and schools, as I learn along with my baby. There's more than one way to do a job, and raising children is no exception.

Hopefully, my child will be born in my bed, photographed, and delivered by friends. I believe it's an event that should be shared. Besides, I'd be much more comfortable and confident.

Breast-feeding is a real turn-on. Finally, my breasts are becoming noticeably bigger. The boys love it! Me, too. I always wanted the biggies. Now my bust is an out-a-site bonus to motherhood. I tell you, I'll be feeding that baby until it's three . . . or bored with them. I trust their instincts.

For those of you who are interested in the gossip behind this pregnancy, I'll lay it on you straight. Listen good. For one thing, that no-good slime you read about in confession rags, that hog-wash and pigeon-poopy about "immaculate conception" . . . well, it just ain't so, Joe. I did the dirty deed with a dirty dude is how I got this way!

See, I'd been dating this real keen guy for four years. I love him (like they say in the song). Then I get that aborto. Bingo, Splitsville! It was all due to a silly argument which I now publicly apologize for.

We were no-see-y, no speak-y for about three months, before m'honey gave me amnesty for the nine-hundred-and-ninety-third time. During that period, however, I took up with this nurd. A nice nurd, don't get me wrong. But a joovy nurd. About fifteen-years old in the head. Couldn't handle decisions. Classic nurd behavior.

Anyway, I said toodle-oo to *Monsieur le Nerde* and went back to my new lifestyle, Certs City. Two for the price of one.

Then True Love returns on his White Horse. He acknowledges I've been a bad girl and says he's mah-fren fo-evah! Ta-Da, Ta-Da!

Leave 'em alone and they'll cum home.

So now I'm inchin' my way back into someone's heart. I feel completed. I feel like a woman. It might only last another twenty minutes, but I'm content for now.

Since bedlock was not succeeded by wedlock, I'm afraid I may have to raise the little bastid communally. Which could be *tres* cool. Imagine: a CHERI baby! My libido, Andrea's ass, Wolff's bellyroll, Bubba B. Lucci's dork, Cherry Bomb's tits, and a touch of Hazel Gravy-like androgyny.

So here's my latest contest. Name the Bastard. Two names: first and last. Harry Nutts. Lucy Guzzi. Herpes Simplex. You get the picture.

The person who sends in the best name wins not only my eternal love and devotion but a lock of genuine 100%-Murphy pussy hair and an autographed pitcher of yours truly bedecked in Prurient Pink.

Send all entries to me c/o CHERI

***

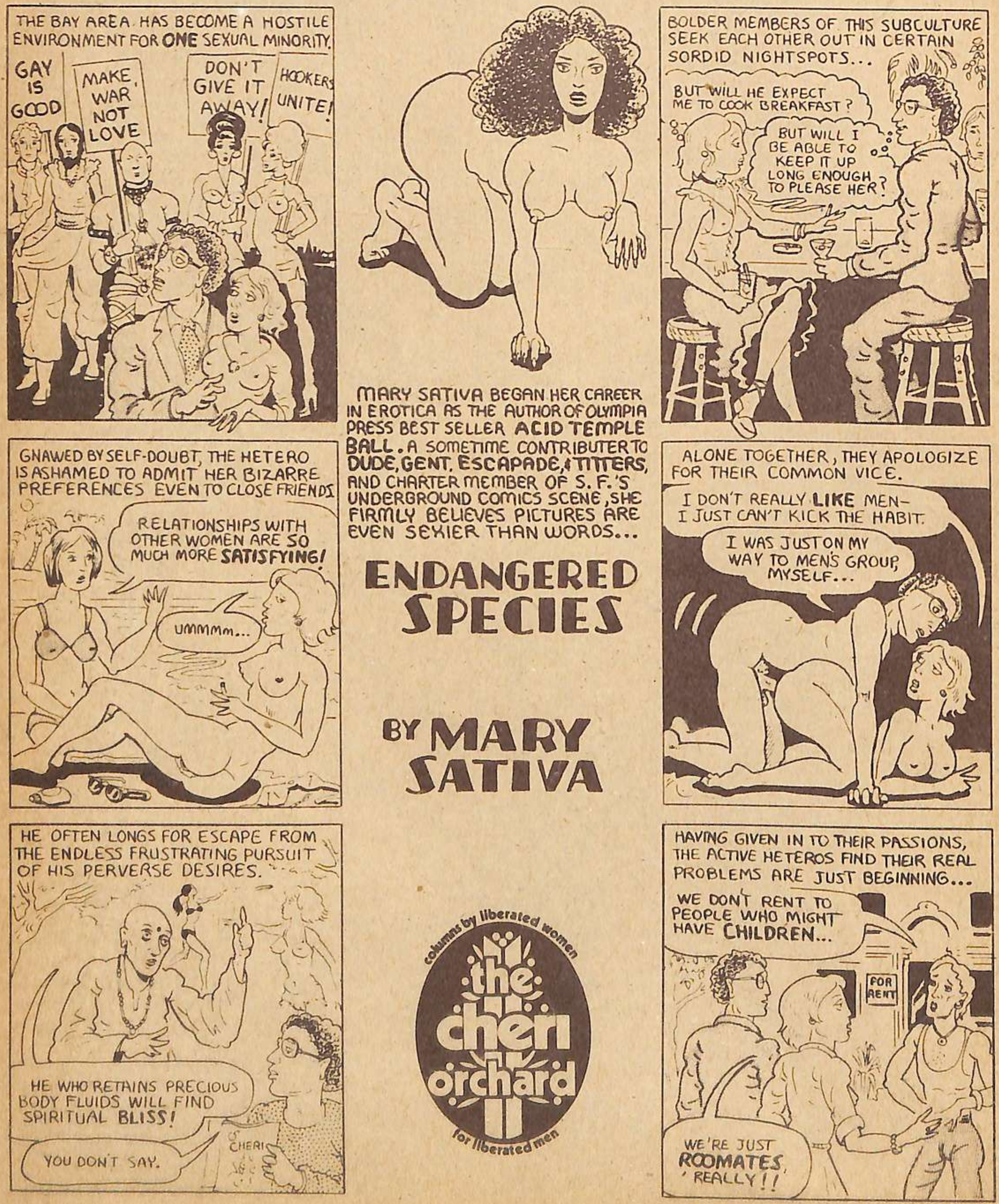
There's been a shift of personnel at the *L.A. Star,* the grosso Tinsel Town sex rag that gave me my first journalistic break. Most of the staff who were there when I was young and hot have since departed. Now my buddy Lynn, who was editing the magazine *OOH*, has moved on to bigger and better things and she's been replaced by Linda, the glamourous blonde who starred in CHERI's first issue news story on the *Star*'s porn commune. She's a great gal and I wish her the best in her new editorial job.

BAY BALL GAME

ENDANGERED SPECIES

BY MARY SATIVA

MARY SATIVA BEGAN HER CAREER IN EROTICA AS THE AUTHOR OF OLYMPIA PRESS BEST SELLER **ACID TEMPLE BALL**. A SOMETIME CONTRIBUTER TO **DUDE, GENT, ESCAPADE, & TITTERS**, AND CHARTER MEMBER OF S. F.'S UNDERGROUND COMICS SCENE, SHE FIRMLY BELIEVES PICTURES ARE EVEN SEXIER THAN WORDS...


THE BAY AREA HAS BECOME A HOSTILE ENVIRONMENT FOR ONE SEXUAL MINORITY.
GAY IS GOOD
MAKE WAR NOT LOVE
DON'T GIVE IT AWAY!
HOOKERS UNITE!
GNAWED BY SELF-DOUBT, THE HETERO IS ASHAMED TO ADMIT HER BIZARRE PREFERENCES EVEN TO CLOSE FRIENDS.
RELATIONSHIPS WITH OTHER WOMEN ARE SO MUCH MORE SATISFYING!
UMMMM...
HE OFTEN LONGS FOR ESCAPE FROM THE ENDLESS FRUSTRATING PURSUIT OF HIS PERVERSE DESIRES.
HE WHO RETAINS PRECIOUS BODY FLUIDS WILL FIND SPIRITUAL BLISS!
YOU DON'T SAY.
CHERI
BOLDER MEMBERS OF THIS SUBCULTURE SEEK EACH OTHER OUT IN CERTAIN SORDID NIGHTSPOTS...
BUT WILL HE EXPECT ME TO COOK BREAKFAST?
BUT WILL I BE ABLE TO KEEP IT UP LONG ENOUGH TO PLEASE HER?
ALONE TOGETHER, THEY APOLOGIZE FOR THEIR COMMON VICE.
I DON'T REALLY LIKE MEN— I JUST CAN'T KICK THE HABIT.
I WAS JUST ON MY WAY TO MEN'S GROUP, MYSELF...
HAVING GIVEN IN TO THEIR PASSIONS, THE ACTIVE HETEROS FIND THEIR REAL PROBLEMS ARE JUST BEGINNING...
WE DON'T RENT TO PEOPLE WHO MIGHT HAVE CHILDREN...
FOR RENT
WE'RE JUST ROOMATES, REALLY!!

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

PICK OF THE PERSONALS

SAUCY AND SMELLY POSTAL PANTIES

by RENEE ROUSSEAU

photo by PETER HURD

The Ralph Nader of mail-order sex, ravenous Renee checks out all those slimy little back-page ads that promise you instant ecstasy. Feelthy pitchers, dirty panties, animal lust, sibling sex—is it really what you ordered, or just another rauncho rip-off? You can trust Renee. She'll rut around in the name of pure research and make sure you get your money's worth. If you're legit, send in your own ad for her to review and recommend. If you aren't she'll find out about you anyway. Write her c/o CHERI.

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

PUCKAMIN, NJ—

Hi! There's been a bountiful harvest this month in my corner of the Cheri Orchard. Such an abundant crop of mail-order delights guarantees a pornocopia of luscious treats sure to delight the depraved palate of any discriminating gonad gourmet. So without further ado, let's dig in . . .

***

The Occupant of POB 6, Samaria MI 48177 sorrowfully explained in a recent ad that he "had a fire and lost all my contacts so all who have written and haven't gotten an answer, that's why. Please write again."

Since this was the first time I'd heard of the guy and thus hadn't corresponded with him before, his request to regular customers didn't apply to me. Nevertheless, I was intrigued by the idea that postal porn was so important to him that he would energetically start rebuilding a new network of sexual connections even as the ashes of his previous collection were still cooling!

This dude who "loves to pose for all photos" also heralds, in his phoenix-like way, a new dimension to Pick of the Personals. Up 'till now every ad I've analyzed here has unintentionally featured nothing but cavorting, copulating couples or luscious lascivious ladies. Equal time is certainly due for the legion of solo *guys* throughout the nation who, month after month, promote their cucumbersome anatomical merits in the torrid pages of drugstore tabloids. My apologies for overlooking their major contribution to the furtherance of the sexual free enterprise system.

Back to our trend-setting stud who was generous enough to send me *seven* photos of himself *gratis*. Even though two were duplicate poses, I was impressed that he would go to such trouble for a first-time customer like me. Apparently the photos were the product of a home darkroom for they tended to curl up at the corners the way pictures often do when printed non-professionally. Stains showed up on a few of them (no, they were chemical stains, not cum!) in places where the developing solution hadn't been completely rinsed off.

In true Sherlock Holmes manner I surmised from this evidence that our pen-friend liked to combine his hobby of amateur shutterbugging with a craving to express himself through the exhibitionistic medium of erotic modeling.

This Adonis would pose standing passively before the camera or else tentatively try to imitate muscleman tricks like flexing the biceps and sucking in the stomach. He looked awkwardly self-conscious doing this and it occurred to me that since male cheesecake modeling is a relatively new kick he simply might not have known what to do.

Women are old hands at provocative posing: after collectively doing it for so many years it's been developed and refined into a technique complete with a dazzling array of sexy gestures and facial expressions for a chick to choose from. The men, by comparison, are new to this game and naturally don't have as polished a presentation—yet. Give 'em time.

As for our human statue of lust—in one photo he's got one leg perched on a table; a fine position to display his bulging prick. Except there's one problem that drives me up the wall. He's wearing his goddamn *sox*! Lots of folks go crazy when they hear fingernails scraping over a blackboard or a friend munching crackers in bed. I can handle that. But an otherwise nude dude sporting only a pair of baggy ankle sox completely spoils the whole effect for me. Nothing personal, you understand, just a little idiosyncracy of mine.

This otherwise enticing stud jotted a brief note explaining that he's actively available for all sorts of sex scenes, especially threesomes. In fact, his personal ad functions mostly as a way for him to meet other swingers. He doesn't really try to sell his photos but nonetheless has great fun snapping wild pix at home, developing 'em and shipping them out to other connoisseurs who can appreciate his groovy gifts.

***

A giant advertisement for "Nylon Panties" printed below an underexposed inky photo of a gartered gem naturally aroused my prurient curiosity. This Sue, POB 2, Station A, Flushing, NY 17355 wanted $5.00 for which she promised to send both her smelly undergarments (she sez she "loves to share 'em with her friends") and a speical candid photo thrown in for good measure.

When I opened the manila surprise package that arrived soon afterwards, I knew she'd been true to her word. Out fell a pair of light blue panties trimmed in black lace that contained the word "saucy" emblazoned directly over the crotch. She cleverly included two waist-down Polaroid closeups of those very same scanty-pants worn by a woman who coincidentally boasted the thickest jungle of curly leg and thigh hair I've seen in many moons. Her idea to send along this photo of a hot chick parading around in the identical pair of panties that I, the customer, now had clutched in my sweaty little fists was a brilliant sign of good salesmanship.

It makes the underwear seem more significant, more *connected* to its previous owner and thus more of a real gift to you. She explains it this way: "When I have my picture taken while I am wearing your panties, and I know that they are yours, and I know that you will put them on as soon as you receive them, I imagine that your cock is getting hard and that you will probably take your cock in hand and let the cum flow out of it into the crotch of my panties. This is a turn-on for me and I

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TWIN CITY TWAT

PISS PROVEN SWING FACTS

by LYNN BERRY

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

Lynn Berry splays her yams in a sizzling sex ad that has left its hot trail through most of the Midwest. True blue in her desire to spend her life sucking cock and lapping pussy, Lynn's been kept pretty busy answering all the horny humpers who have been contacting her. Lucky for us she's found time, between sessions, to write a column for us describing what really happens when you lay it all on the line for a personal ad. Lynn welcomes all correspondence from readers and urges you to write her c/o CHERI.

Since I started swinging I have met some very interesting people, both in person, and through voluminous personal correspondence, which is partly what this particular column is all about. There is no positive way to be certain that the people you contact through swing ads are sincere, at least until you meet them. But, and this is a very *big* "but," I have learned a few things about answering personals that should help you determine if an ad contact of yours is worth pursuing.

First, whether you are a single guy or a couple who is answering an ad, enclose a snapshot and a self-addressed, stamped envelope. (I think you'll find that about 90% of ads listed as "single girl" will turn out to be couples, which is the tightwad's way of taking advantage of swing magazine offers to print single girls' ads for free.) Your photo doesn't have to be a "nude," but sincerity in your correspondence is extra important. If you have a post office box number, send along your phone number as well. If the chick (or couple) doesn't dig writing letters and would rather call, make it easy for her (or them) to get back to you . . . *fast*. If you place an ad, mention specific sexual interests. If you are bi, or want to give it a try, then mention that, too. For example, "We don't make it with any single guys unless they are bi and dig being photographed." Also, include interests besides sex, such as "Other hobbies include travel, fishing, Columbian plants, et cetera." Personally, I'm into target shooting, hand guns, archery, sewing and tropical fish, besides juicy pussies and hard cocks.

Beware, the guy who answers your ad and says that yes, he has a wife or girlfriend, but she isn't available at the present time. This kind of dude is putting you on, and is just so double-standard that he wouldn't think of letting his wife swing. He'd rather just cheat. If you're single, play it single!

Exchanging pictures before meeting is the ideal way of checking out your prospective swinging partners. I've received letters that I wasn't sure were straight, so I wrote back and requested photos. Once I got those photos in the mail, I was reasonably sure that my new couple was going to be okay. Nude photos, if you ask me, make for a much more relaxed first meeting, because everyone knows what the other looks like.

I like to ask for a picture of the girl with a banana in her cunt. If I asked for a shot with a dildo or vibrator in her snatch, she (or the couple) could say they don't have any toys, but a banana!—that should be no problem at all.

At present, I am having a photo contest with several bisexual swinging chicks and there are two women in particular who have sent me pictures that are "out of sight." One contest is to see who can take the biggest or most unusual object into her cunt or up her ass. One girl is Ruth from Missouri, and she's *fantastic*. Ruth sent me a shot of her on her hands and knees—with her friend Karen's fist buried in her ass all the way up to the wrist! Great Crisco's Ghost! There's no fucking way I'm going to outdo that one!

The other girl is Carol from Connecticut. She and her old man are into shit and piss, among other things. She just sent me a picture of herself with a turd coming out her ass and her husband's tongue is merely inches away from it. Can you believe it? These are only two pictures from two different couples and there are more nearly as wild. I love them! At one point I had a policy that when it came to exchanging pictures, I would tell my pen pals that I would match or improve on what they sent. But after seeing Ruth's and Carol's pictures, I have to concede to both of them. They've really outdone me.

A third girl I'd like to meet someday is Dorothy from Michigan. She and her boyfriend dig bondage. Dorothy gets off on having pins stuck through her nipples. I have a picture of that, as well. Two of the girls have been in nude photo contests in one of the national men's magazines, so you may well have pictures of them too, and not even know it.

But so much for correspondence. Let me tell you the story of a bi-session in which I was recently involved.

Carol (not the same one I mentioned above) is a groovy chick, into almost anything wild. In fact, this time she was ready for far more than I imagined, and I didn't have myself psyched up for what she finally suggested during the course of the evening.

Carol is 25, about 5'4" tall, and 110 pounds. She has long black hair and homogeneous tits. Now, usually I'm the aggressive one when it comes to making it with a chick, and I really dig eating pussy, knowing I can give so much pleasure to both men and women. It's a feeling of satisfaction that is hard for me to put into words, and I hope you know what I mean. My husband feels the same way, which is probably one of the reasons we seldom argue. If we do, it's because one of us didn't do his/her part in our domestic chores like laundry, cleaning, etc., but that has no place in a discussion like this, so let me go on.

This chick Carol, who is game for anything, knows how to eat pussy like nobody but me. She answered an ad I placed in one of the tabloid weeklies and I met her for coffee to see if the vibes were right. As soon as I saw her I knew she would be delicious. I took her home with me where I introduced her to John. I made drinks for all of us while she and John got to know one another better.

After a few drinks, I showed her the rest of the house including the master bedroom. We have a king size bed and John has a large, nude protrait of me hanging on the wall. Carol

(Continued from page 94)

THE BEEHIVE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by HONEYSUCKLE DIVINE

CLEVELAND 'CLIT' SET

What kind of girl would make a living twanging golf balls out of her twat, puffing cigars in her puss and spouting Jergen's lotion like an upside down Old Faithful? Who but Honeysuckle Divine, the world's most soulful stripper, whose monthly—in every sense of the world—misfirings have graced our pages and confused our priorities for almost a year now. Write her c/o CHERI, especially if you have a juicy dream for our pussy-popping pretty to analyze.

photo by PETER HURD

News Flash: Kellie Everts (Miss Nude Universe, 1969—Miss Body Beautiful, 1974) has just called and told me she resigned from her ministry and her position of Vice President of One World Light Church. She said the Blessed Virgin Mary helped her to make her decision.

I have always had a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and feel she understands and does not condemn the life I now live. I carry my rosary in my purse at all times, and know many other strippers who do too. Our Blessed Mother was born different from all other people via the Immaculate Conception. Even though she was always and *is* a virgin both physically and spiritually, she has a special place in her heart for prostitutes and show-girls. I think Kellie Everts is a very special Saint, greatly blessed by the Blessed Virgin Mary, and will someday become a great spiritual leader of the world.

This issue is devoted to the darling fans in Cleveland, Ohio, May 9 through 19, at the New-Era Burlesque, 1416 Prospect St. I discovered they had been busted a few weeks before my arrival, and pussy eating was disallowed. One girl remarked she was looking forward to all those good pussy eaters Cleveland is famous for in the "Clit Set." Word spreads fast in the "Clit Set" and the girls know where the good pussy eaters are. I told an audience of mine in December, 1976 that if a worldwide pussy eating contest were held, the winner would *have* to be from Cleveland. I received a solid round of applause after I said that, and then, a voice called out, "Gino's the champ". Then, Gino denied it, saying C.B. was the champ. Such modesty!! We all know it is *you*, Gino!! But, there is a close runner-up. A regular customer by the nick-name, "Snake", sits next to the runway and wiggles his head and neck as he shakes his long, loose tongue at the girl's pussy in a sort of snake-tonguedance all his own. One of the girls, a darling Oriental, came off the stage into the dressing room laughing like crazy. She said Snake was so funny she couldn't stop laughing at him.

Several guys asked if I was working next door in the photo studio this time, but, alas, I wasn't. I recognized some of my good photo customers who used to take pictures of my pussy with their tongue instead of a camera.

David, who used to lick the peanut butter off my puss and get it smeared all over his face was back again with a friend named Paul. Fred from the newspaper office showed me a picture I gave him several years ago that he still carries in his wallet. Bill, Reggie, Dave, and Rick were there too. I was able to have a drink with them at the bar next to the photo studio, but, I very seldom got a chance to go to the bar.

I only had a short break between shows and it takes me longer to clean up after my forty minute show than to do the show. Besides that, I couldn't find any stores close by to get my supplies. I got up early one morning and went ping pong ball hunting and a guy started following me around in the dime-store. He reminded me a lot of my boyfriend, Peter "Lovejoy." He asked if I "fooled around." I said I used to, but, I have a steady boyfriend, now. About ten minutes later, I was in the sports department of another store, frantically searching for ping pong balls, when a lady sales clerk called out to me that I had a phone call. I was very surprised, wondering who it could be when this voice breathed heavily, "Do you fool around?"

I bet when he was a little kid, he used to jack off in his bedroom and his mother would call in and ask if he was "fooling around" in there. I asked if he got his kicks asking girls that, and he hung up. The sales lady looked at me in an odd way. I laughed and, she said he asked for the lady with the long blond hair, so she thought he knew me. I wonder if that was Peter in disguise.

Last night, my cab sitter got another obscene call. He asked if she would suck his cock for ten dollars. She isn't so shocked at his calls anymore, so she replied in a sexy voice, "Oh, I'm sorry, but I come much higher than that . . . " and gently hung up the phone. She saw Peter on TV reporting the news and said he was so handsome she'd do him for free and cook him dinner besides!!! Peter likes older women and is very busy right now in New York with a beautiful 45-year-old million-dollar-baby at his network. But, he never is too busy to make a few obscene phone calls. I just laugh at the cocksucker.

The most hilarious part of my week in Cleveland was when I appeared on the Gary Dee radio show. Once before, I appeared on his show and played tunes over the air on the horn with my puss. We made radio history that day, but Gary Dee got fired as a result of it. So, everyone was wondering if I was going to get him fired again. He announced on Tuesday that I'd be on his show Wednesday morning. Then, Wednesday morning, he called and told me on the phone, over the radio, that his boss wouldn't let me on his show. Then all morning long, he talked about what a rat his boss is, and if he didn't change his mind and let me on the show, he was going to quit his job. He told his boss he was a Commie and it was worse than working for Hitler. He had everyone in suspense, including me, wondering if I would be able to get on his show or not.

All kinds of people were calling in. Most of them defended me, but some were furious at him. One little old lady said she hoped they kicked him out because he was nothing but a dirty stinking dog. A man called in and said the program director had a small mind. Another man said to stop putting people on, that he knew he wasn't going to get me on the show, and then asked for my phone number. A man said the program director was a "Casper Milk Toast."

(Continued on page 97)

"THE ULTIMATE CLIMAX"

The Toys of Sex

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING MORE UNIQUE IN SEX!

THE TOYS OF SEX is a book you must read. It deals with the hottest and most controversial area of sex experimentation in our history . . . "sex toys." Sex toys are known by many names; **marital aids, dildos, adult novelties, etc.** They are for real and come in every conceivable shape and size you can imagine—even some you can't imagine.

THE TOYS OF SEX is not a manual but the fascinating and shocking story of a young couple who have literally blown the lid off the whole *sex toy* subject by letting you know **what** these "toys" are, **how** they work, which ones *are good* and which ones *are not*.

To many, the best part of this book is the surprise ending. The authors used their expertise to create a unique catalogue of every item they tested (hundreds), and all items are available for sale from one reliable source.

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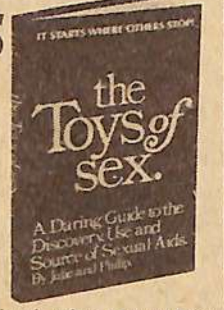
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the Toys of sex.
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By Julie and Phillip

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My signature above says I'm 21 or over.

Please RUSH ME ______ *Toys of Sex at $2.95* (plus 75¢ postage and handling) each. If I'm not completely satisfied with this informative and very humorous book, **I can return it within 15 days for a full refund.**

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ELECTRIC VIBRATOR OWNERS! READ ABOUT ALL the fun attachments that are now available for your vibrators in "The Toys of Sex". You don't know what you're missing!

THIS BOOK STARTS WHERE OTHERS STOP!

PORNO MOVIE

(Continued from page 13)

incipient Bar Mitzvah was obviously using this motel to put up its geriatric wing that night.

I felt rather conspicuous, standing by the elevator, book-ended by two good-looking older gentlemen. I could just imagine the yentas yakking to each other. "Poor little empty-headed hooker. No goals. No direction. Just some flybynight sexual acrobatics with two older gentlemen in a barren motel room. Tch. Tch."

We boarded the elevator with two wrinkled ladies. One turned to the other and whispered, "Look at the poor little empty-headed hooker. No goals. . . ."

I laughed. My companions stared at the blinking lights. We arrived on the set.

There were nine of us squished into two tiny rooms on the third floor.

There was me, Carlo, and Bob. Now "Carlo" introduced me to "Sal" and "Margaret".

"Sal" looked like a thug.

"Margaret", a blonde, was another story. She reminded me of a tough truckstop waitress. She seemed uncomfortable.

I simply assumed "Sal" was another producer and "Margaret" was his girlfriend.

I attempted to ease her nervousness.

"Hi, are you working in the films today?"

"Ohno-ohno," she answered quickly. "I've done my share of this stuff!"

Sure. Her and Mary Beame!

As the cameras rolled and the cheap bedframed creaked, I began to enjoy the afternoon. It was mellow, low-pressure, and even the sex was good.

It was just a little . . . crowded. But my audience was appreciative and definitely enjoying the voyeuristic possibilities.

Normally, you wouldn't even think twice about the presence of "director-producers" on the set. But these guys were doing *very little* directing-producing. "Bob" (the actor) was doing impromptu scripting and the two young cameramen were setting up the shots almost extemporaneously.

"Carlo" and "Sal" seemed hesitant, almost guilt-ridden, about being there to watch. But they simply *couldn't* resist—which, in retrospect—is one of the signs of amateurism.

Actually, now that I think about it, their behavior *fits*. Here were two undercover policemen *playing* at being hard-guy porn producers. That pose required objectivity and professionalism. Yet they are only human—and have as much curiosity and emotion as anybody else. They were obviously not in the presence of criminals—and didn't regard me, "Bob", or the cameramen as such. We were all alive, playful, and attractive. It was pleasant. They must have been torn a bit by the dichotomies.

"Margaret", also, seemed to be struggling in her own quiet way to understand the moral issues in all of this. She hardly budged from her chair, except to act as gofer. The boys sent her for lunch once and she came back, bitching that the restaurant had screwed her out of two cheeseburgers. (Getting screwed, she must've found out, is an occupational hazard in pornography.)

All in all, "Carlo", "Sal", and "Margaret" were wonderfully courteous people who treated me with a great deal of respect. I thoroughly enjoyed working for them and was hoping they'd call me for more work.

Except for the last loop, my three films were, in the words of *New York* mag, "basically standard (and) unimaginative." For the finale, "Bob" and I played giggling newlyweds, thrilled at the prospect of our first union. For the occasion, Carlo had brought along a bottle of chilled pink champagne and some lovely roses. During the action, someone suggested I pour the ice-cold bubbly all over my body. I wish I remember whose fantasy that was. It had class—just like my "producers!" My own reaction was less than classy—I freaked out as soon as the frosty liquid hit my hot little (well, not really. . . .) chest. It was a less-than-sensual response, but I got laughs and applause from the crew for my bravery. Even though that bit of footage probably has some weird quirks in it, it represents at least a small effort at serious eroticism. Such an effort would be unheard-of on most sets. I applaud the cops. I appreciate the move up from strict whambamthankyamaamism.

I had a ball (pun intended) during the seven hours of filming (which, by the way, is pretty long for loops.) I really wanted them to call me again. You could've locked me up in a small room with them anytime. At the time. But, Lord, my appetite ain't that big. Please don't make me eat those words.

Anyhow, with $150 in my pocket, I thanked them for their warm hospitality. And, as a testament to the common humanity between policeman and pornographer, "Carlo" graciously presented me with the honeymoon roses we'd used as props. And drove me home without a pass.

I think a little autobiographical data would be appropriate, here. After all, it's not everyday that an average American high school honor student—turned industrious college girl—gets involved in porn.

One year ago, an old school friend approached me with an unusual line: "How'dya like ta do pornographic movies?" I was completely bowled over, and for very simple reasons. I had been a naive young woman fighting my own battle with the shame, the guilt attached to sex—and I was losing. To consider the prospect of glibly parading my insecurities and guilts in front of a movie camera for the purposes of entertaining men was utterly ridiculous.

Me, who was terrified of revealing myself by breathing heavy or making any sounds during sex. *Me*, too embarrassed to tell a lover upfront what to touch or how to move, how to enhance *my* experience. And of course, *Me*—who resisted the discovery that my body could be an instrument of physical pleasure, for its own sake—all these "Me's" when I reflected upon them, proved that I had some pretty serious problems to work out.

So I agreed to plunge into the world of porno, to find out where the hell I was at. It was sink or swim. Either I would get through my emotional barriers, or I would make a fool out of myself and feel ashamed in front of my friends.

Diving headlong into the sex business stirred up feelings that I never knew existed inside me. The question of personal and global morality constantly bobbed to the surface. In the beginning, everything seemed to come down on me. Besides having to deal with parental disapproval and pressure, I couldn't stop thinking about how society, as a whole, would be judging me. From the core of all this conflict, my own scolding voice emerged: "Sex is sinful and dirty." Practically every molecule of my being, consciously and

(Continued on page 30)

SWING DIGEST

SWING CLUB REVIEWS

We realize that in many areas of the country, swingers still have problems making contacts and getting it on with others whose interests are the same. For the first time ever—and in increasing numbers—swingers are coming out of the closet and forming clubs that cater to their uninhibited whims.

After weeks of investigation, and with the cooperation of swingers across America, we have come up with a list of swing clubs and groups who welcome new couples and members. Some are open to couples only, others to couples and single gals, and still others to anyone who wants to share in the sensitive and provocative joys of swinging.

This list, which we are publishing in part for the first time ever, profiles some of these clubs and the guidelines they have established for themselves and for new members. We hope that when you contact the clubs you will use discretion and respect their qualifications.

We will continue to publish information on swing clubs in future issues of CHERI. If you belong to a club or if you know someone who does, ask them to please get in touch with CHERI and we'll send them a Swing Information Form to fill out and return to us. In this way we'll be able to help the cause of swinging by giving it the publicity it deserves.

OHIO SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

Box 29263, Columbus, Ohio; 400 couples, 400 active. Seven-and-one-half-years' continuous operation.

Swinging, the Buckeye participant sport alternative to football, is fast growing in Columbus, the all American City.

You won't have to settle for sideline seats at O.S.A.'s swinging bi-monthly, Saturday night get-togethers. But you will need a membership card, which you can get by sending a small donation to the club. (Inquire beforehand.) Once on the mailing list, you'll also receive a map directing you to the location of the latest social, including nearby hotel accommodations. Discretion a must.

CAROLINA TRAVELERS

Box 15393, Durham, North Carolina 27704; 150 couples, 75 active.

The red, white and blue is pervasive in the middle south, where democracy in all its forms has finally extended itself to swinging.

The Carolina Travelers is a swing club run by committee, and every member has a vote. Potential member couples (only) are screened in a social situation with a member couple to make sure that they will fit "The Travelers' mold."

No age or physical requirements to restrict membership, except that members are asked to conduct themselves at all times like "ladies and gentlemen."

Socials held every other month at a private lounge with motel room discounts encourage interaction. Membership cards are welcomed at affiliated clubs throughout the U.S.

Club is only a year old but the organizers have been swinging for a decade.

THE SWINGING TURTLES

P.O. Box 211, Largo, Florida 33540, 500 couples, 250 active.

Join the Swinging Turtles. We did—and learned things our mothers never tortoise. (Ahggghhhh.)

Six years ago they were known as the Sun Coast Socials. Four years ago as the West Coast Socials. Then, after meeting three nights a week at the Thirsty Turtle bottle club, they emerged from their shells as the Swinging Turtles.

With a history like that they've got to have something going for them, even if it's only the Ramada Inn. Monthly parties for couples-only are regular supplements to a diet of swinging in each others' homes. Sorry, no strangers . . . but if you write ahead of time you could soon become an old friend.

PLAYHOUSE 1, INC.

Box 3636, Hollywood, Florida 33023; 1,500 member couples, 300 singles, 300 gay girls, most active.

Swingo Bingo, Irma la Douce nights, Pillow Parties and Strip Backgammon are only a taste of the titillations in store for you if you join up with the gang from Playhouse 1.

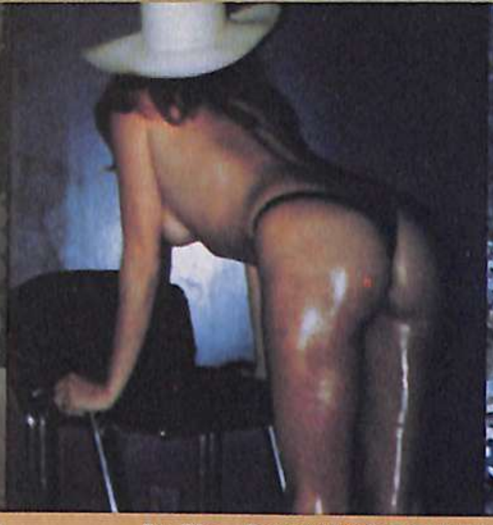
Conveniently located between Miami and Fort Lauderdale, Playhouse 1 draws a swinging crowd from all over the state. Attractive owners, Bobbi and Del, have been spreading the swinging word for years and have high hopes of making the Playhouse 1 a nationwide organization.

Strictly a bring your own bottle club, Playhouse 1 encourages couples but will allow singles on specific nights thoughout the week.

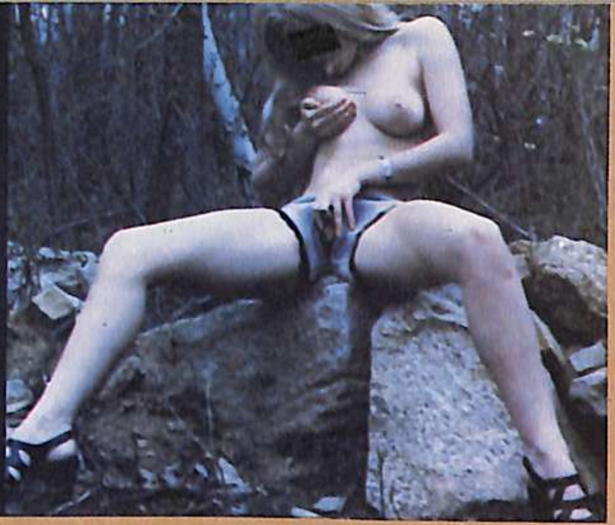
When in the Florida area drop in on these "sunny" swingers and if you'd like to know when a Playhouse 1 is opening in your neck of the woods, then drop them a line.

Joey Epstein

Mdrn Sw—C-2074-NJ



Sw Chc—C-1876/S-Fla & Col-77



Sw Chc—F-1828-Tx-77

EDITORS' CHOICE

AMERICA'S BEST SWING ADS

One of the biggest hassles faced by serious swingers is the colossal amount of time they waste in answering worthless or bogus personal ads.

Anybody involved in swinging can tell you zillions of horror stories resulting from the blindfold-and-stickpin method of ad-answering.

On a monthly basis, in this space, CHERI hopes to begin providing a solution to this common dilemma.

We've begun to enlist the aid of dozens of established swing publications and their veteran editors in a new campaign to single out the really great ads.

What we've done is to ask individual editors to send us pictures and copy of their top-pulling personal ads.

In many cases, the ads which bring in the biggest mail are those which are accompanied by the best pictures. However, with good reason, many swing-mag editors are reluctant to provide us with copies of the releases which accompany these ads. The motive is simple: they are protecting the anonymity of their advertisers. But we can't run pictures without seeing those releases.

However, in 99% of the cases, the people at CHERI have seen and loved these pictures. We suggest, in addition, that if you want to see them for yourselves, you order a copy of the issue in which they appear and forward the cover price of that copy to the magazine itself.

Nevertheless, the listing below is totally unique. It represents, in the opinion of some very qualified editors, the best-drawing, best-responding swingers in this land.

For you novices out there, please remember that swing publications are a business. Magazines charge for forwarding your mail to the advertiser. Do not send money to CHERI; send it to the magazine that runs the ad. They will forward your letters to the pornpals of your choice.

Let us know what happens. We want to know whether these editors are feeding us true information. We will also pay $100 for the best true story (500 words or less) by a reader describing a scene that happened as a result of one of these ads.

And, if you run a swing magazine or newsletter—or if you know someone who does—tell them to contact Peter or Mike here at CHERI and we'll run their favorite selections.

DIRECTIONS FOR RESPONDING TO PERSONAL ADS

1. Write a separate letter to each personal ad you wish to respond to.
2. Place each letter in a separate envelope and seal.
3. Print code # of personal advertiser in upper right hand corner of envelope.
4. Enclose all envelopes you wish to forward in one larger envelope, addressed to the Swing Magazine in which the ads originally appeared.
5. Include one loose postage stamp for each letter and the amount of payment required to forward each letter. Do not send cash!

RULES

1. Swing Magazine will not forward or accept any letters from anyone under 21.
2. Most Swing Magazines will cooperate with the post office, as it is unlawful to send any obscene letters or photographs through the mail!
3. This magazine assumes no responsibility in any shape, manner or form for transactions between advertisers and readers!

Cntl Spc—A-214-C-NJ

Sklt Prs—10420-Pa

Sklt Prs—10050-NY

Skrs-24, 624S-NJ

Cntl Spc—K-2017-F-Pa

Mdrn Sw—C-2082-Pa

MODERN SWINGERS, c/o P.M. Publications, P.O. Box 126, Roselle, Illinois 60172. (Enclose $2.00 for the first letter to be forwarded, $1.00 for each additional letter. Magazine sells for $4.00.)

C-2082-Pa. IRWIN AREA
She 23 and maybe Bi. He 30, Straight. Seek young couples for friendship and swinging fun! Also well endowed males for 3&4somes. Enjoy French, posing, smoke, and maybe Greek. Hurry. White only. Nude pic is a must!

C-2052-Oh. EDON, OHIO
Liberal-minded couple want to meet all couples/singles/females for open swinging. Interested in most cultures. Bi is OK. No S/M. Like toys and games. ONLY those with revealing letter & frank letter of likes and dislikes answered. No fats!!!

C-2074-NJ MONMOUTH COUNTY
Young couple, 24-21, she 34D-26-33. We like music, parties, smoking, nudism, and adult games. Seek like couples for all friendship and fun. Send photo please!

SWINGERS CHOICE, P.O. Box 175, North Miami, Florida 33161 (Enclose $1.00 each for forwarding. Magazine sells for $4.00.)

HOT HOUSTON SECRETARY
F-1828-TX-77—Will model in person or by mail, excellent color pics. I am an exhibitionist and compulsive masturbator. Send SSAE for details.

TAMPA AREA
C-1683/S-FLA-77—Exceptional beginners, she 5'7", 114 & 35-23-34, beautiful. He 6'4", 225, handsome and hung. Seek young couples and especially single girls to 35 for French, gentle Greek, and bi. Can travel anywhere or entertain. We welcome travelers. Photo exchange guaranteed. Send us what you want to see in return. Phone and SSAE.

SUN LOVERS
C-1876/S-FL & COL-77—Beautiful Rocky Mountain couple desires playful friends in the west and Florida for unabashed sexual pleasure. We are mature, educated, stable and discreet. Physically exceptional. She: 5'9", 118, 37-24-34; he: 6', 167. She is noncompulsive, versatile, both are open to experimentation with right person if you are both emotionally and physically attractive, free spirited. Write with photo(s), description of desires, and optional phone. Prefer single or married females, but will answer together couples and exceptional males, singly or in groups.

SKYLIGHT PRESS, P.O. Box 270, Murray Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10016. (Enclose $1.00 for forwarding. Their mag is "Single Swingers", which sells for $4.00.)

10420-PA WANT IT!!!
Northeast Pennsylvania. Single Female, age 25. Loves it all—Single men, Couples, B&D, Water sports. SSAE.

10050-N.Y. WESTERN NEW YORK AREA
This 26-year-old model wishes to meet with you . . . Nice Gentlemen only. Write Soon. SSAE. (Female, Age 26.)

8120-MA MASSACHUSETTS
Sexy and attractive couple, she 26 yrs., 5'5", 36-25-36, 120 lbs, extremely bi. He also bi, 32 yrs, 5'9", 155 lbs. Seek bi females, bi couples and bi males with 8" or more. Also submissive females for 2-somes, 3-somes, and 4-somes. Both will meet alone or together. All cultures. Photo play and unusual. Exchange photos anywhere. Detailed letters with photo & phone answered first.

CONTINENTAL SPECTATOR, 152 W. 42nd Street, Suite 418, New York, N.Y. 10036. (Enclose $1.00 each for forwarding. Magazine sells for $4.00.)

NEW YORK CITY
S-696-C—Horny housewife and handsome hung husband want to correspond, exchange photos and meet with attractive couples in the Northeast. We can entertain visitors in our Manhattan apartment or we can travel to meet you. She's 24 yrs. old, 5'7", 128 lbs., strawberry blonde, pretty and bi. He's 5'10", 165 lb., 33 yrs. old, has a 9-inch cock and knows how to use it. We enjoy French, Greek, home movies, erotic photography, mild B&D, most kinky things. Experienced & new swinging couples invited to write. Send recent photo please.

PENNSYLVANIA
K-2017-F—Pretty bi gal, 25, fairly new to girl-girl relationships, interested in meeting gay or bi gal in Philly area. I love to fondle and kiss another female body. Also enjoy using my vibrator. Couples where wife is bi invited too. Send photo/phone or address.

NEW YORK CITY
F-227-C—Experienced bi couple-She's 30, 5'6", 130 lbs., 36-D dynamite bust, hot hairy pussy, loves to make love to men and women at same time. He's a well-built, 44 yr. old Italian, good-looking, hung & hairy, who can make it with both sexes. Want to meet straight or bi couples, single guys and gals for all kinds of swinging combinations. Like all sex except pain. Photo a must for our immediate reply.

NEW JERSEY
A-214-C—Young couple, lives in Ft. Lee, wants to meet couples for swinging parties—our home or yours. Also want to meet big black men who can go for hours. She's somewhat submissive and will perform any kind of sex you desire. Interests include: water sports, enemas, B&D, doggie training. Send photo and stamped self-addressed envelope.

THE SEEKERS, INC., P.O. Box 5100, Cherry Hill, N.Y. 08034. (Enclose $1.00 each for forwarding. Magazine sells for $5.00.)

ELIZABETH, N.J.
26,614-C—Fun loving couple, 31 & 28, she, 5'4", 110, dark brown hair, brown eyes. He, 5'9", 175, dark brown hair, hazel eyes. Looking to meet couples, singles—girls/guys. Versatiles also. Cauc. preferred. Photo will get fast response. Ages to 40 preferred. Newcomers encouraged to write.

HUDSON CO., N.J.
24,624-S—Two single females looking for

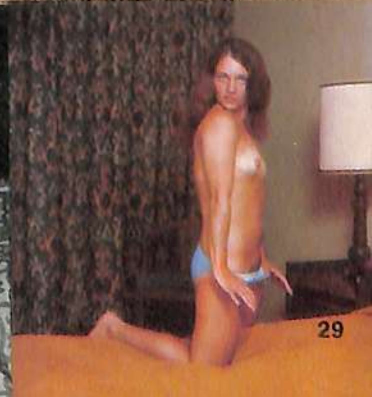
(Continued on page 52)

Sklt Prs—10050-NY

Cntl Spc—F-227-C-NYC

Sklt Prs— 8120-Ma

Mdrn Sw—C-2052-Oh



PORNO MOVIE

(Continued from page 26)

unconsciously, fought to overcome this ancient propaganda.

Pretty heavy stuff, wouldn't you say? But as the months of rocking sex rolled by, I continued to feel better about who I was. It also got easier as the experiences went on. Porn is a very clean professional business, filled with regular people who just happen to have an openness when it comes to sex.

Because of the business-like atmosphere of this strange world, I was able to let go of my condescending and limiting viewpoints. The actors were not sick and perverted. The production people were *not* squinty-eyed lechers who waited to maul you at the first available moment. All those involved were breathing, talking and acting as naturally as if they were working a normal day in some midtown insurance office.

ported my crazy adventures. But, it's just not like that, so I was forced to confront both

This blatant contradiction chewed at my brain, until I woke up and realized that what I was doing was really legitimate. But then I'd got shot down again. It seems like people out there may resign themselves to the existence of porn, but they don't want us to be *happy* producing it. The 9-to-5 world, most emphatically, does not *like* pornography.

Things would have been so much easier for me if everyone had loved, or at least supported their moral outrage and my personal confusion.

This is where I stood when I was informed that I had been duped into making a loop for the New York Police Department. Then, *boom!* I'm an instantly recognized public personality. There's no doubt that I'm enjoying the hell out of all this newspaper and television publicity. Just put me behind a camera (with my clothes on!) and I'm at home.

Going public churned up all the unsettled guilt problems, again. It's easy for me to say I'm a writer and that's what I truly want to make my goal. But besides being a writer, I can't hide the fact that I've been (and maybe will still be) a porn actress. Whichever way I turn, I've still got to come to grips with what's inside me.

I guess I'm very far from being considered a "totally liberated woman". I would even venture to say, without meaning to offend, that Mayor Beame and I have a lot in common. Besides our mutual affection for gefilte fish, both of us are people with strong emotions when it comes to the bedroom.

Being mayor of our great city, he feels he has an obligation to take a vehement stand about porn and public sex. And "going public" is forcing me to take a hard look at where I stand on this controversial issue.

As I sit here at my desk, writing all this, my mind and body are still not at peace. But there is one reality that I know is true. And it is the solidity of this truth that puts the most chaotic moments into perspective: the feelings that rumble around and shake us inside are universally experienced by us all. Although we may have multi-colored skins, and although we may change our masks to suit our purposes, we are human. Everyone likes to laugh. When it comes to newborn babies and furry little kittens, our eyes sparkle. If someone we love goes far away, we shrink into buds of sadness. Whether porn star or cop, mayor or janitor, we all share these experiences. As long as I know this, I'll get by.

So, with undying gratitude to the New York Police Department—for allowing me the opportunity to unravel a little more of humanity's mystery—thanks for the memories.

PUBLISHER'S CLOSEOUTS

BRAND NEW OVER **700 PICTURES**

PORNO MAGS

6 RAUNCH-FILLED ISSUES only **$4.95** [A $29 VALUE]

SEE Naked boy and girl sex acts...**SEE** spread-open snatches...**SEE** black girl pussies...**SEE** big tits and big asses...**SEE** Little naked girls...**SEE** Lesbians making love...**SEE** masturbating females...**SEE** oral sex acts...and much, much more!

SEE them all in over 700 pictures in these giant 8x11 80-page **PORNO MAGS** each with over 100 photos in Full Color and black and white. Order now and save $ $ $ while this offer lasts! Limited quantities! Six different fantastic porno mags. Only $4.95

You must state you are over 21 to receive this merchandise.

*Add 55¢ postage and handling.

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1,500 SEX PRODUCTS
FREE ILLUSTRATED DISCOUNT CATALOG
NEW FILMS WEEKLY
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YOU ALSO RECEIVE GRAB BAG STUFFED WITH FREE!
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- BOOKS
- MAGAZINES
- RUBBER GOODS
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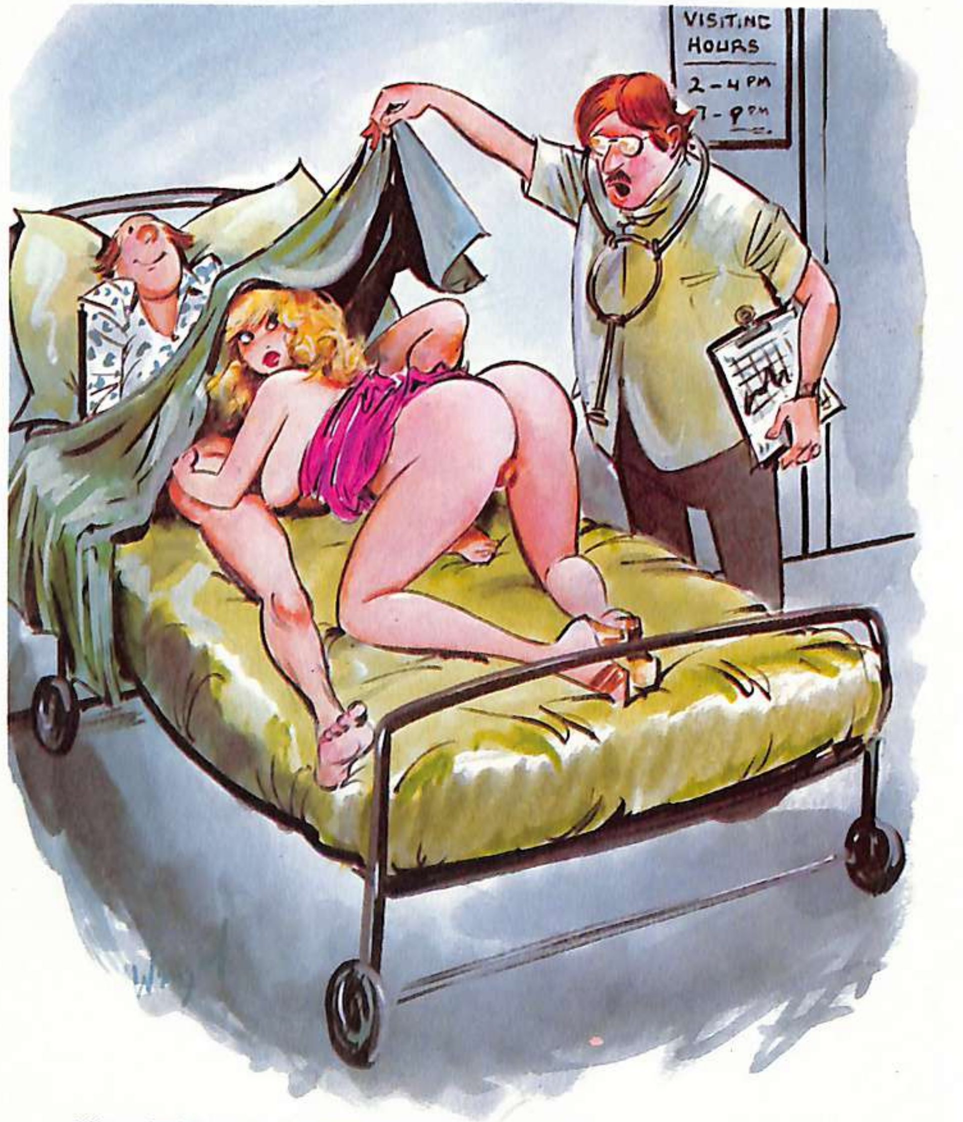


"I'm afraid that's a no-no, Miss. His condition is still listed as critical."

MINDLESS MANDY

She's dumb as they cum... but stacked!

Photos by Eugene Finkei

Mindless Mandy isn't from Mindanao, but for purposes of consonance, it would have been nice if she were. Mandy, in fact, is from London, the devoted daughter of a working-class English family.

Like most kids just out of high school in England, Mandy is having a hard time finding a job. Nearly 80% of the thousands of unemployed in the British Isles are between the ages of 18 and 25 . . . not very promising, even to the most resourceful of Saxons.

Photographer Eugene Finkei, whom we pumped for information about this *petit pussy*, denied there is

anything of value in her history for us to write about. "Nothing interesting about her at all," he said. "Absolutely, positively nothing."

Mandy doesn't have any hobbies. She has a boring boyfriend. She's probably unimaginative in bed, but no one wants to hear that, so forget we wrote it.

Why, she's not even Punk material. Simply fodder for the armies of England, which, too, are now out of work since the Empire disappeared. We look forward to seeing her with a pierced cheek, defiled by a safety pin, in some future documentary on the new wave of pop lifestylists and musicians from across the seas.

Meanwhile, we give her credit for her body, which, like most naked ladies', turned us on—if not around.

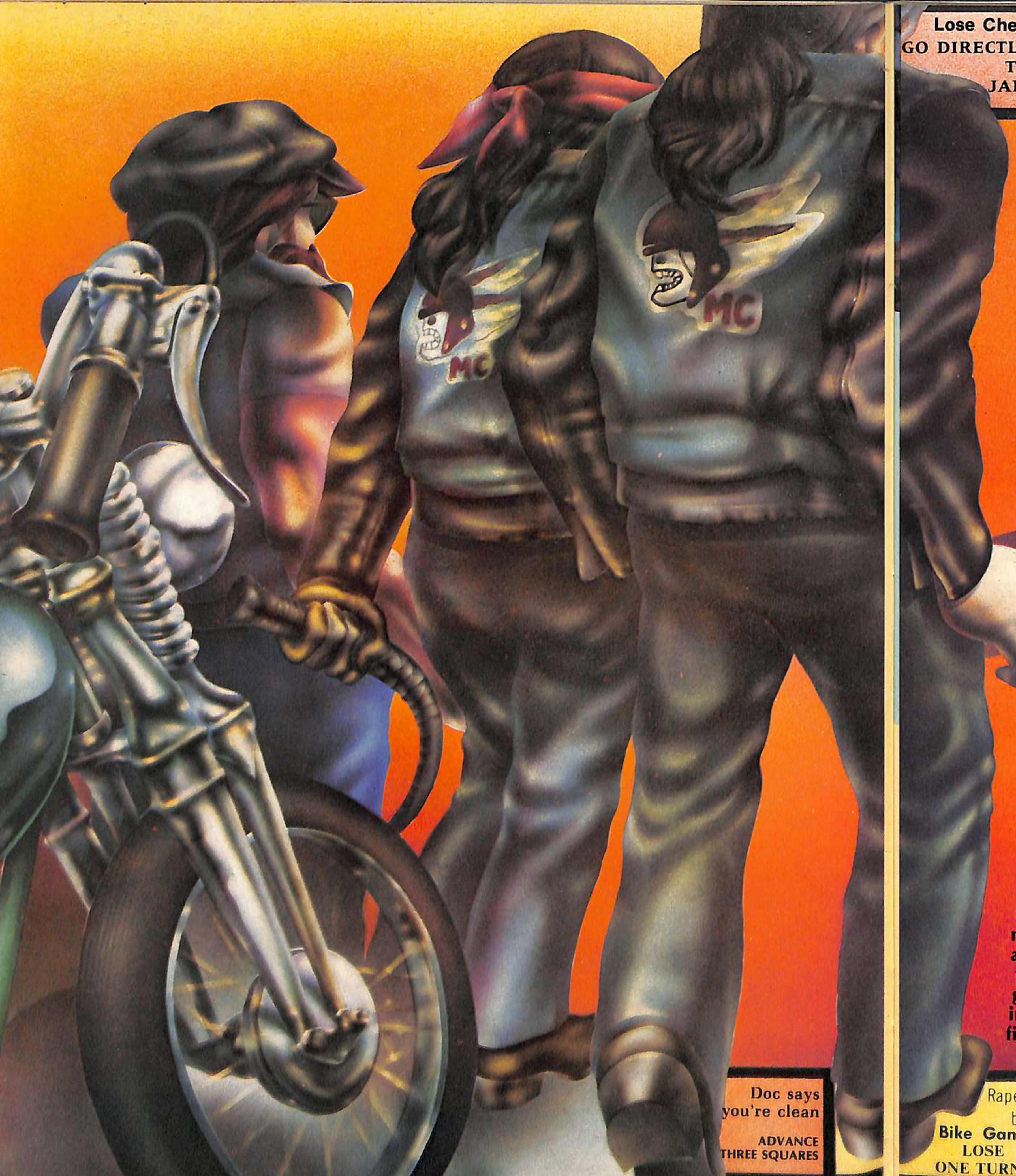
Lose Cheri GO DIRECTLY TO JAIL

Show up at swing party alone . . . EAT YOUR HOST/ HOSTESS

Trapped in a closet with Anita Bryant LOSE ONE TURN

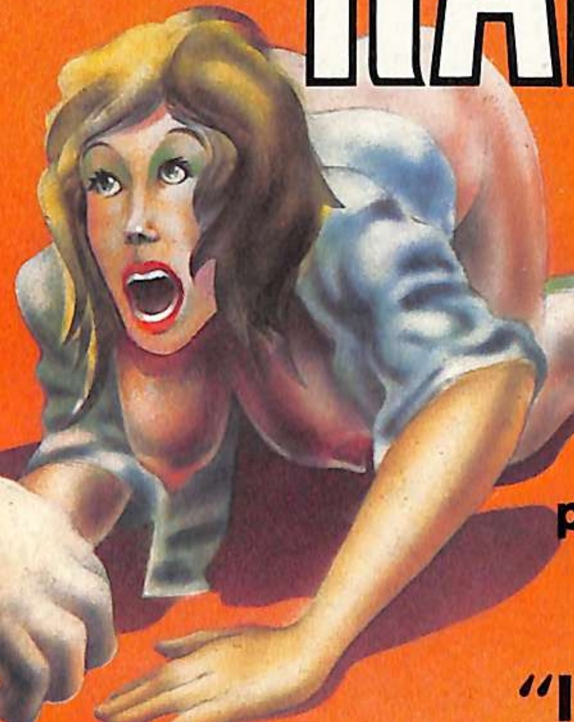
Cut fart during board meeting TAKE TWO HIGH COLONICS

FREE FEEL



RAPED BY BIKE GANG, LOSE ONE TURN

by Tym Manley



"Games . . . are limited only by the imagination of the participants and the perversity of their fantasies."

"It was one of those black fantasies, I guess, that lurks in the back of your mind, one of those secret dreams that makes you shiver with the horror of it all. Completely harmless—until it really happens and the nightmare becomes real.

"He must have come in through the window. I was sitting in front of my dressing table, creaming off my make-up—and suddenly I saw this leering face in the mirror. He had a stocking stretched over his head, buried into the neck of his black leather jacket, and the effect was monstrous. The jacket was studded with heavy metal rivets and chains that clanked as he walked; it was the only sound in the room.

"I was paralyzed. Finally I screamed, and that urged him to slap me, hard. He flung himself on me and tied my hands behind my back. I tried to struggle, but his strength was brutal, and his rough hands crushed my arms. He was moving very fast. I lunged away from him, but he grabbed me and hurled me across the room. He slammed me against the bed and ripped off my nightgown, tearing at me with his hands. He manipulated me in front of him, grabbing my breasts from behind, pinching me savagely and cutting into me with his nails. When I screamed in anguish, he jammed his fist into my mouth to stop me, moving his

(Continued on page 98)

Seduce Sex Ed teacher ADVANCE

Trapped in a closet with Dave Kopay

Caught in downpour TAKE

Take Cheri ADVANCE TO

ORGASM

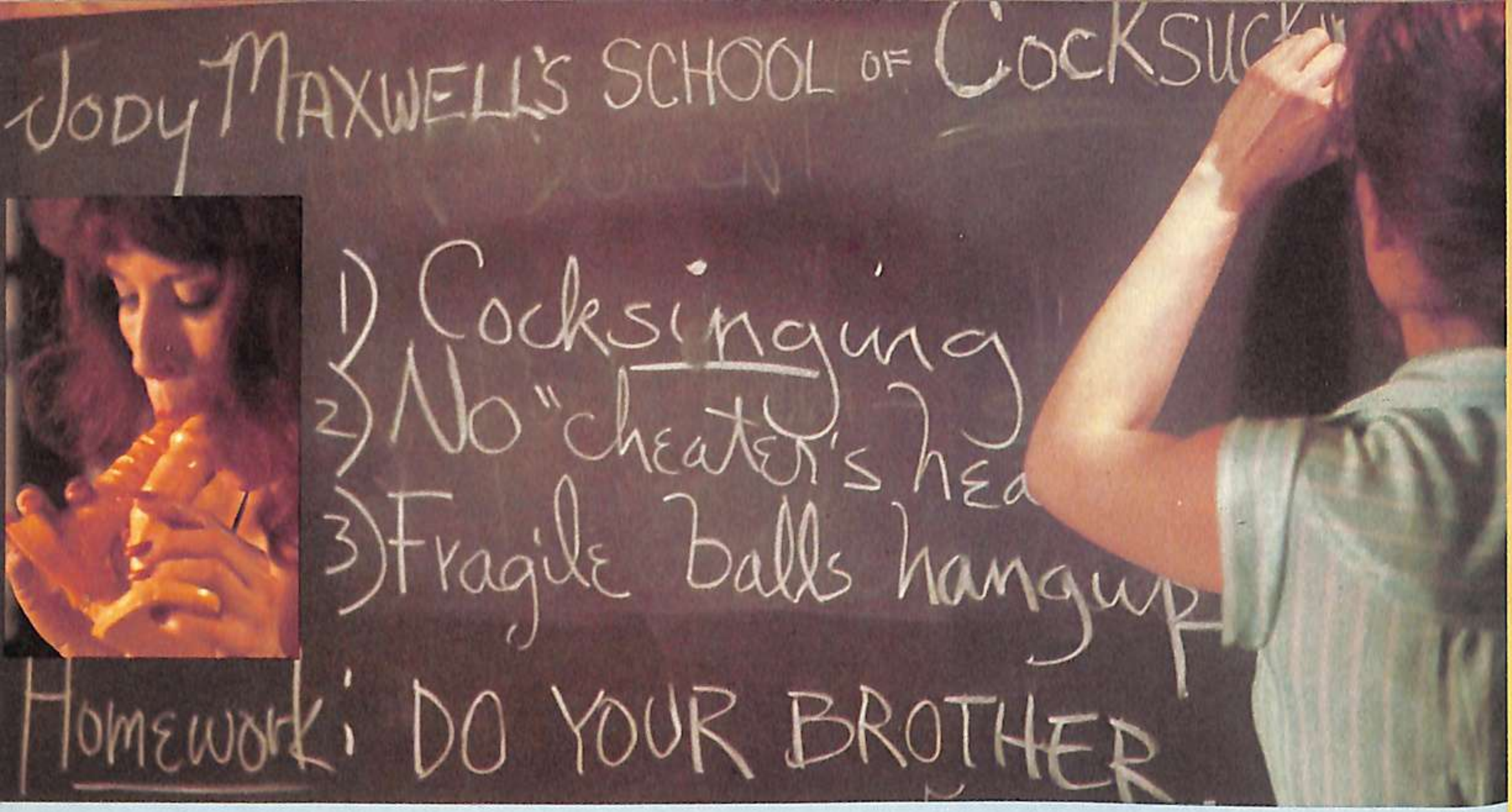
Premature Orgasm SWAP PARTNER TO PRO

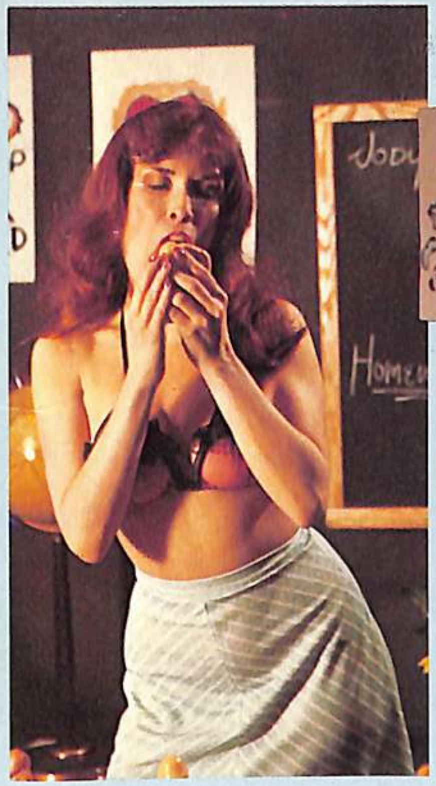
Make pass at baby-sitter FORTY LASHES

Flash in Schoolyard GO DIRECTLY TO JAIL

Raped by Bike Gang LOSE ONE TURN

Doc says you're clean ADVANCE THREE SQUARES


Jody Maxwell's SCHOOL OF COCKSUC
1) Cocksinging
2) No "cheater's hea
3) Fragile balls hangup
Homework: DO YOUR BROTHER



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SCHOOL FOR COCKSUCKING, JODY MAKES HER FIRST LOOP

Glamourous Jody Maxwell, X-rated movie star, CHERI staffer, and pioneer of dozens of innovative sexual techniques, has finally gotten around to making an 8mm movie for home viewing. And is it a scorcher!

The flame-haired queen of the head-givers from KC, Missouri—who has a patent on the art of singing Top 40 tunes and sucking cock simultaneously—is the absolute focus of the 10-minute sex farce called "School for Cocksuckers," or, "Jody's Blow Job Academy."

In this colorful, action-packed flick, Jody teaches the viewers how to give head with a mouth full of Creme de Menthe, how to sing while sucking, how to avoid "Fragile Balls Hangup" and how to do two dorks at the same time. Then she diddles herself to a screen-shaking climax!

Jody, who rocketed to fame in Al Goldstein's *S.O.S.*, has appeared in several R-rated movies, as well. But this is her first movie to be sold through the mails.

"This is the kind of movie you should use to teach your wife or girlfriend some of the newer techniques in cocksucking. It's educational value is tremendous," says Jody.

Many skeptics don't believe that Jody can actually sing and go down on a guy at the same time. Well, it's absolutely true! You can hear each and every syllable in each and every song! It's just a pity that her new movie has no sound! But if you'd like to hear what she sounds like, just order a copy of her new Christmas record. It's a gas! And it was actually made in a legitimate recording studio and she really did suck a 9" dick while making it!

Available Exclusively to Cheri Readers

JODY "The Singing Cocksucker" MAXWELL'S

FIRST HOME MOVIE

"THE BLOW JOB ACADEMY"
One of the funniest—and raunchiest—8mm sex movies ever filmed! Here, captured in livid, vivid color is the A to Z of Jody's world-famous array of cocksucking techniques, displayed in loving, detailed close-up. This is both an entertaining and an educational experience, a primer in prick-licking which you can share with your favorite girl or wife or whatever.

JODY CAN DO THINGS WITH HER MOUTH AND TONGUE WHICH WILL AMAZE, AMUSE, AND ASTONISH YOU! DON'T MISS THIS FILM

Film JM-1 "SCHOOL FOR COCKSUCKING"
Schoolteacher Jody Maxwell, internationally-renown singing cocksucker and columnist for CHERI magazine, offers some horny instructions to a class of cocksucking novices. After teaching them some of the steamier tricks of the trade, she gets so turned on she diddles herself to an earthquaking orgasm. Never before has so violent a climax been captured on film. You'll have to see it to believe it. And it's only $30!

THE TWO-AND-ONLY CHERI BOMB!

The Biggest Tits Ever Captured on Film!!

As CHERI readers already know, Cheri Baum (a.k.a. Cherry Bomb) is the eighth and ninth wonders of the world. She is the premiere nudie model in America today—as well as CHERI's monthly rock music columnist.

Now you and your friends can stare in amazement as the colossally-constructed Ms. Baum leaps into action with those huge SIXTY-INCH bazookas of hers. You ain't seen nuthin' till you catch these great big tits heaving in super slow motion and those flickering talented fingers whacking away at her red-hot pussy.

THERE ARE TWO CHERRY BOMB FILMS AVAILABLE EXCLUSIVELY TO READERS OF CHERI MAGAZINE—AND EACH ONE IS A COLLECTOR'S ITEM. YOU CAN ORDER BOTH AT THE SPECIAL LOW PRICE OF $50.00.

Film #CB-1
CHERRY BOMB EXPLODES

The most incredible big-bust footage ever recorded on 8mm film. Watch what the incredible Cherry Bomb does to a long, hard carrot with her hot mouth and gigantic tits. Marvel at the slow-motion dance of the hugest bust of all time (you won't believe the action when she jumps rope or beats her meat!) This unbelievable film is two-hundred feet of non-stop, big-tit action, ending in an earth-shattering cum that will have you creaming your jeans. This is a film that will break ice at parties and steam up your loneliest nights. And it's only $30!

Film #CB-2
CHERRY BOMB SHAVES

This film gets both men and women so crazy for heavy-duty loving that you won't believe it. For starters, there's Cherry's monster tits swinging and swaying in the breeze, seeing plenty of X-rated action from both fingers and tongues. Then there's the beaver-barbering sequence to end all shaved pussy sequences! You won't believe the brutality when Cherry attacks her pubic hairs with a sword-edged razor. Then you'll stare in disbelief as her red-hot, bald-as-a-billiard-ball beaver opens its drippy lips for you. When her hot and horny fingers savagely attack that hairless womb, she gets the most superorgasm ever seen on celluloid. This is two-hundred feet of gorgeous, high-class color and it's only $30.00, shipping included.

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5. No C.O.D. No sales to minors. Reproduction or resale of these films or any parts of them except by written permission of Jody Maxwell is prohibited and volators will be prosecuted.

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The Hottest S&M Action Tapes Ever Made!

Send Check, Cash or Money Order to:
THE VICKIE TAPES
C/O CHERI MAGAZINE
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Rush me __________ tapes. I am circling the key numbers below.
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THE VICKIE TAPES

Gorgeous Miss Vickie, America's most sought-after dominant—and a monthly CHERI columnist—has just finished taping a series of shockingly real S&M cassettes.

This red-hot series features many of Vickie's moist tantalizing secrets and mind-blowing recordings of her hottest sessions.

Eight great tapes are currently available. They are true and actual and offer tremendous insights into the hip, hot mysteries of intersexual dominance.

In Vickie's own words, "This is a beautiful and sensual exploration of the sexual and psychological mistress-slave aspects of all male-female intercourse."

TAPE #MV-1: A Severe Session with Vickie.
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TAPE #MV-4: How to Be a Dominatrix. Miss Vickie offers Lessons for Ordinary Women.
TAPE #MV-5: How to Bring Out The Dominance in Your Mate.
TAPE #MV-6: A Severe Session with a Female Slave.
TAPE #MV-7: How to Break a Man into Submission.
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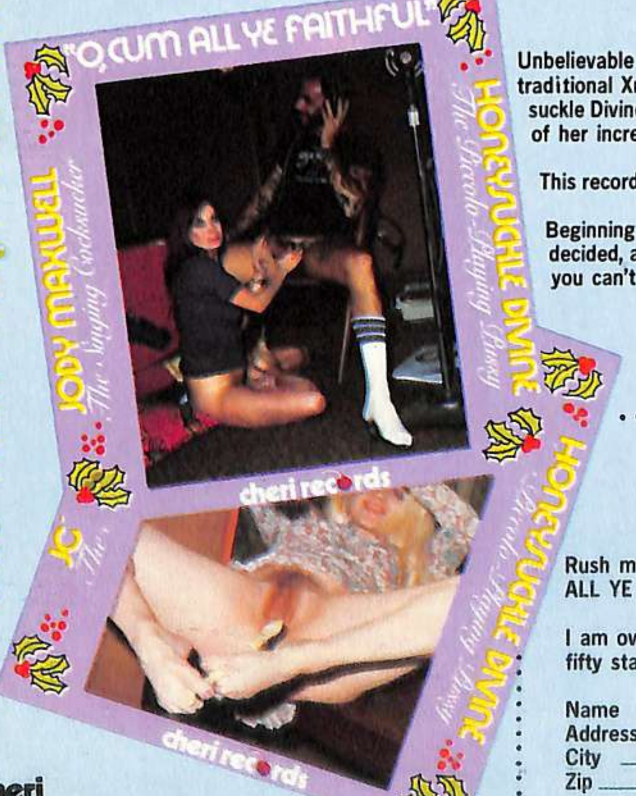
These tapes are available for $18.00 each. However, each time you order *two*, you pay just $30.00! *And* you can get all 8 for just $100!

One-Time Only Cut-Rate Offer!

JODY MAXWELL sings Yuletide favorites (while sucking on cock!)



Unbelievable but true! All hell breaks loose when America's famous singing cocksucker sings two traditional Xmas favorites on ten-inches of rock-hard manhood while the incomparable Honeysuckle Divine provides accompaniment on the flute (which, naturally, she plays by blowing air out of her incredibly talented pussy—and farting to the beat!)

This record will be the conversation-piece hit of every X-rated office party in 1977. Don't miss it!

Beginning next month, we will be offering this record for $6.00! For this month only we've decided, as a gift to loyal CHERI readers, to sell it at the low, low price of $2.00. It's a bargain you can't afford to miss!

YOU'VE NEVER HEARD "O CUM ALL YE FAITHFUL" SUNG RIGHT UNTIL YOU'VE HEARD JODY SING IT ON A COCK!

X-MAS FAVORITES
c/o CHERI MAGAZINE
208 E. 43 Street
New York, N.Y. 10019

Rush me my Christmas record of Jody Maxwell and Honeysuckle Divine singing O CUM ALL YE FAITHFUL and JINGLE BALLS. I am enclosing $2.00 (New York State: $2.16).

I am over the age of 21 No sales to minors. This order can only be shipped in the fifty states, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. Allow four weeks for delivery.

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Address ____________
City ____________
Zip ____________

Cynthia Suckhold

"If there's anything I like most about sex," says our imaginary Cynthia Suckhold, "it's chewing guys' asses when they haven't changed their underwear for weeks."

We've said it once, we'll say it again. CHERI is the all true national sex news magazine, and we'll be damned if we have to make up one more fucking story to go along with the pictures we buy.

We've even called England to get RDR to send along a short profile on each of the models they use so we don't have to do what other magazines are doing—hire someone to sit in an air-conditioned office, in a big leather chair jerking himself

Cynthia

off to come up with interesting lines that will turn readers on. We're convinced that even the more boring aspects of a girl's personality are better than no truth at all.

SWING DIGEST

(Continued from page 27)

single males, all ages, for fun & games. Will ans. all letters. Send photo & SASE. Would like to meet single men who love swinging times.

CENTRAL INDIANA
22,801-F—I'm 35, very clean, discreet & pretty. Prefer older gentlemen. Cauc. only. Love Fr. No roughness. Revealing photo & phone receives mine. Husband approves. SASE.

MATURE, Box 352, Freeport, N.Y. 11520. (Enclose $1.50 each for forwarding.)

N.Y.C.
F-8,595—They call me the "Enema Girl. . . ." Perhaps it's because I love to be given a hot enema by strange men. If that's your thing, let's get together . . . and DO IT!

NEW YORK
M-F, 8,544—How would you like the best of both worlds? I have soft, well-rounded breasts, & also the basic male equipment as well! That's right, you can enjoy *both* at the same time!!!!

NEW YORK
F-8,484—If you like 'em big, I love to have them sucked and licked! My nipples respond to gentle, loving care. Great hostess for gentlemen visiting the Big Apple!! I'll show you the town plus *everything*! Send me an SSAE & you will never regret it! Love to satisfy men!

ROCK WORLD

(Continued from page 15)

bands that play there are usually of the punk variety, with one notable exeption—a band called Susan. If they can work their way onto a major level, they'll be big. You should buy the album "Live at the Rat" just to hear them.

One night at Cantone's, I saw a group called the Nervous Eaters (really!)—and that's when I discovered a major difference between Boston and New York audiences. The typical New York crowd will sit and watch a band, but they must at all times maintain their cool. In Boston, everybody—and I mean *everybody*—is up and dancing. No one thinks he's too cool to show he's having a good time. It felt like a return to the Sixties. Everybody dances and gets drunk and has fun. I loved it.

The next night I went to a very plush disco called Whimsey's. I was very impressed, as I hardly ever go to discos. All decked out in my hottest rock & roll garb, I was seeking out some Boston nookie, something I'd never before sampled. Once again, I was drawn into the goodtime party atmosphere and started dancing up a storm.

Then there was an interruption—a DJ announced there would be a "punk fashion show." How bizarre. Was it that trendy already? Right in front of my eyes marched a procession of "models" that looked, except for the faces, like everyone on the New York downtown rock scene. Only it was fake, and that underlying factor made the whole thing seem weird to me, and made me very uncomfortable.

Finally it was over and the music started up, and this absolute fox asked me to dance. I practically melted, but kept it together long enough to dance for a short while. He asked me to go home with him and some friends to party all night.

When we arrived, about twelve people were playing music, dancing, snorting or fucking. Didn't take long until we slipped into a dark room for some privacy, and he started giving me incredible head. What luck! Great looks and a great lover—not that common, you know. After returning the favor, we fucked all night in every position I'd ever known—and one he hadn't. We had to stay up all night at it because I was due to catch the 10 A.M. plane back to the Big Apple. At roughly 8:00, he tells me he's never tried it between a girl's tits. Now that's something I excel at! Poor guy—no matter how I maneuvered, he was so fucked out he couldn't get hard in time, and I had to split. But I promise you, my friend, next time I'm there, it's yours.

So I went to Boston and found lots of love and fun and a great fuck. But I couldn't stay away from the gang here for too long. How could I live without all the screaming, not to mention Peter Wolff's dancing? Mainly, though, I couldn't get by without my monthly knockout dragout with my truest friend and confidante, the infamous Michelle ("But he's just so hot looking!") Craven.

Ta,
Cheri

STREET WALKIN

(Continued from page 9)

joints. I popped two pills and called up my baby at work. He had to work another hour, so I decided to pull one more trick. I should have quit while I was ahead.

Another car trick. I was feeling pretty good good by now, so I wasn't as cautious as I should have been. The date was a short Puerto Rican, and he looked like a dope fiend. As we were driving I kept asking him if he'd be able to come, 'cause I didn't have all night and he looked pretty fucked up. We stop at a light and this white boy jumps in the car. As I'm mentally making out my will, he pulls a badge and says, "You got a case." Then comes the usual, "If you're holding anything, get rid of it 'cause we only want you for pross." So I very discreetly stashed two pills in my shoe. I had the J's in my cigarettes, and they never check that. I downed the remaining three pills. By the time we finished with the prints I was flying. The cops were pretty cool about the whole thing. We were joking around and one got out of the car, on the way to the lodging cells, to get me cigarettes and MacDonald's hamburgers. The cop who was left in the car with me kept talking about my magnificent mamms, and he pulled out his dick, which was already hard. He offered me $15 for some head. I told him I'd do it for nothing if he'd let me split, but then his partner came back with the burgers, so it was dropped.

The usual procedure is to stay in the cell overnight, and then be put on a chain gang with all the other women who were brought in during the night. Then we are all shoved into a paddy wagon, brought down to the court building, and put into the bullpen to await trial. The bullpen is designed to hold no more than 40 women in sitting positions. There were close to ninety when I got there. There was no room to walk, only room enough for thirty to sit, and a little toilet in the corner offering no privacy. You have to wait until your arresting officer shows up to get you docketed before you can even be seen by the judge. If he wants to be a prick he'll take his sweet time.

I waited. Along with the ninety other bitches. There was the usual ho bragging going down, "Man, I got this dude the other night and he couldn't fuck for shit. $800 to suck my big black pussy." Or, "Me and Sugar took off this white boy from Queens, and don't you know that sucker was carrying a grand on him." All pure unadulterated bullshit but that's the kind of jive everyone likes to hear, or else just be bored to death. We all waited. The judge on duty that day gave everyone hour-long lectures in addition to the fines or time. Things were going as slow as shit in a constipation club.

It's really a drag . . . in the streets there is really no hassle between blacks and whites. We are all whores, so nobody plays colors. In jail it's a whole 'nother story. In the bullpen there was only room for a small percentage of the broads to sit; the rest had to stand or sit on the filthy floor. All the blacks were sitting, and all the whites were standing. The paddy chicks are punks when it comes to fighting a nigger in the joint. I was standing. All of a sudden this black cunt (I knew her from the streets) gets up and starts rapping with her friends. Her spot was vacant for at least five minutes, and no one dared to take her place. I sat my ass down. "You jive white ho! Bitch, you better get your tired, funky ass up." Fuck that shit; now it was a matter of street honor, and I wasn't going noplace. The chick comes over and pulls on my hair and it was ass-kickin' time on Center street. The first thing I did was to rip her dress off in the front, 'cause most women will stop and cover up. This was a street bitch, and she would have fought me buck naked. We're rolling around the floor, wigs and platforms scattered, and tits bared, she got my wraparound de-wrapped. Finally, I was on top of her and started to smash her face against the concrete floor. Groosh. Blood. Mucho blood seeping out from under her face. I flipped out, 'cause I really didn't want to fuck her up that bad. So I stopped and just stood there, shocked. All of a sudden the bitch flies up like super pross and catches me right in the eye. T.K.O. Now, the whole time the matron heard our mouths, and she knew what was going on, but she didn't do a mother fuckin' thing until I got mine. She was black too. She starts slapping my face and throwing water on me. Then, when I finally regain consciousness, she starts handing me this jive about how that poor girl that I beat up had to go to the hospital and they were gonna press charges. And I'm sitting there, my eye having every purple hue known to man, taking all this bullshit in. They threw me in a cell by my lonesome for being a troublemaker. The bitch had a broken nose and two black eyes.

I finally got called to court at 11:45 p.m., after waiting all day with half my face swollen, and nothing to eat but moldy bologna on hard bread. I sat in the courtroom until 12:30, and then night court was over and I had to stay locked up another day.

(Continued on page 74)

The summer sun sifted in through the vertetian blinds of the window in Laure's bungalow bedroom. The cool Swedish morning light reminded her of the way it was sliced thin by the razor sharp sheet metal slats as it came through the window glass.

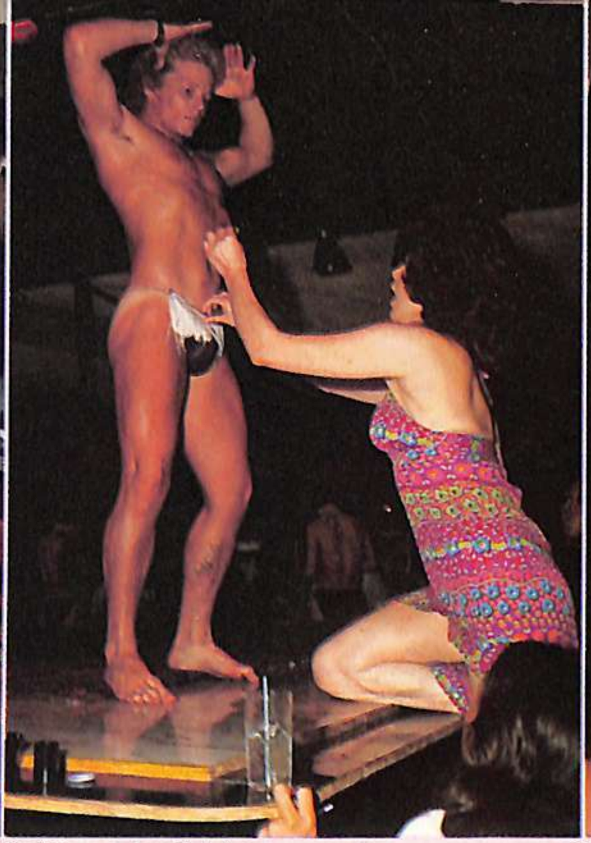
The strange man who had come home to sleep with her was gone, the perfect lover who had treated her so rhapsodically that she fell asleep in his arms completely satisfied.

Many times she had walked the streets of Onoala at night, but never had she tried to remember what a man looked like, felt like, fucked like. Now, she looked at the slick, glaring poster on her wall and wished it would come to life and lick her pussy the way her mysterious lover had done the night before.

She closed her eyes, filled her empty cunt with daydreams, and imitated his touch on her pink, swollen clitoris. In all, even years later, it would be the only way she would be able to bring back her perfect lover.

(P.S.: If you didn't like this little fiction, blame it on Quark for not supplying us with the true bio of Laure, who really was photographed in Onoala, Sweden.)

Bosom-buddies Fanne and Kelly trade shop-secrets at the Silver Frolic.



Grabbing a handful from go-go guy Scott at the "Uni-Sex Club."

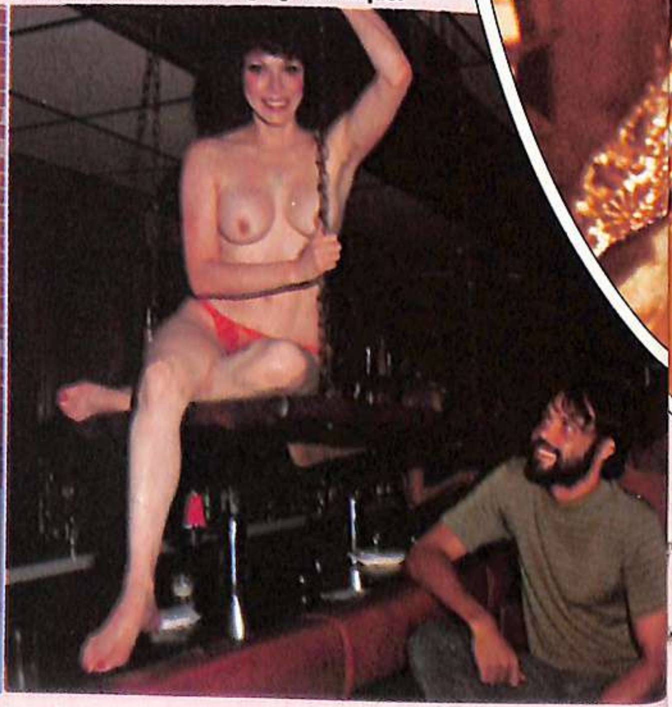
Checking out Scott's dancing partner.

Fanne in DIXIELAND

Our intrepid reporter checks out the sex scene in New Orleans.

Fanne takes a dive right into the Indian Hills (Nudist) Resort pool.

Music lover Fanne inquires of street musician, "Can I blow your horn?"



A smiling Big Daddy customer approves of Fanne's swinging technique.

New Orleans is *hot*. As Andrea Ambers, our longsuffering lensman Peter Hurd and I oozed off the plane into the subtropical deep-south airport, we were hit with a sultry blast of air that almost had us stripping on the ramp. The airport itself was so laid back, all it needed was chickens sleeping on the counters to complete the mood. To itchy, nervous, high-strung New Yorkers this can be a little . . . unnerving.

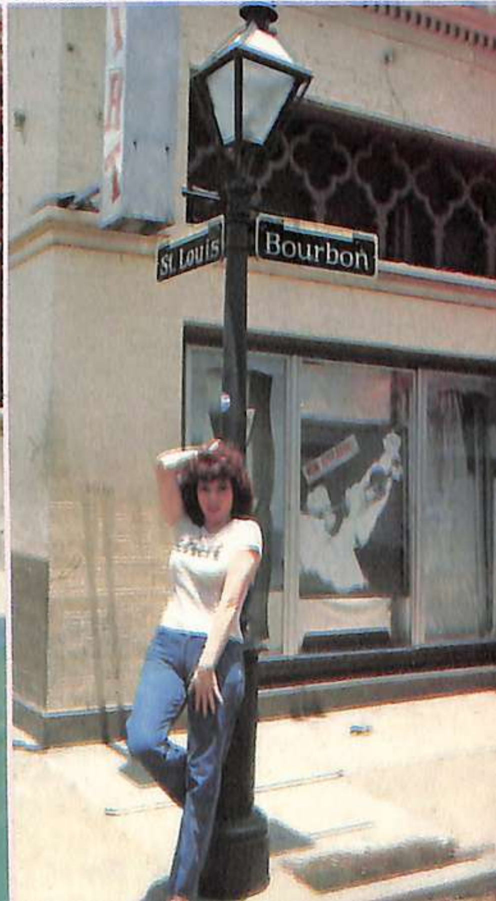
"Right happy to welcome ya'll to New Orleans," drawled the luscious example of southern femininity at the praline shop, in about twenty

(Continued on page 60)

Fanne at the 500 Club.

A visit to "Loni's Creations."

Fanne takes a dunking, even if it's not the Tidal Basin!



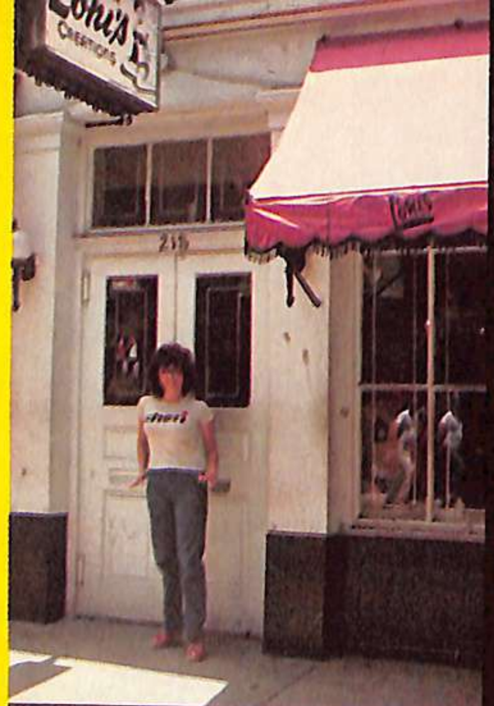
LONI'S CREATIONS
218 Bourbon Street
Telephone: 504-522-9233

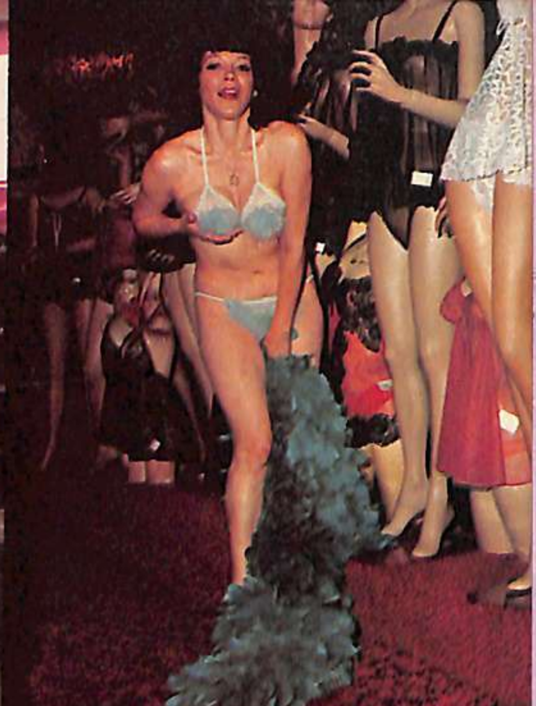
We asked the best dressed Bourbon-ites where they garb their gams and were pointed in the direction of LONI'S, a dress shop of "Pleasure Chest" proportions. Everything from G-strings to slinky sleaze-ware is available in a dazzling array of sizes and colors. The moderate prices run up from $2.98, with a slightly higher markup for custom-made items. Loni, who has been on the Bourbon block for many years, is especially well known for her extensive Mardi Gras selection and the loads of other goodies that have the local strippers and go-go bunnies on the best (erotic) dress lists. Open daily from 10 am to midnight, LONI'S is a terrific stop for bringing home a slice of spice from your New Orleans vacation.

Loni is a woman after my own heart—not to mention purse. Her super-sexy "little nothings" made me so gorgeous I was tempted to drop my life savings in one wild shopping spree. A tiny, lovely, shrewd woman with a sultry southern voice and a sense of humor right out of a Mae West retrospective, she kept us laughing all the way to the cash register in a frenzy of frou-frou. If you ever wonder where all the "real" women hide out, I'm happy to tell you the genuine article is right down on Bourbon Street, and she's eager to please.

Her sweet southern charm never failed as we ransacked the shop, modeling exquisite gowns, push-up bras, sexbomb lingerie and everything else we could lay our hot little hands on.

(Continued on page 96)





minutes of elapsed time. The slow drawl is the primary native custom in these parts, and the *dee-vine* praline one of the chief products for export. It's a glorious creation of pecans and carmelized sugar, and totally addictive. We couldn't stop munching them—or mint juleps, but that's another story—our whole visit long. These people sure do know how to eat.

It didn't take long for me to realize that all New Orleans must be on a solid oyster diet. The streetcar named Desire still runs up and down Bourbon all the way to the bayou. Everything you see reeks of sensuality—the music, the soft drawls, the menus, the sweet smell of good dope wafting along a sultry southern breeze. You can almost wallow in it. For sure we'd try!

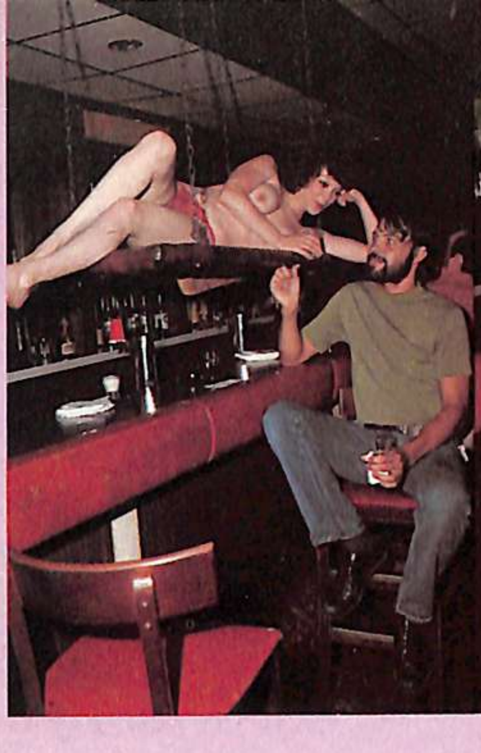
That evening after gumbo, boulliabaise, pan-fried red snapper, beans and rice (our accountant was hundreds of miles away), we hit the Silver Frolic. The city is known far and wide for stage shows featuring assorted sexes from Drag Queens, transvestites, transsexuals and just plain gays, who all give really wild performances where nearly anything is allowed. The photos outside the Silver Frolic featured the most astonishingly beautiful "women" I'd seen in quite a while. Had they been retouched?

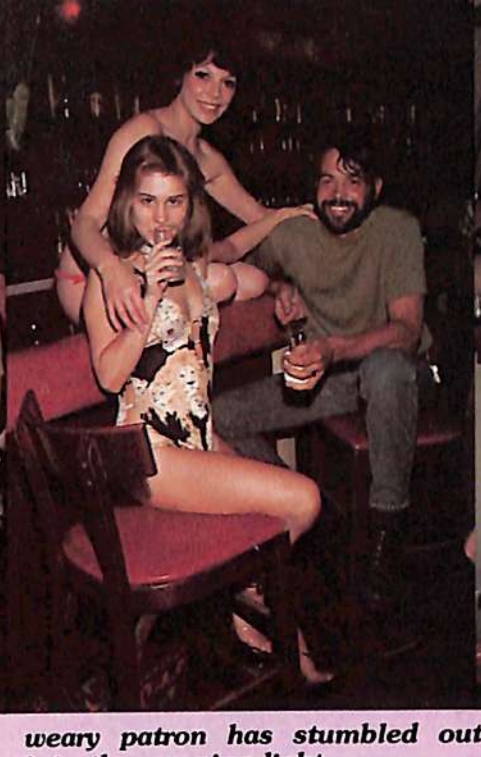
Tina Louise, Kelley, Amber, Barbara, Inca and Sylvia in the flesh were *twice* as spectacular as their ads. Gadzooks, were they gorgeous! The fact that they owed so much to silicone, hormones and a particularly clever G-string that makes one's cock almost invisible didn't diminish their beauty one bit. Like all New Orleans women, they were creatures of fantasy, almost too gentle, sweet, soft-spoken and lovely to be real. But their magnetism ensnared me, irresistibly, even as they chatted casually about their upcoming surgical castrations. We hung out backstage amidst their feathered finery and I must say, I could only compliment them on their ultra-glamorous performances.

Of the go-go bars, Big Daddy's (Lafitte's) seemed to be the most popular. Despite the crush of tourists and appreciative locals, Billy, the manager, was extremely kind to us. He let me play "barmaid" for the night, lounging on the velvet swing and chatting with his customers. The young, extremely pretty dancers took turns as waitresses between shows, so it was a very lively atmosphere, where tips would be stuffed into G-strings and a riotously good time was had by all.

In the old days when I was headlining, we referred to this practice as "mingling," where a girl would get dangerously close to her

(Continued on page 65)





LAFITTE's a.k.a. BIG DADDY'S
522 Bourbon Street
New Orleans, Louisiana

Ready to boogey to the beat of the big bands and blues? Lafitte's, known to the locals as Big Daddy's, is ready and waitin' to show you a good time. The girls are good looking, friendly, plus they have terrific bods they shake and bake atop a large circular stage which rotates in the center of the floor. Definitely one of the biggest and best go-go spots on the block, Big Daddy's opens its gates at 1 PM and doesn't close until the last weary patron has stumbled out into the morning light.

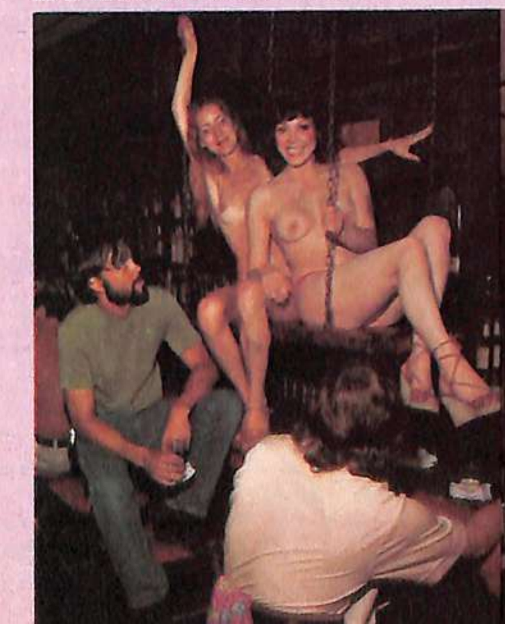
Lafitte's is your typical, glossy New Orleans go-go "strip" joint, with a touch of class. It's always jam-packed with happy tourists spending like the Russians were sailing up the Gulf Stream, so you'll have a great time too if you go. There's a long bar and a revolving circular stage where disco dolls shake it up to the latest stomper from KC and the Sunshine Band. An elaborate row of colored lights on the mirrored walls around them flashes flesh all over the room.

As we strolled up to the entrance—you can't miss it, it's next to a big fake window with a girl's shapely leg draped over a swing—I heard one well-heeled tourist say to his reluctant wife, "Oh, come on. I want to see these girls take their clothes off." They really don't, of course. They come out to dance already pared down to pasties and G-string, but they're so pretty, and such sexy dancers, you don't mind at all. Others hang by the bar on a large, plush swing right out of an old-timey Hollywood set. It's suspended from the ceiling and sways gently back and forth while the girls chat with customers. Others wait on tables between times and are not at all adverse to tips being stuffed into their strings.

Naturally the night I blew in, so did the Elks. They were in N'Awlins for some convention, bouncing around the room wearing name tags that said "Exalted Ruler" and having a grand time. Here's a group that really knows how to party, and the girls didn't discourage them in any way.

The manager told me that each girl stays, on the average, just a month, but one has danced here for six years. They earn a big $1.50 an hour, but are free to hustle tips any way they like—which can add up to $200 a night. Girls come over from other

(Continued on page 95)



500 CLUB Presents
Carmen Moreno
TASSEL DANCER
cheri
CARMAN MARENO
TASSEL THRILLING SENSATION
500 CLUB
HOME OF

THE 500 CLUB
441 Bourbon Street
New Orleans, Louisiana
Telephone: 504-525-7269

Do you ever get the urge to see a strip show where the girls really strip and don't just shake like sweetmeats in shock? If you do, and also would like to relax with a bottle of booze, laugh at inane comics and view a creature soon to be extinct, "the legit stripper," be sure to plan on visiting the 500 Club. Located smack dab in the center of the Bourbon block, you can catch their continual shows anytime from 2 PM on. Headliners Sandra Sexton and Carmen Moreno put on a tremendous show with the hysterical help of comics Bunny and Tina Marie and of course the exotically proportioned dancers. Definitely a four clam revue.

Oh I had such a good time here! The 500 is the real, old-timey New Orleans burlesque palace of note, the nicest on Bourbon Street and the only *legitimate* dance place around. Meaning that the dancers are real strippers, not just go-go dolls, and they take a definite pride in their profession. Their costumes are very elaborate, with lush feather boas, bejeweled G-strings, sequin-sewn pasties and extravagant gowns.

The best part is they take a lot of it off to the brassy strains of a genuine New Orleans jazz band, whose sultry refrains keep the joint packed from 2 pm on. The manager, Mrs. T., is very proud of presenting live music instead of what I consider the vastly inferior canned disco crap. The acts are introduced by Joey Howard, an MC in the hilarious tradition of burlesque comics. Hurling out every old joke from Minksy's on down, he presents Carmen Mareno—ace tassel twirler and tit manipulator, if there is such a term—Tina Marie, an adorable comedienne, and the headliner, Sandra Sexton.

Sandra is quite a girl. (Continued on page 96)

The guys at the Unisex Club are straight when it counts, and very sensitive to the "turn on but don't touch" rules of the club—which our Fanne immediately ignored.

UNI-SEX CLUB
Bourbon Street
New Orleans, Louisiana

After truckin' through the go-go emporium and strip joints, the 'live sex' show at the UNI-SEX Club is a sure-fire way to beat the Bourbon Street blues. Although "live sex" may be a bit misleading, it still is the only place on the block where you can see practically nude boys and girls together on stage simulating the finer aspects of the horizontal rhumba. The shows are continual from 6 PM to around 3 AM. If you decide you're in the mood for a bit of the raunchito stop into UNI-SEX and have a ball. Be sure to check out the lovely manager-bartendress Lois and tell her Fanne says "Hola!"

Live sex shows? Never, never, never in the deep south. The only place you're gonna see a performance that even approaches it is the Unisex Club, where very careful couples dance dirty onstage. God—as well as the laws of New Orleans—forbid they should actually *touch* one another. And if, in a moment of wild passion, the dirty boogie goes one toe over the line, the manager immediately turns out the light.

How do I know this? When I went onstage to pose, quite innocently, with one of the dancers, I put my hand on his arm. Instant blackout. Later on the boys told me that the last time that happened, the manager pulled the plug on the music and told off the offenders in terms which, like their G-strings, left very little to the imagination.

"They've very strict about no touching," explained Scott, in his delicious southern drawl, "and a dancer cannot put his hand on a body or straddle it. We're supposed (Continued on page 95)

KINGPIN PLAYROOM
NEW GIRL SHOW
WELCOME FANNY FOX
GAME ROOM

KING PIN PLAYROOM 3200 Edenborn Street Metaire, New Orleans Telephone: 504- 455-5525

Lots of looking, but no touching is the rule at Fat City's swingiest go-go emporium, the King Pin. Southern Belles boogie from 3 PM–4 AM atop a circular tabletop stage as fans hang out playing pool, pinball and guzzling $1.25 beers. There is no admission charge and congenial host John Day is more than happy to turn tourists on to the other highlights of the Fat City area.

Life at the King Pin Playroom is funky and freewheeling. The girls are gorgeous, the music is loud, the games are fun and all that, but the real excitement comes from John, the manager. John maintains a running battle with Sheriff Alvin Cronovich who, in turn, maintains a running battle with anyone who looks like he's having a hot time in the Fat City area. "Fat City's been here five years, but he's been here twelve. This is the *very last year* he can stay in office. This is the kind of attitude he has: the moment we open he calls us a 'Den of Iniquity.' Even the officers under him don't like him. The feeling is so strong they even wrote it up in the Jefferson Times. Plus he's never *been* to Fat City, so what can he know?"

"The way I see it, he's the only thing that's holding Fat City back. Mickey Martin has the one other go-

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Presents
Swedish
MASSAGE
Attractive Girls
ESCORT
Service
Full Length COLOR & SOUND
X RATED MOVIES

HOUSE OF JOY 425 Bourbon Street New Orleans, Louisiana

From Chicago to New Orleans, I have always enjoyed visiting and chatting with the girls involved in the local massage parlor scenes. In New Orleans I squeezed in a visit to the House of Joy, where I was invited to take in a round of Mint Juleps with proprietress Miss Sally. Sally filled me in on 'Massages, Southern Style' but to tell you the truth I don't think it was all that different from the eastern, western and northern techniques. Whatever, the House of Joy seemed clean and courteous.

customers and an atmosphere of mutual exploitation would prevail. But this is 1977 and we're not that twisted any more. Now a gentleman—quite frequently a couple—will tip simply for a girl's performance as a dancer or her sweet smile as she waits on his table; the distance between them has been shortened considerably.

It's been shortened completely at the Unisex Club, the only place you can catch male/female dance acts. And oh, what beautiful boys! They wear only brief, fringed G-strings around their not-too-private parts, and when they're inspired by the music or the girls they're working with, they do bumps and grinds that take me right back to my happy nights behind the lights. These burlesque boys are really sexy, and after a few numbers I just couldn't control myself any longer. I leapt onstage to boogie—and accidentally touched my partner's arm. Instantly, the manager doused the lights. Manageress Lois is a great girl from, as a matter of fact, New York—but she knows the laws of New Orleans, which stipulate that dancers must stay six inches apart and any contact is totally *verboten*. Many mint juleps later I realized that she was right, and she had to protect her place from being busted, but at that precise moment. . . .

And I'm not the only women with these frenzied animal desires. The joint was packed with ladies in all shapes and sizes, some of them appearing to be tourists who strayed a bit off the beaten track. The guys were such natural flirts that I could see the blood rising in their audience's communal libido—and who was I to blame them? My own liberated lust almost landed us all in the slammer for a night.

The next night we hit the classy 500 Club right down the block, a true gem of an old-style burlesque palace with a comedian MC, a tassel-twirling babe with boobs on alternating currents and a high-steppin' headliner who reminded me of me in the good old days. Sandra Sexton was so gracious as to invite me to make a special appearance, at which time I was mobbed by autograph hounds and fans. For a hambone like me, as you know, this was sheer heaven.

I also put in a stellar performance at Loni's Creations, where the owner, Loni, happened to be a big fan of mine and lavished her fanciest frou-frou over Andrea and me. What an afternoon! Loni, who specializes in lingerie to get laid in ("If they want to buy an outfit to go to town, darlin', they can go to a dee-partment store!") knew two live ones when she saw us slinking through the door. Her stuff makes you look fabulous from any angle—such as prone. I don't know which is harder to resist—her gorgeous clothes or her own sweet, southern-lady personality.

A few more forays into laid-back 'lowlife,' as it's called, and I was ready to move here for good. John Day of Fat City (read his hilarious story in my separate article) announced confidently, "Once we get these guys out of office, we'll elect legislators who don't try to hold us back!"

I was also interviewed on WRNO for their Saturday morning radio show, which was a gas, and by the extremely handsome—Andrea went so far as to ask him to be our first male centerfold—reporter George Hagar for the *Times-Picayune*. George was very curious about precisely what angle I was gonna use for covering the sex scene in New Orleans, but just as I was about to suggest one he turned back into Clark Kent.

So I gained four pounds and about a thousand new friends, each of whom insisted I return for Mardi Gras, when things would be completely out of control. I can't wait!

Presents
ALL
BOY
REVUE

THE SILVER FROLIC CLUB 427 Bourbon Street New Orleans, La.

Definitely the "gayest" spot on the Bourbon block! Every night a bevy of beauties frolic and flash at a bedazzled audience of locals and tourists alike. At first glance these sexy southern strutters are the sweetest you've seen—but a second look and you will notice there's a lot more between those legs than a box lunch! When in New Orleans don't think of missing the Silver Frolic, where continual shows begin at 5 in the afternoon (pronounced fahve) and bounce on 'til the early morn. Be sure to stick around for Kelly and Tina Louise, two "queenly" scene stealers if ever there were.

"Oh yes, Louisiana is a big transvestite center," said Kelly coolly, her long, lush nails stroking her hair. "San Francisco is the only other place with more gays." Now this was something I wasn't prepared for. I'd just caught her exquisite, flamboyant act onstage, where she shook her gorgeous tits and stripped down to a slinky G-string. "And as soon as I have my castration and surgery, honey, I'll be even more beautiful—you watch."

The Silver Frolic specializes in glamorous, almost overblown dance acts with—no question—the most delectable beauties in town. So what if they all have cocks? They were so poised, so chic, so feminine, they almost seemed from another

(Continued on page 94)

INDIAN HILLS NUDIST RESORT

Route 190
Slidell, Louisiana
Telephone: 504-899-0215

Had enough of the big city heat? Just a few miles outside of New Orleans you'll find a cool refuge at the nudist resort of Indian Hills. A 48-acre estate complete with private lake, olympic-size pool, volleyball courts, this resort has proven to be a mainstay for Louisiana nudies. Membership per year is $120, with additional minimal fees for campers and electricity. Casual visitors pay a $5 camp fee, or $10 per month—a fine time is had by all.

Dodie and the "Professor," as she calls him, run a homey, hospitable nudist resort beside a lake near New Orleans, and we had a wonderful afternoon there checking it out. "I bet you're a real cottontail (novice)," the Professor teased me—but as you well know, my professional reputation has not been based on my taste in clothes. You can be as free as a southern breeze at Indian Hills and nobody even bats a lash. And, despite all the publicity about free beaches, *queridos*, you can get in real trouble if you try going topless, for example, on Long Island. I slipped off my bra and a cop slipped right over to "suggest" I put it back on.

"Oh, you couldn't call Louisiana a *liberal* state," declares Dodie. "No, sir! There was quite a commotion when we opened up. My husband was even arrested now and then for operating the camp. Of course all the charges were dropped—indecent exposure and contributing to the delinquency of a minor, and all. We say, 'What's indecent about exposure, on your private grounds? It's a natural way of life!' As for minors, why, in this day and age many families prefer the nudist way, and that includes their children of any age. Where's the harm?

"All that was years ago, though. Now we're real friendly with the Chamber of Commerce and the Sheriff. He's real nice. Once in a while he'll drop by, when the gate's open—and he looks after our best interest when strangers come around. Can't begin to tell you how much we appreciate that."

The general atmosphere at Indian Hills is that of a Norman Rockwell cover for the *Saturday Evening Post*. Kids play, puppies bark, Dad's out fishing while Mom cleans around the trailer and catches a few rays. "You should've been here last weekend for the steak fry—oh my, what a good time. Reckon we had way over a hundred people. The covered-dish suppers are real nice, too.

"As far as rules, anyone can keep his clothes on who wants," says Dodie, in a hushed voice full of crushed magnolia petals, "and the only places you really have to be naked are the whirlpool and the swimming pool. In general everyone is very comfortable being nude, no matter what age. We have members from a very few years old right up to age 86. They're very natural, very relaxed with one another. Our own children lead their separate lives and we never forced our particular philosophy on them. We just let them know it is there for the choosing. We believe people have the right to be nude and healthy. We've felt this way for quite a while now, twelve years, and never regretted a day."

"I'm really a magician," explained the Professor, in another of his slow-drawl non sequiturs. "We've only owned the

(Continued on page 96)

HOW TO KEEP AN ELECTION

(and Other Oriental Lemedies)

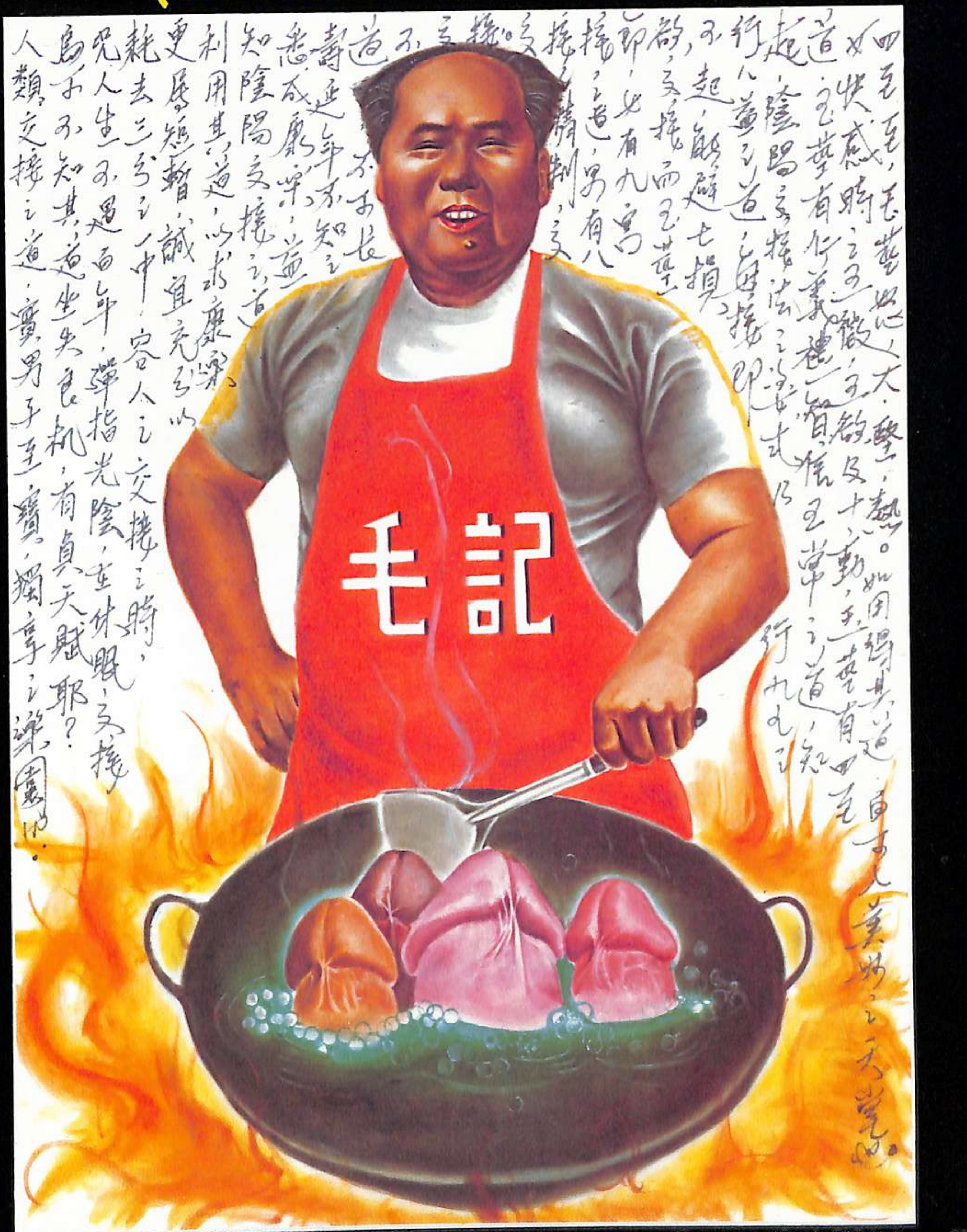


Illustration and Text by Ed D. Louie

白鴿：性淫而易合

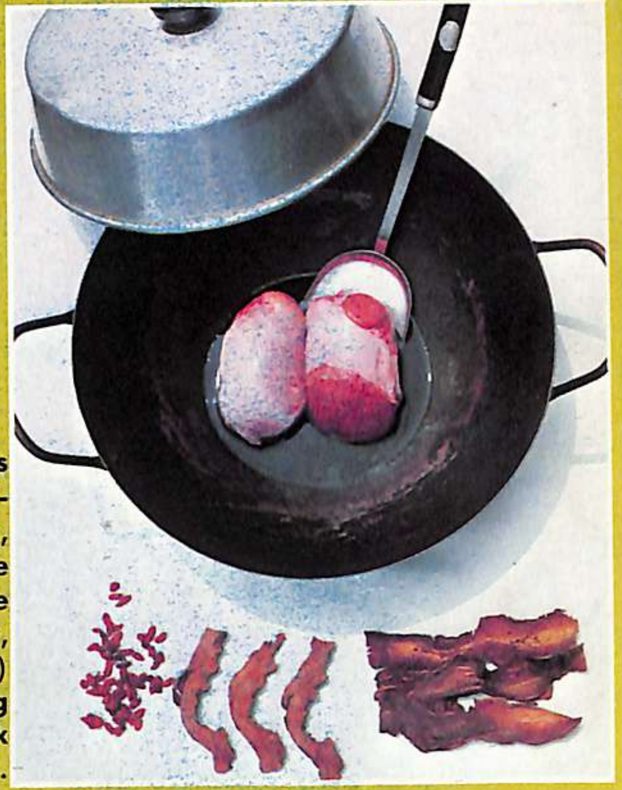
鴿的性內分泌特別旺盛，多吃能使性慾衝動，有亢奮作用，乃助陽之聖。

老年人陽气衰弱，房事無能，可以用鴿子一隻，加肉蓯蓉三錢，巴戟天五錢，同燉而吃。

Squab, the horniest bird, produces hormones to make you horny too. All you have to do is . . . a trade secret.

羊睪丸：基於中医的"以形補形"的学说，任何动物的内臟都有補益，尤以羊睪丸能治陽萎，与兴奋強壮性机能的作用。

羊睪丸一对，以肉蓯蓉、巴戟天、淮山、肉杞子等同燉。



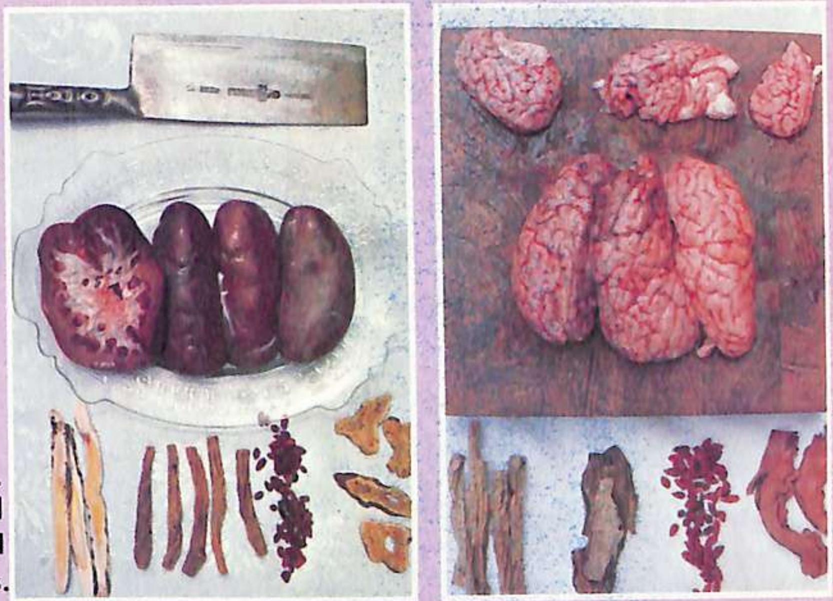
This medical tea combines more than fifteen medicines, including male and female lizards, bakay, son tey (for breath) and yok chung yung and bak kek ting (for endurance).

補茶：

此乃中國傳統之有效秘方，具有滋補气血，養陰壯陽之功，舒筋活絡之效，誠為強身補養，延年益壽之妙品

Lamb's balls, gau gay and yok chung yung makes great broth and even better hardons.

猪腎，俗稱豬腰，乃補腎的重要食品，也是治遺精、減血压的佳品



Pigs and people are much alike. Pork brains and kidneys give mental control, relieve headaches and eliminate wet dreams.

Only humans know the art of fucking. If you figure that people can expect to live about 70 years, of which they spend more than 20 sleeping; that only leaves 50 waking years to practice the art.

The Chinese believe that you must know the art of fucking well enough to not burn yourself out before achieving ultimate satisfaction in your sexual encounters. They know the right food helps, and the right food in this case means ingesting certain animal parts and herbs that are conducive to better sexual performance and increased strength and fortitude. Kind of like Americans eating *Total* for breakfast.

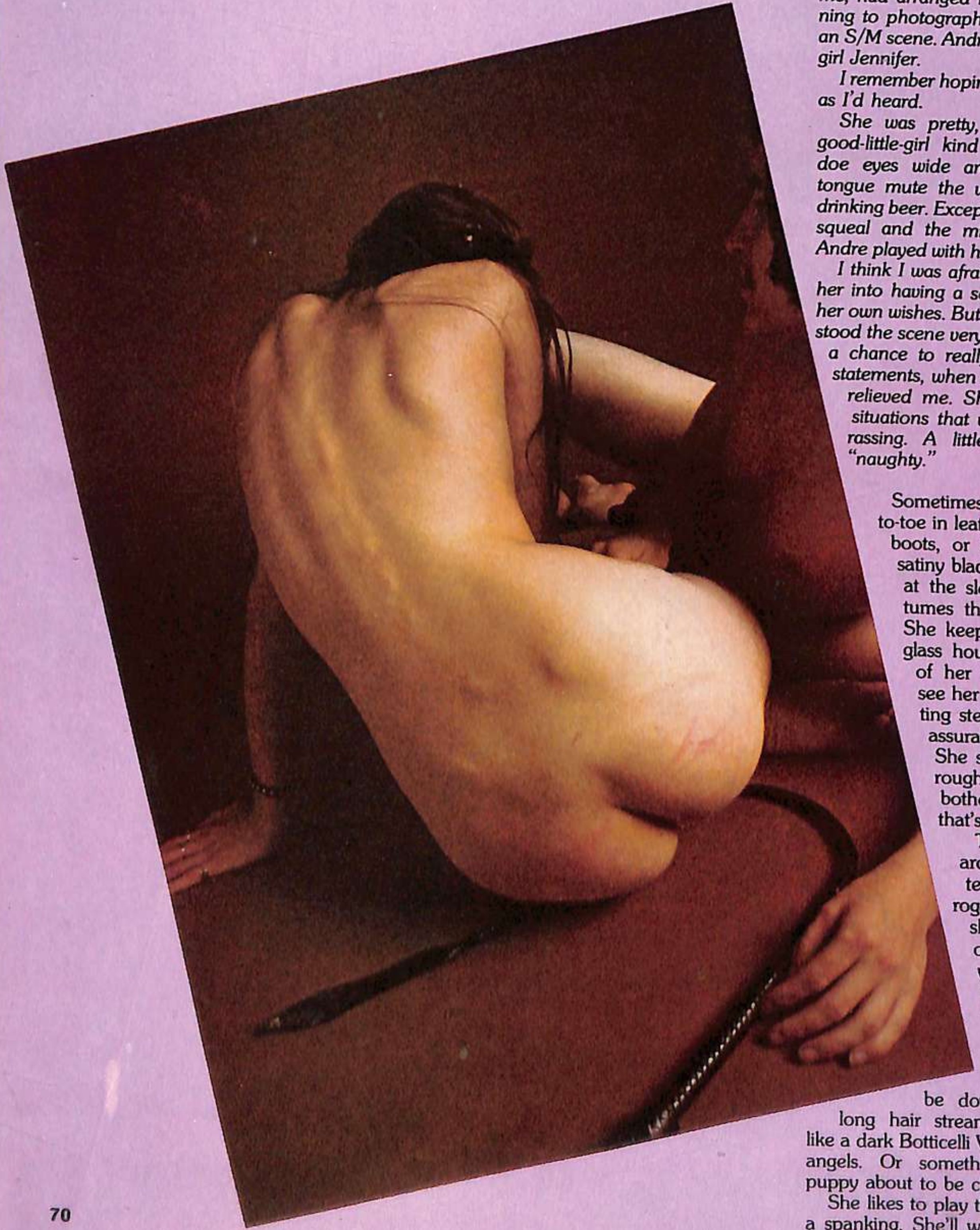
The foodstuffs on the following pages are parts of the formulas that the Chinese have used for thousands of years to build themselves up for fabulous sex. More than 800,000,000 Chinese are testimony that their methods work.

Unfortunately, the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) frowns on the practice of prescribing folk medicines as cures for impotency or as a means to improve normal virility. Thus, we decided to do this number according to the books—Chinese books, that is. If you want to find out more, ask a Chinese friend to fill you in .

THE WHIPPING GIRL

True confessions of a real-life masochist.

Photos and Story by Laine Wolf



The first time I met Jennifer was at The Red Witch, sort of a neo-haunted Village Bar. Andre, who had friends in common with me, had arranged it. I was tentatively planning to photograph the two of them doing an S/M scene. Andre had "volunteered" this girl Jennifer.

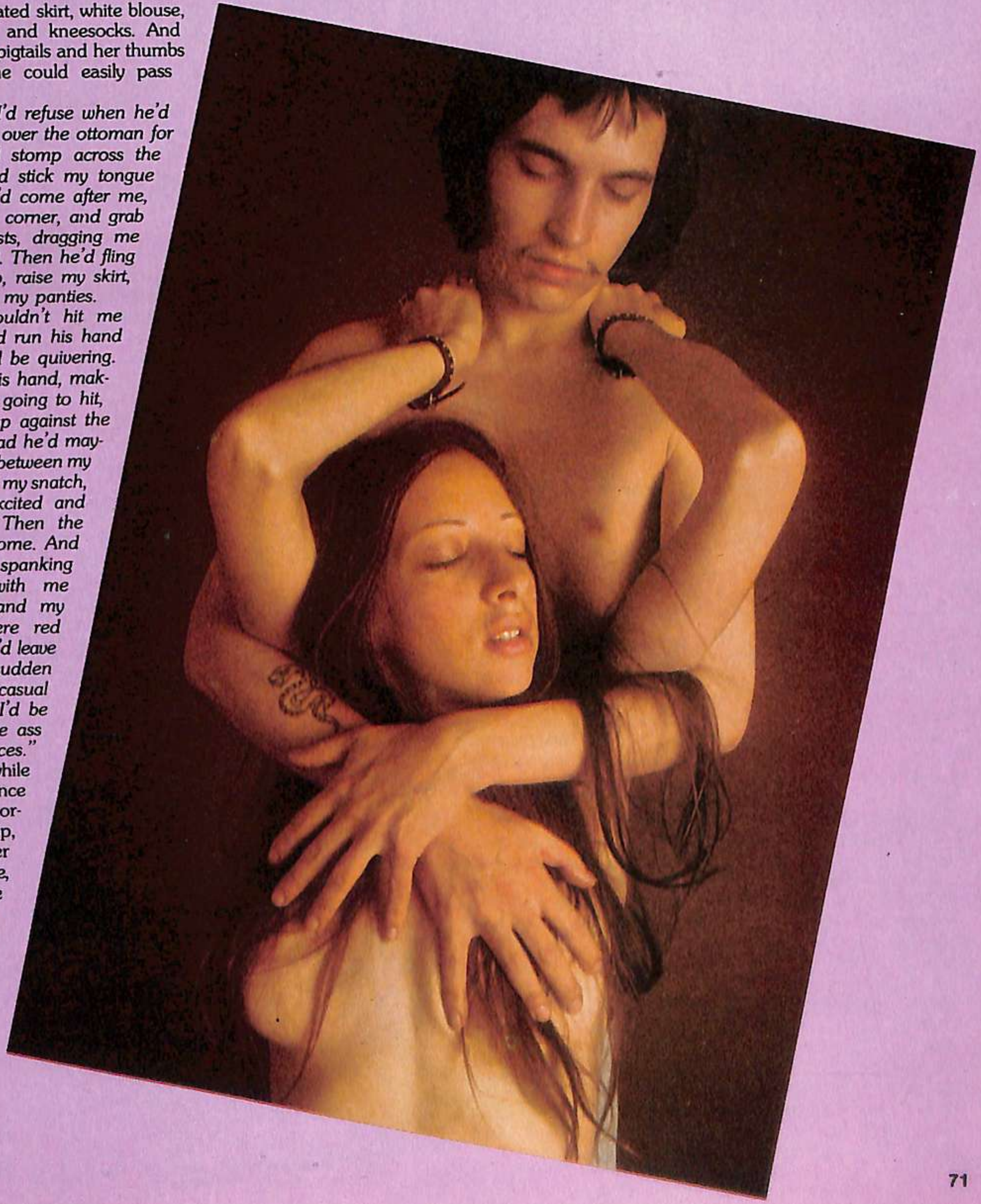
I remember hoping she would be as pretty as I'd heard.

She was pretty, with an almost prim, good-little-girl kind of air. She kept her doe eyes wide and wondering and her tongue mute the whole time we were all drinking beer. Except she gave an occasional squeal and the mildest of protests when Andre played with her pussy under the table.

I think I was afraid we might be coercing her into having a scene "on stage" against her own wishes. But that was before I understood the scene very well, and before I'd had a chance to really talk to Jennifer. Her statements, when she finally did open up, relieved me. She said she got off on situations that were just a little embarrassing. A little, as she phrased it, "naughty."

Sometimes she'll be dressed head-to-toe in leather and high snakeskin boots, or tight, shiny pants and satiny black blouses that flare red at the sleeves—flamboyant costumes that she designs herself. She keeps large pet iguanas in glass houses that line the walls of her apartment. You might see her walking with high-strutting steps and a certain air of assurance, even arrogance. She says she comes on like rough trade. Strangers don't bother her that way. But that's not the inside story. The inside story revolves around the man, the master. And her strutting arrogance dissolves, and she's likely to find herself on her knees, sometimes with her face to the floor, her eyes level with his black boots. And if he tells her to kneel and raise her ass to the whip, she'll be down on all fours, her long hair streaming across her back like a dark Botticelli Venus, one of the fallen angels. Or something more prosaic—a puppy about to be chastised.

She likes to play the little brat in need of a spanking. She'll wear a "schoolgirl" uniform—plaid pleated skirt, white blouse, white bloomers and kneesocks. And with her hair in pigtails and her thumbs in her ears, she could easily pass for ten.



"Sometimes I'd refuse when he'd tell me to bend over the ottoman for my 'lesson.' I'd stomp across the room, pout, and stick my tongue out at him. He'd come after me, back me into a corner, and grab me by the wrists, dragging me back to the bed. Then he'd fling me over his lap, raise my skirt, and yank down my panties.

"And he wouldn't hit me right away. He'd run his hand over my ass; I'd be quivering. Then he'd lift his hand, making like he was going to hit, and I'd tense up against the blow. And instead he'd maybe slip his hand between my legs and around my snatch, until I'd get excited and start to relax. Then the whack would come. And he'd alternate spanking and playing with me until my ass and my pussy both were red and burning. He'd leave off all of a sudden and light a casual cigarette while I'd be rubbing my sore ass and making faces."

Sometimes, while sitting a distance from her, he'd order her to strip, starting with her shoes, then blouse, piece by piece until she was down to nothing. Or maybe just her white little-girl knee socks.

He might offer her bracelets made of leather that locked and connected with chains to the screweyes at each corner of the door frame—the screweyes you weren't even likely to notice until you found yourself hanging there. And if she jumped around too much when presented with the strap (or crop or paddle), he'd spread her ankles as well, stretching them to the lower hooks on either side.

"He'd put the chair right in front of me and sit with his knees between my legs, staring at my snatch, then following his eyes with his fingers, fucking me with his hands and playing with my clit. And he'd taunt me, watching my face while he did it, watching me get hot from his hand. And I couldn't stop him from touching me."

He'd make her come several times before he'd decide she was hot enough (hot enough meant she was so wet it was dripping down the insides of her thighs), and totally submissive, unprotesting. And if he were ready (though still completely dressed and unexposed), he'd take her down and order her to undress him. Respectfully, if you please, starting with his boots. Then she must serve him on her knees, licking and sucking his cock to a straining eager size.

"If he wanted me dog-style, sometimes he'd tie me over the ottoman again, in the 'spanking' position, ass end up. The damned ottoman would be walking across the room, he'd be fucking so hard. And me tied to it, I went along for the ride. He could really bang away, but by then I'd be ready. When I'm really turned on, I'm like a dog, panting for it. And I'll take it as hard and fast as he can shove it in."

The scenes aren't always private, don't always use props. He makes her feel his presence in the park, under the table of dimly-lit restaurants, seated on the subway train.

"Our friend Richie was driving the car and we were in the front seat. Andre slid to the floor in front of me and lifted my feet to the dashboard. I had a dress on, but no panties. I didn't want him to do that, there in the car in front of Richie. But he stuck his head under my dress and ate me anyway. I'm not into public scenes. Of course, I wasn't into heavy pain either, until I met Andre."

He sends her into the back room with instructions to bring the riding crop. She returns, head down, carrying the crop awkwardly, like someone else's toy. He waves it a moment, expertly testing it in the air. It whistles, cutting through space, then he gestures her to the edge of the sofa. "Over it," he orders briefly. "And get your skirt up."

He takes his time, making her wait with her ass bared and raised across the couch. The crop *whishes* through the air and slaps the target. She starts up, gripping her backside with her hands and he orders her down again.

She whimpers quietly. And incredibly, obeys. So docile, so submissive, accepting the "punishment" unrestrained now.

He cuts her again, proceding slowly to crisscross the thin red markings until you could play a bizarre game of tic tac toe across her ass.

"I was only twelve years old when I used to watch the guys in their motorcycle jackets. I didn't know the label 'S/M,' but there was something I wanted . . ."

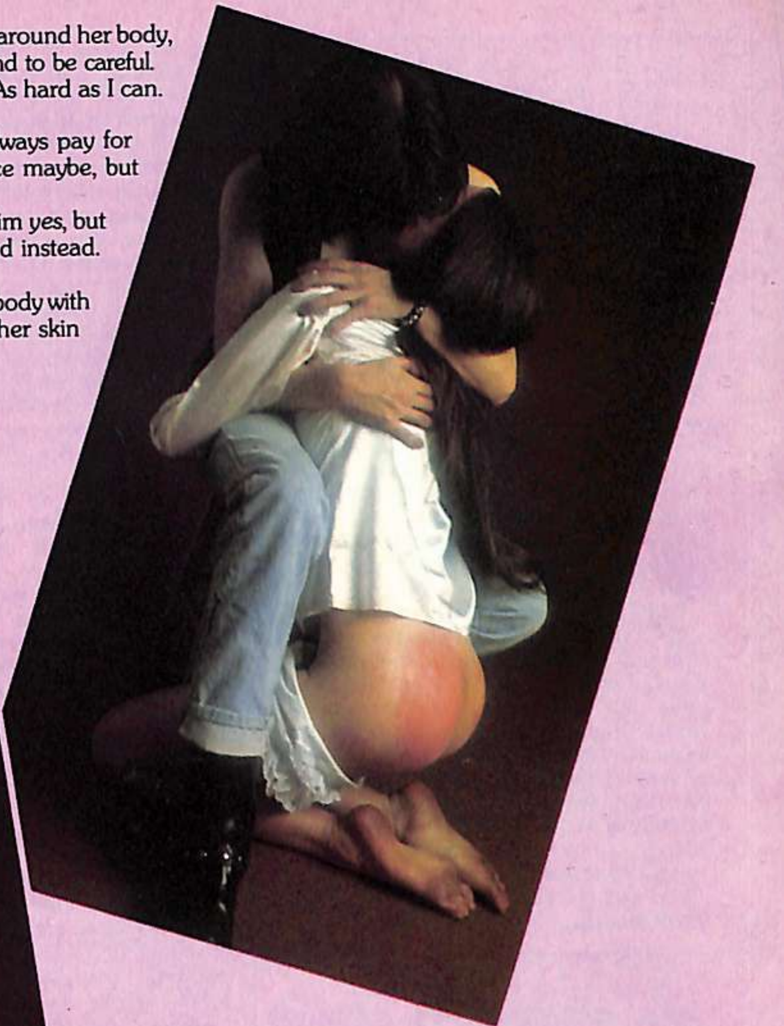
The dogwhip is black and wicked, coiled in his hand like a leather snake. If he's not careful, it will wrap around her body, snapping against her flesh to bruise and draw blood. He does not intend to be careful.

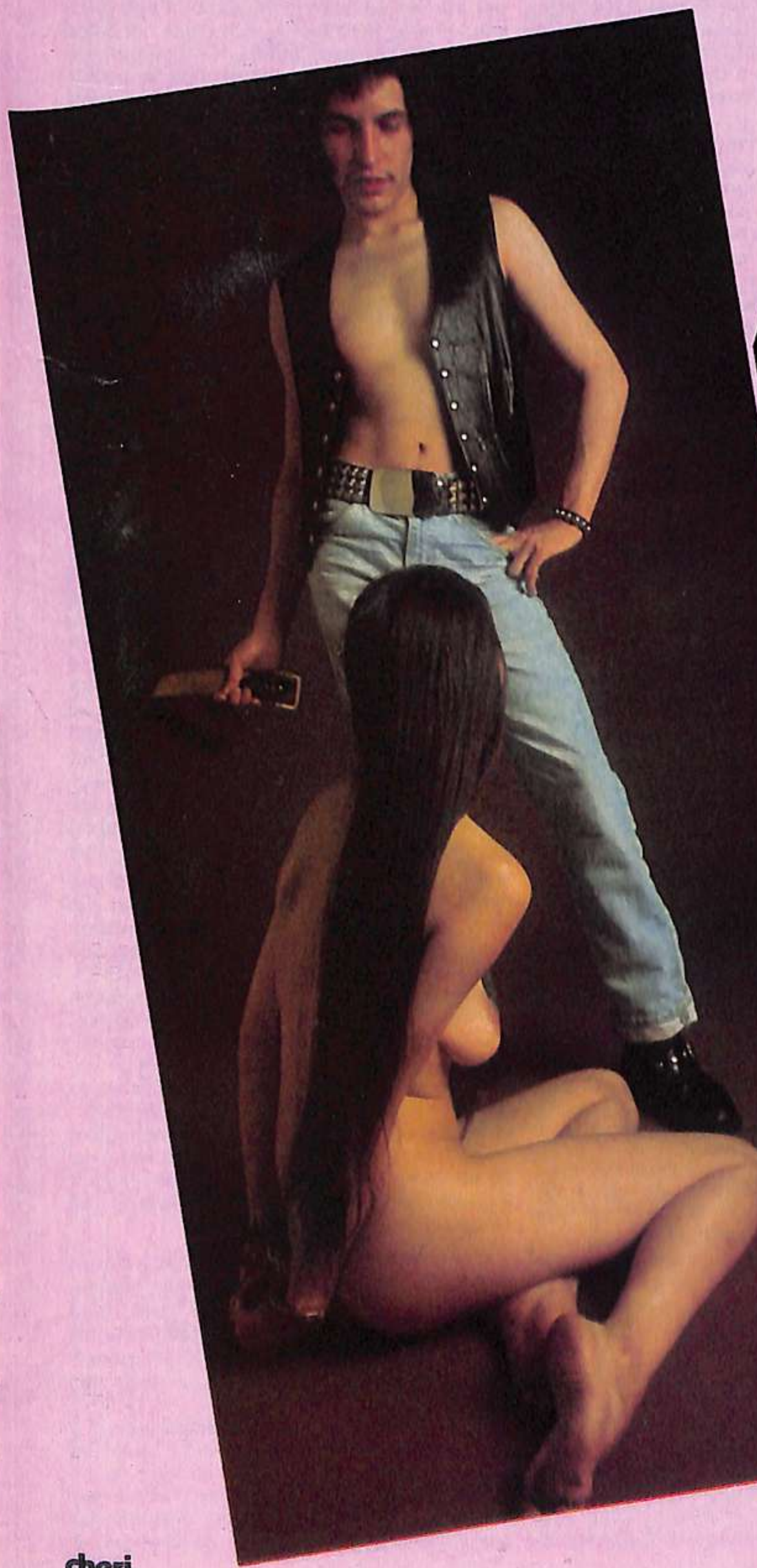
"Just once," he says, his mouth setting into a tight, hard smile. "As hard as I can. Just take my hand. Hold it."

She half-sways, supporting herself on hands and knees. You always pay for loving. And loving him means loving the whip as well. A hard price maybe, but mercifully quick in the execution.

Perhaps it's really a bargain, having it like this. She wants to tell him *yes*, but her throat is too dry. She can't find her voice, so she finds his hand instead. And holds it, balancing on her knees and one hand.

The whip that coiled an empty circle in his hand coils around her body with the whole of his weight behind it. The blood rises to the edge of her skin where the tip has caught. A high raised welt forms within seconds on that tender part of her thigh.





She draws herself into a tight ball of pain, sobbing choked little cries until he's holding her, soothing her, collapsed against his thigh. She feels small and warm, so safe that even when the burning stops, she doesn't want to let go, but only to get smaller and stay warm against him.

He bends his head to examine the welt—his handiwork, his mark of unquestionable ownership. He presses his lips, gentle now, to the edge of the mark, and strokes the pencil thin scratchings of the riding crop. He hands her a thin strip of leather, black, that matches the black polish of her long fingernails.

She bows diligently to the task, releasing his prick from the restraint of leather pants, and snaps the leather cock ring around the base of the shaft. He leans back, smiling as he watches her mouth incline lower toward the tip of his cock. He wraps her long hair around his hand and draws her closer.

"The sting of the whip will make you cry—it's almost involuntary, like a physical reaction. And there's an emotional release in that. The sex that comes after may be gentle lovemaking with him kissing and licking me all over, or rough blunt screwing with long hard strokes of his cock going into me. I guess it depends on the mood. I can dig it either way, as long as he's doing it to me."

STREET WALKIN

(Continued from page 52)

Eventually I saw the judge. Sunday night at 9:00. I was given a $200 fine and three weeks to pay it.

* * *

The state of New York is the biggest pimp in the world. It's a vicious cycle. Get popped, get a fine, and then go out to get the money to pay it. You can't get out of the life if you wanted to. One of the reasons I am telling you this is because I need the money from this article for back fines. I am not hustling anymore until conditions change, and it's a shame, because I really liked my work and I know I made a lot of men happy.

There is a dire need for a hookers' coalition in New York. The women are their own worst enemies. If all the serious streetwalkers got together we could get rid of all the scum that pose as prostitutes and rip off our clients—and sometimes even us. It would eliminate the need for pimps, and the women would only have to account to each other. We could also do something about the inhumane conditions in jail, and stop feeding the city through our twats with the crazy fines.

Real streetwalkers are not the shit of the earth, and it's about time they stood up for themselves and their sisters.

SLAVE TRADE

(Continued from page 6)

saw everyone crowded around the bar, I headed for the pool and sat down in the cool night air. Soon there were several men hitting on me. One was dressed in nothing but a very brief leather halter and seemed demented. The other two were dressed in business suits and seemed more with it. All conversation was designed to psych me out as quickly as possible, with the object of finding out how to most effectively get me to bed. I told everyone that my master would be here soon and they would have to ask his permission. This is what Sir James told me to say.

Queen Adrena, the famous dominatrix who would be working at The Chateau one night a week, arrived, and I went out to meet her and introduce myself. Then we settled down at the pool surrounded by a bevy of men who kept questioning us. I told my life story, of how I had gotten into the scene, and they were impressed with the youth with which I had started on so scary a journey.

The people from The Chateau arrived, and Sir James led me into the back room where he secured my arms over my head, much the way he had done the night before. I quickly took inventory of my bonds and saw that I could get out if I wanted to. I was glad. I felt ambivalent about being there. The friends who had warned me against James were there watching as a reminder of that morning. I was angry with James for his aloofness and I did not want to take much pain from him. I was just going through the motions. He started hitting me, saying he was going to break me. I resisted the punishment, twisting away from the whip and stiffening my entire body. Sir James picked up the cat and started beating me with it, threatening to beat me to death. That really made me mad. I knew he didn't actually mean it, but I didn't even like him saying it. I removed my bonds. James burst out with some very bitter words, telling me to go back to Jack because no one wanted me in LA.

I thought, "Well, he's really callow," and I sadly turned away. Adrena started speaking up for me and held out her arms to me. I gratefully reached out for the affection. "Oh, that's what you want," James said spitefully. I thought, "Oh, wow! The ultimate prick putdown. He's calling me a dyke."

"Would you like it from James?" Adrena asked me.

"I would have ten minutes ago," I sobbed. "Not anymore." Adrena sat me down and began talking softly. James sat on the other side and began to be reconciliatory. He retracted the things he had said in bitterness, but I was not really convinced yet of his sincerity. Then Kalleen, his personal slave, took me aside and talked to me a long time. She told me that I was a beautiful person who did not realize how beautiful I was. She spoke of her great love of Sir James. I spoke of my love for Jack, and thereby felt very close to her.She askedme to go over to Sir James and embrace him to show there were no hard feelings. I did it for her, but I still hadn't completely made up my mind. On my way home, I dropped in on the two friends who had started me on the paranoia trip in the first place. They had not spoken to me very much at the party or waited for me to finish talking with Kalleen, but they had invited me to drop by after the party. Maybe they felt intimidated in the presence of all the Chateau people and that was why they were so silent at the party. When I got to their house, I really saw the difference between the way Kalleen, Adrena and even James had reached out to me and the way these old friends related, which was nice but lacking in intimacy. The difference duly noted, I went home to sleep on my rich day of experiences.

Friday was an up day for me. Adrena was at The Chateau and we had a nice conversation about the people we knew and she took some pictures of me for CHERI and for The Château's display ad in the *Free Press.* I didn't get any customers, but I was expecting a heavy session the next night with a gentleman who wanted to enact a fantasy with a dialogue, culminating in a hairbrush spanking, all of which was to be recorded on a cassette tape. He was going to hit me so hard that I wouldn't be able to work for a few days. He would pay me for several days' work.

Saturday there were heavy vibes in the air. Everyone was whispering in odd corners of the house. I started to feel slighted and paranoid when Missy came over and started explaining the whole situation, which involved a personal problem with an old friend of mine in New York. That day I saw how Sir James dealt with this friend's problem; it proved him to be a man of great sensitivity.

Later, the man with the hairbrush begged out of his session, and another heavy took his place. This man brought two whips of his own with him, a riding crop and a bullwhip. These were not ordinary whips, but were especially constructed for extreme viciousness. The bullwhip had a long wooden handle and lengths of thin wire covered with plastic. He had agreed to hit me a certain number of times, for a price, but he immediately began jiving and backing down on his offer. Two things soon became apparent as we negotiated. One, the gentleman was very drunk and, two, his trip was flagellating people, not only with whips, but also with money. He spent literally hours playing stupid little games of offering sums of money and withdrawing his offers. He seemed to expect everyone to cringe just because he had a lot of bucks to spend, or not spend, as the spirit moved him. Being a straightforward person, I did not put up with such games. I told him I would take his whipping, but I was not going to give him the free session of verbal humiliation he was trying to effect through his borish, drunken haggling. He kept asking me if I was sure I could take it, and I assured him I could, until I finally got disgusted and answered, "Maybe you're right. Maybe I can't take it." Several times he made the gesture of leaving, but when no one begged him to stay, he stayed anyway. Finally we settled on eleven lashes for $300, and went into the dungeon to carry it out.

With a lot of wasted talk and more of the same clownish arguing, he finally struck the first blow. The first moment of contact I felt nothing. Then an overwhelming pain consumed me, and I jumped up in the air in a violent reaction. The hoist which had been holding up my body and which was already broken, gave way, and I was soon writhing around on the floor. After about three minutes I recovered my composure, rolled over, and with true masochist's pride, nonchalantly said, "Alright, that was 'One'." My tormenter was flabbergasted. He thought he had broken my spirit with that first blow. As we examined my body, we saw that the whip had wrapped itself all the way around my stomach and caused a long cut around my body. James chided him for his bad aim and cautioned him not to wrap the whip like that again. I positioned myself again and waited for the next blow. History repeated itself. The pain was like a tidal wave crashing over my head and spinning me around. I screamed for minutes and rolled on the floor as the only way of getting relief. This time, when I recovered, we saw the welt had landed right over the kidneys. We told the asshole to watch the hell where he was hitting. We gave him one more chance to hit properly and he blew it again. He hit me in the kidneys again, but harder than before. I finally reached the point of cold rage at this fucked-up fool who we had tried so hard to humor. I told him that the session was over, and that we would keep his money, as we had more than earned it with all the time spent on his bullshit. I wasn't going to wind up a chronic invalid because of his fucked up aim. James also laid it on heavy about my kidneys being hurt. Even so, the jerk took another half hour to leave, and finally had to be forcibly evicted.

I was too rattled to go home, so I stayed overnight. Instead of my normal commission, James gave me the whole $300. True, I had been through a lot. James had been through a lot, too. But I will always cherish his generosity, which is something no other boss has ever shown me.

That was the most pain I ever endured in a scene, and I am proud to have endured it. I am proud of keeping my head on straight during the entire evening. I am also proud of the way James handled the whole thing. This episode has created a stronger bond between us.

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Use on the coldest women to heat them up fast! Motivates body action and urges her to desire you. No harmful effects. Just drop in food or drink and boost your make-out score!
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PASSION PLUS
They'll make her want you!
Just a little help from PASSION PLUS and she'll be HOT-TO-TROT to your tune . . . no matter what you want to play. Put one of these in her food or drink, then just watch the fast results! Stimulates her desire and makes her crave you. Completely safe. Works fast and lasts for hours.
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PETER-POWER
Be the big man you always wanted to be! Control your ejaculation, stay harder and last longer. Fast-acting PETER POWER will give you the performance and sex power you're looking for. Be longer... stronger, she'll love every inch of you!
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$10.99
It fits every contour of your body, bends and moulds to every curve and muscle. Gets to those hard-to-reach places and gently massages for the maximum relief. Operates on just two pen-lite batteries, not included. Add 75c postage & handling plus 6% tax. For C.O.D. send $3.00 deposit.
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Would you like to have an 8, 9 or 10 INCH COCK? We can give it to you! All you need is the DESIRE and to make the DECISION to ACT TODAY, and in SIX WEEKS OR LESS, depending on how you respond, you could have a COCK UP TO 10 INCHES LONG. No fancy creams to use, no capsules to take and no artificial appliances to wear. Experience the pride of displaying your BIG COCK to your favorite playmate, she will be amazed and delighted at just the sight of it. Imagine the erotic sensations when you slip it into her, filling her completely. Don't wait the sooner you order the sooner your fantasies will be realized. We can't guarantee that everyone will acquire a cock ten inches long but it will be A MINIMUM OF EIGHT INCHES. Send $6.95 to ENLARGEMENT TECHNIQUES, Dept. 2920, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028.

VIBRATING BUTT PLUGS
Butt Plugs with or without REMOTE CONTROLLED VIBRATOR. Designed to STAY PUT WITHOUT A STRAP. Made of smooth rubber for easy insertion & cleaning. WON'T COLLAPSE. Jumbo 6"X3" dia. at largest point with or w/o vib. $19.95. Large 5"X1¾" with or w/o vib. $15.95. Small 4¼"X¾" $10.95 (no vib on small plug). PLUGS, Dept. 2920, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028.
☐ Jumbo ☐ Lg. ☐ Vib. ☐ No Vib. ☐ Sm.

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ENLARGE PENIS SIZE & THICKNESS with PERMA PUMP
Yes, this device is scientifically designed to enlarge your penis. It can develop those muscles which control size and firmness of staying power during intercourse and the strength of ejaculation during climax. Sensational massaging action with every use!
selling elsewhere for $29.95 our price only $14.95
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the PENIS-STRETCH
FOR MEN WHO REALLY WANT A LONGER PENIS!
Any man who has ever envied the sexual dimensions of other men in the showers or locker room . . . any man who has ever wanted to thrust deep, deep into his woman and touch her where few men ever have . . . any man who feels inferior in sex performance because of "small" organ size will eagerly welcome the development of an amazing new product called PENIS-STRETCH.
PENIS-STRETCH IS SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED TO LENGTHEN THE PENIS TO ITS MAXIMUM!
How does it work? Simple! you simply wear PENIS-STRETCH while you walk, work or sleep—and you achieve a startling increase in the length of your penis! PENIS-STRETCH is made of quality material, will fit any adult male AND WILL DEFINITELY INCREASE THE LENGTH OF YOUR PENIS when used as directed. HERE'S WHAT PENIS-STRETCH USERS WRITE . . .
". . . incredible . . . my formerly shrunken organ now hangs out long and proud over my testicles."
"Couldn't believe it, but it works. Your PENIS-STRETCH gives me 2½" more length, and that's without an erection."
"Easy and effective . . . feel like a real man for the first time in years."
"I was told there was no way to ever make my penis longer, but nobody ever told me about PENIS-STRETCH. It works . . ."
These are only sample comments. But you can understand how overjoyed these men really are to discover that they need never again worry about a "small" sex organ. PENIS-STRETCH will work for you, too. Remember, NO MATTER WHAT SIZE YOUR SEX ORGAN IS NOW, PENIS-STRETCH WILL MAKE IT MEASUREABLY LONGER! ONLY $15
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all you need is...
EXCITERS
Now you can get any woman to respond to your sexual desires. A little pinch of EXCITERS and your partner will crave and need you to satisfy her. EXCITERS can work so fast you may have to take some yourself. Safe. Easy to use and lasts for hours.
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Here's a NEW product to help you maintain erection and control ejaculation. make every inch count with a little help from STUD CAPS. No prescription needed. Safe and long lasting.
☐ EXCITERS . . . $5 ☐ STUD CAPS . . . $5 ☐ BOTH . . . $9
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FAST ACTING NEW FORMULA!
SPANISH FLY improved with Ginseng
FOR INCREASING SEXUAL DESIRE!
Not only will this placebo turn-em-on . . . the imported Ginseng can help solve all energy problems. Disolves in food or drink and the results are fast and lasts for hours. So . . . use it yourself or give it to a friend and then be prepared for lots-a-lovin. You'll be back for more!!
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Add Inches To Your PENIS!
Join the thousands of satisfied customers who use the "PERFECT EXTENSION" and found these advantages: WEARING COMFORT: A smooth semi-rigid inner sleeve! HEAVY DUTY HARNESS: Won't slip while in use! ENTRY COMFORT: A soft, spongy feel-of-flesh outer "skin" that actually yields and conforms to the natural shape of the vagina!
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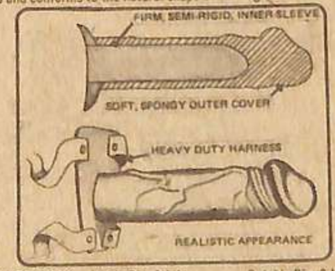

THREE SIZES: Inside Dia. & Lth. Outside Dia. & Lth.
1¼ x 5" 1¾ x 7"
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The closest reproduction of the real thing yet devised by man. Thousands sold at $24.95. Available now for only $14.95.
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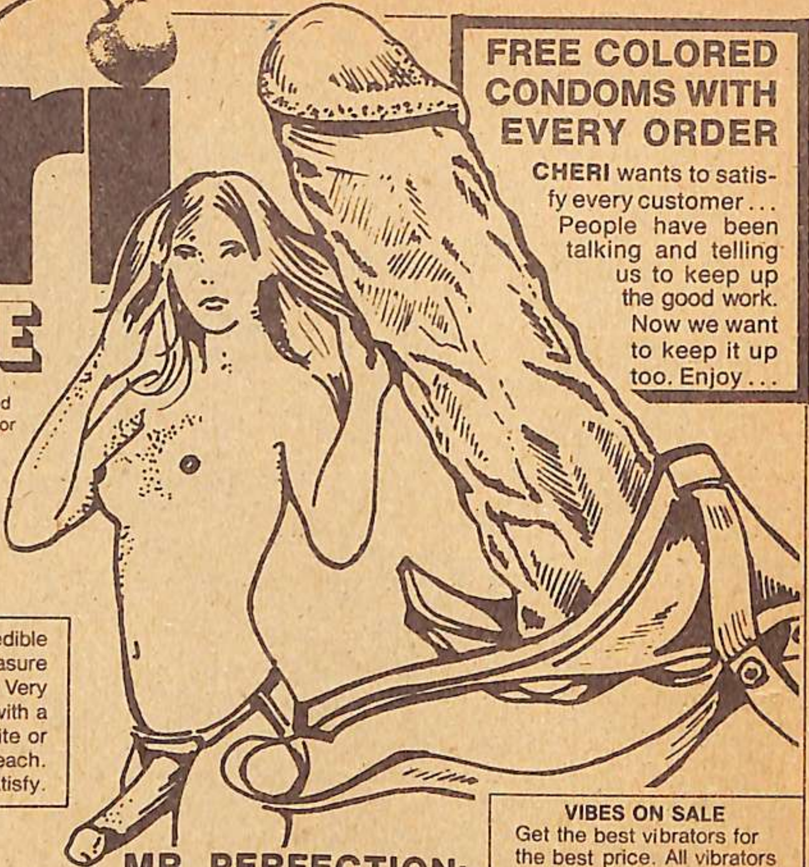
cheri SHOPPING GUIDE

CHERI, as a public service, has gone shopping for our readers. We travelled from California to New York to Florida and everywhere in-between looking for the newest and the best SEXUAL AIDS on the market. And we found them. All items are tested by some of the most discerning people around. The **CHERI** SEXCLUSIVE SHOPPING GUIDE offers **CHERI** readers a unique opportunity to buy today's incredible sex items discreetly and with the assurance you'll get your items quickly. Our staff will be happy to answer questions about the best toys and any problems you might have in general about sex items. Simply address your letters to Julie or Sandra, Dept. ABZ.

FREE COLORED CONDOMS WITH EVERY ORDER

CHERI wants to satisfy every customer . . . People have been talking and telling us to keep up the good work. Now we want to keep it up too. Enjoy . . .



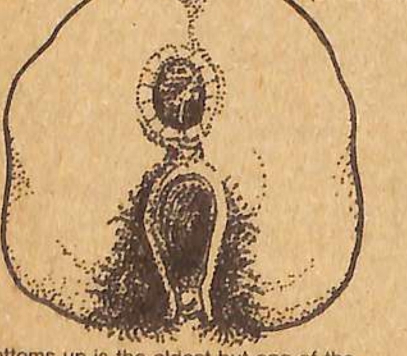
DOUBLE DONGS! Incredible 18″ double headed pleasure made for men or women! Very realistic! Great alone or with a partner. #LC168 White or LC168A Black $14.00 each. They satisfy.

CHERI DISCOVERS DEEP THROAT (with lips)

If you crave oral sex (when no one is around to help you out) this battery-run sucking device will give you head time and time again. Washable. DEEP THROAT is the most sophisticated item of its kind. Gift boxed, of course. Only $20.00

BOTTOMS UP

(LIFE SIZE)



Bottoms up is the oldest but one of the best rubber items on the market with or without hair. It's a replica of a woman's vagina that will keep you coming over and over again. Life size, reusable and it doesn't talk back. It really does the job. $20.00 Satisfaction guaranteed. LC179

MR. PERFECTION: THE ULTIMATE DILDO

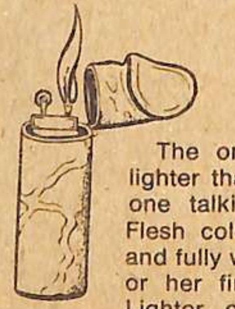
Now do the total thing with him and her, him and him or even him and her and him. . . . Mr. Perfection is the newest and most realistic veined penis ever made. It will bend to any position and we mean *any* position . . . . It's one piece construction with elastic straps and snaps. It fits the contours of your body perfectly, unlike other HARNESS DEVICES. *Harness included.* When you get a hold of this 8″ of pleasure you will go wild. $23.00. LC425.

VIBES ON SALE

Get the best vibrators for the best price. All vibrators sent with batteries at no charge. We figured you'd get a charge out of that. LC146 Standard 7″ with switch $3.99 LC889 Delux 3 speed 8″ with case $10.00 LC145 Standard 4″ $3.00 LC148 Giant 12″ with switch $5.00 PLEASE PLEASE order by number Love and kisses Julie

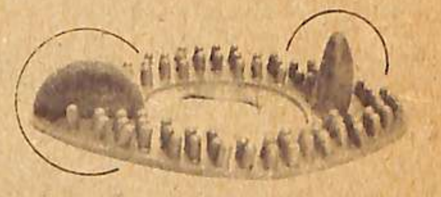
THE SNATCH MATCH

#149



The only workable dick lighter that will have everyone talking and smoking. Flesh colored, fully veined and fully workable. Light his or her fire for just $2.49. Lighter comes boxed (3″ long).

CLASSIC ECCELLO STIMULATOR #224



This is the *must* item for those men who want their girls to get a vaginal as well as a clitoral orgasm. Fits all sizes and works wonders. Only $5.00.

JOY JELL #271

The ultimate in a lubricant. A petroleum base jelly with a sensual fruit flavor. $2.50.

RECTIFY HER #223

The item that is now the hottest around the country is the incredible RECTA-FY HER. It allows for anal penetration during normal sex. A real Thrill-her. $5.00.

THE FLEXIBLE VIBRATOR #460

It looks real, it feels real and it is real . . . battery operated, made of life-like plastic and completely flexible. Nationally advertised at $19.95. OUR SPECIAL PRICE $10.00

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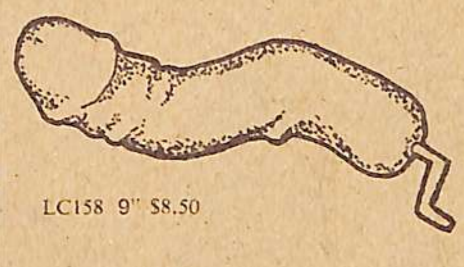


LC158 9″ $8.50

Squirmies are one of the most successful and realistic penis substitutes on the market. We call them squirmies because the little crank at the base makes them squirm. With your eyes closed they feel like the real thing.

tickle-her

LC344
LC343

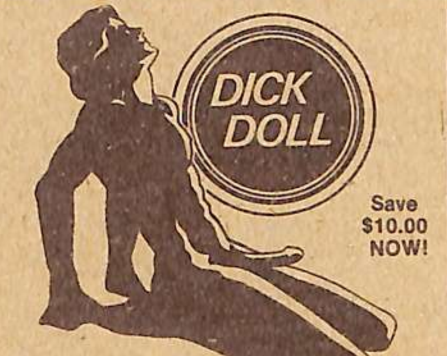
YOU WON'T BELIEVE YOUR THIGHS. New improved flesh like plastics makes modern French Ticklers so tingly you won't believe your thighs. Incredible artistic designs, Devils Head #LC344 and Super Horn #LC343. Washable of course $5.00 each both designs only $8.00 LCT 2.

POSTER ORGIE

CHERI has done it again. Outhustled Hustler, Penthouse and Club. We brought up the eight greatest sex posters ever made and are offering them all for just $8.00. *A $25.00 value for just $8.00*, you get the most disgusting, the funniest and sexiest sex posters ever made. You get full color or female nudes, a poster of the largest male penis and the largest women's breasts, plus the most disgusting poster ever made. All for $8.00 plus BONUS ITEM.

No one else can offer these classics because we own them all. If not delighted your money back. To just see these great posters ONCE is worth the PRICE! #LC888

DICK DOLL

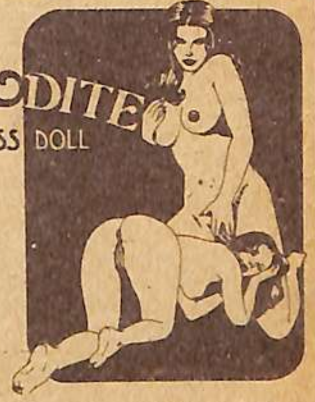


Save $10.00 NOW!

Dick is everything a normal girl could want. Dick has a solid fleshy 8″ of battery operated meat. And we mean meat. He gets his women coming and going time after time. You will love Dick. He vibrates fast, medium or slow! He stands almost 6′ tall and is ready for action 24 hours a day. Open realistic mouth. Our special introductory price only $29.99.

Completely washable. #LC328.

DELUXE APHRODITE GREEK GODDESS DOLL



The incredible Aphrodite Doll with blond hair you can wash is now yours with three openings. Her open mouth is ready for you anytime you want it. Her breasts are realistic but best of all she has a battery operated box that you control! You control the action and it is sensational. The Doll you get was created from the drawings in this ad. Don't confuse Aphrodite with cheap imitations, she is completely guaranteed.

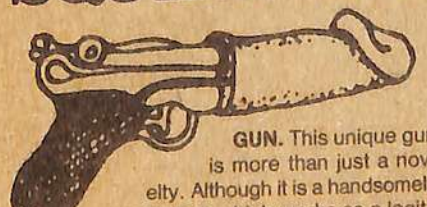
ORDER FROM THIS AD AND SAVE

She is just 3 9.99. Order #LC289

CHERI GRAB BAG

Have you ever read a real dirty book? Or have you just heard about them? Now find out how hot these great novels are. They are written to make you hot and they do! One woman claimed recently: "I actually got a case of crabs just from reading one of your books." Our introductory offer to you is 10 novels for just $10.00! Almost a 50% savings! Once you read one you won't be able to stop reading the rest. Order #LC890

PETER SQUIRT GUN



GUN. This unique gun is more than just a novelty. Although it is a handsomely made item which works as a legitimate water gun, you can do a lot more with the barrel which is a full 5″ fleshy semi-hard erection. If you hold it with your eyes closed, you'll open them real quick to make sure what your holding. LC 216 $6 98.

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Please send me the items I have indicated on this coupon. I understand that if not satisfied with any merchandise, my money will be returned—no questions asked.

Signature ____________________

I am 21 years young.
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Grand Total	

Add applicable tax to all orders

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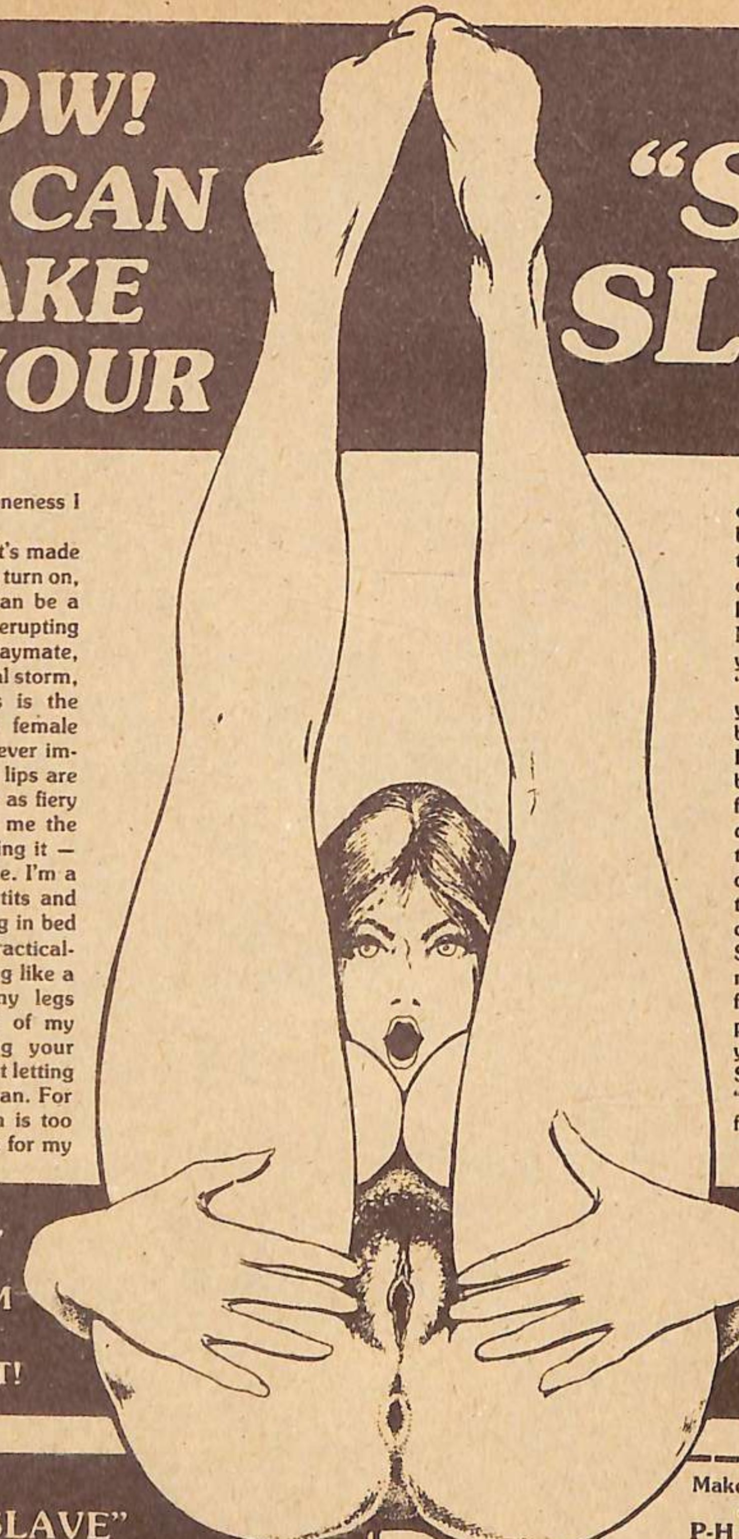
This is only a small part of the cost. We pay the rest.
(Sorry no stamps)

Orders up to $5.00	75¢	Orders $15.01 to $25.00	$1.50
Orders $5.01 to $15.00	$1.25	Orders over $25.00	$2.00

ALL ITEMS SOLD AS [illegible]

NOW! YOU CAN MAKE ME YOUR "SEX SLAVE"



The fantastic feeling of oneness I get when I'm with a man.

I know I have a body that's made for physical love. Slow to turn on, but hard to turn off. I can be a smouldering mirage of erupting desires, a passionate playmate, unpredictable as a tropical storm, and between my thighs is the most fantastic built in female organ and ass you have ever imagined. And my crimson lips are as soft and sensuous and as fiery as the final plunge. For me the greatest ecstasy is in giving it — to the lover who owns me. I'm a tigress, with voluptuous tits and sultry eyes! Imagine being in bed with me — imagine me practically moaning and screaming like a jungle cat, wrapping my legs tightly around the body of my man, practically scoring your back with my nails. At last letting myself be tamed by my man. For my man, no sexual whim is too far out — it's all a release for my overpowering animal vitality and boy do I love deep throat action, . . . I'm begging for a taste of your tool . . . on my knees I feel like being used.

Now I have been re-created for you in the form of your very own "SEX SLAVE" for you to use in your own lifetime . . . right now before you are to old to enjoy me! I stand 5' 2", with soft large breasts, a built-in female organ, flesh-like body, French and Greek design and open mouth deep throat action better than you ever dreamed. I have complete electronic functioning organs to really drive you wild any time you wish. So don't just think about buying me obey your impulse to really find out how it feels to let me please you and thrill you like you've never been thrilled before! Simply complete and mail the "SEX SLAVE" purchase order form below.

FOR MY MAN,
NO
SEXUAL WHIM
IS
TOO FAR OUT!

I ONLY WANT
TO HELP
MY MAN
GET HIS
ROCKS OFF!!!

A "SEX SLAVE"
IS WILLING – NO EAGER –
TO HAVE A BALL
WHEN EVER YOU ARE!
TO DO WHATEVER
YOU WANT ME TO DO,
WHENEVER YOU WANT!
PLEASE MAKE ME
YOUR "SEX SLAVE"

Make check, money order payable
and mail to:
P-H SALES DEPT. CH12
27 Milburn Street
Bronxville, N.Y. 10708

All orders are discreetly packed and promptly sent.

Please RUSH me my very own "SEX SLAVE" for me to do with whatever I wish.

A. I enclosed $17.95 for my "SEX SLAVE" with one opening

B. I enclosed $29.95 for my "SEX SLAVE" with three openings

C. I enclosed $45.00 for my "SEX SLAVE" with everything complete to drive me wild!

N.Y. residents please add local sales tax, sorry no C.O.D.'s Add $2.00 extra for postage and handling and insurance.

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________

Crazy Sidney

THE WHOLESALE SEX PEDDLER

"I Want to Get Out of this Dirty Business (before I get busted)"

SEX SALE

SEX SALE

My Prices are InSane!

Everybody in the sex business from coast-to-coast knows Crazy Sidney - The King of the Wholesale Sex Peddlers! But I'm old and worn out and I want to retire down to Miami Beach. This is going to be it. I'm selling out and everything is for sale as low as 10¢ on the dollar including the chairs, the tables, the walls, my false teeth and my wife. I'm practically giving the stuff away. I'm nuts (always have been) but you'll be foolish to miss out on this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to pick my warehouse clean. All my merchandise is brand-new - brand-name, fresh and red-hot which you can buy below dealer cost. This is it! I'm finished, washed-out, washed-up, mad as a hatter and ready to climb the walls if I don't get out fast. There's too much heat in this town and I'm going on the lam. Maybe I'll give this business to my brother-in-law and get him off welfare. He'll probably get himself busted! It's strictly first come, first served at these prices. Order all you can now!

C.O.D. and **MASTER CHARGE** accepted!

101 Crazy Sidney's **SEX BOOK** ASSORTMENT
$22.50 Value — Pay Only $6.88

10 Super-Sexual and Sensationally-Sensual best-sellers of fiction and non-fiction featuring multi-couple sex orgies . . . runaways . . . nymphomania . . . rape . . . oral sex, etc. A readable feast!

102 Crazy Sidney's **GAY SEX BOOK** ASSORTMENT
$22.50 Value — Pay Only $6.88

10 red-hot gay male fiction and non-fiction books. Superstuds, chickens, chicken-hawks, play for pay and much more! Over 1600 excitingly explicit pages that will take you through the entire world of Gay Sex!

103 Crazy Sidney's **LESBIAN LOVE SEX BOOK** ASSORTMENT
$22.50 Value — Pay Only $6.88

10 torrid and passionate fiction and non-fiction books of girl loving girl. girls for sale . . . dykes . . . butches . . . fems . . .

Crazy Sidney's SEX MAGAZINE GIVEAWAY

104 Red-Hot **Sex** Action Magazines
$15.00 Value — Pay Only $6.88

5 dynamite sex mags with show-all uncensored action. See dozens of girls in wild sexual abandon with their handsome and virile male partners.

Full-Color and Black-&-White

Crazy Sidney's ALL-COLOR DANISH PORNO MAGAZINE SALE

105 Danish **Porno** Magazine Sale
$25.00 Value — Pay Only $8.77

5 full-color all-color Danish porno sex-orgy magazines featuring threesomes, foursomes, fivesomes and moresomes! Shows it all — including anal and oral love!

Crazy Sidney's GAY MALE MAGAZINE BONANZA

106 Gay Male **Super-Stud** Photo Magazines
$25.00 Value — Pay Only $6.88

5 beef-cake large-size magazines featuring uninhibited guys that show it all alone and together.

Full-Color and Black-&-White

107 **Muscle** Photo Magazines
$15.00 Value — Pay Only $5.88

These are the genuine original collectors' items from the 50's. A rare find in our warehouse. Limited quantity! 5 different issues.

Dazzling Black-&-White

Crazy Sidney's BONDAGE & FETISH MAGAZINE GIVEAWAY

108 The Famous NUTRIX **Bondage** Magazines
$25.00 Value — Pay Only $8.77

Famous out-of-print bondage classics long sought after by connoisseurs. 5 specially-selected issues.

Dazzling Black-&-White

109 DeLuxe **Fetish** Magazine Grab-Bag
$25.00 Value — Pay Only $8.77

The most sophisticated fetish mags ever. Bondage, leather, rubber, spanking, whipping, discipline, etc. A special selection of 5

Full-Color and Black-&-White

Crazy Sidney's SEX FILM GIVEAWAY

110 10 Subject **Film Package**

Our most spectacular and best-selling film package. A visual smorgasbord of sexual delights guaranteed to turn-you-on fast!

1. **Group Sex** - Over a dozen couples perform unbelievable sex acts!
2. **Sex Cartoons** - Incredibly hilarious.
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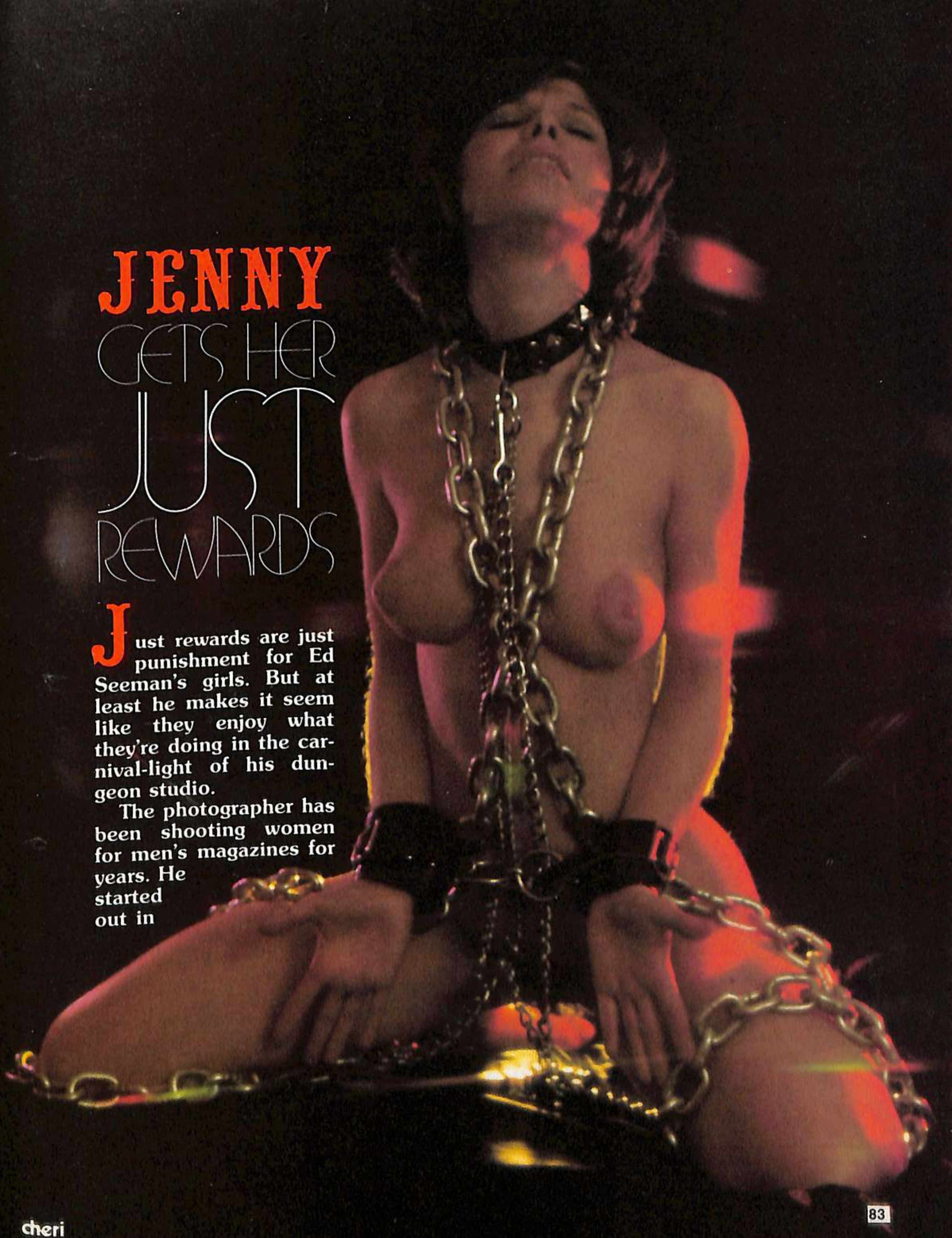
JENNY GETS HER JUST REWARDS

Just rewards are just punishment for Ed Seeman's girls. But at least he makes it seem like they enjoy what they're doing in the carnival-light of his dungeon studio.

The photographer has been shooting women for men's magazines for years. He started out in

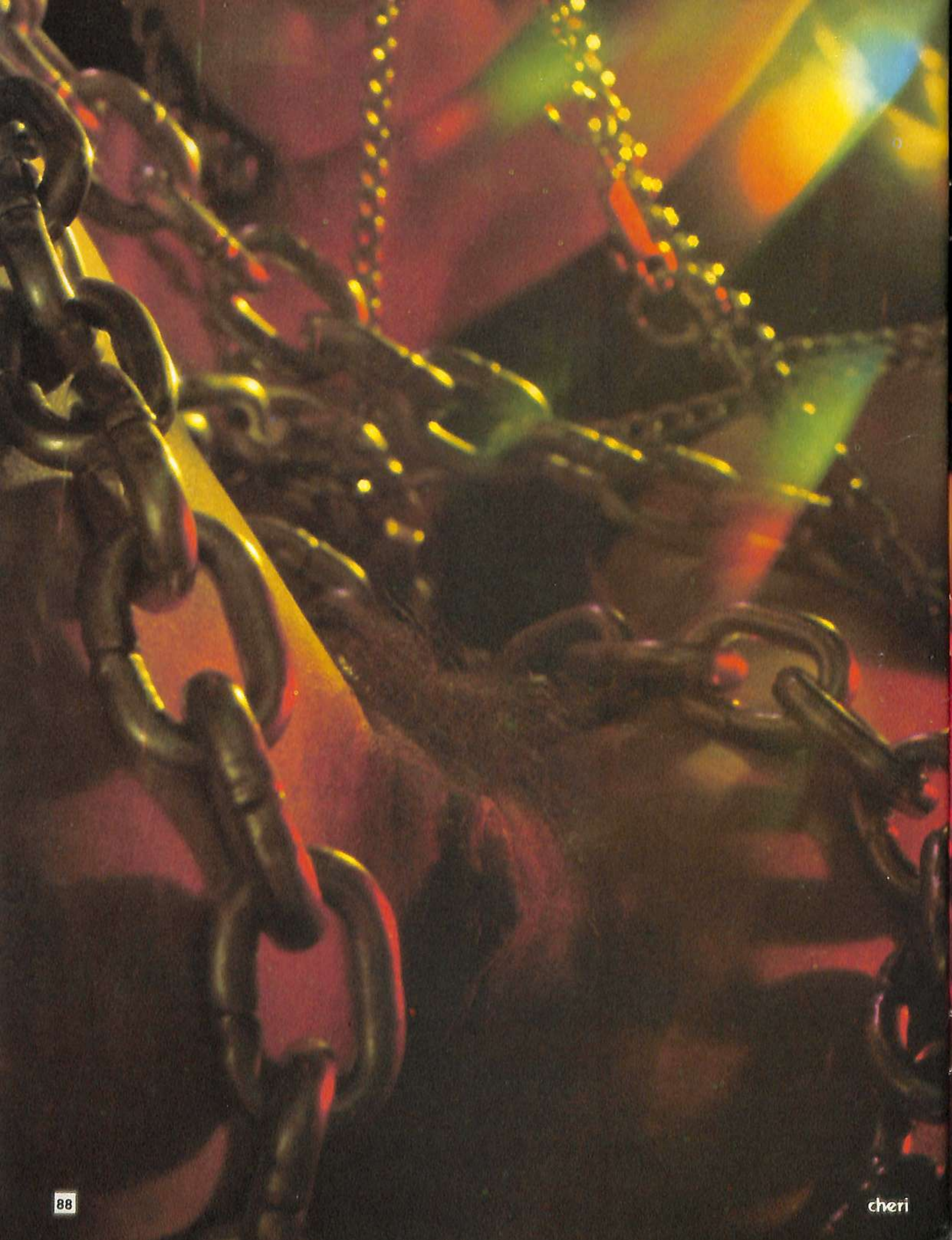


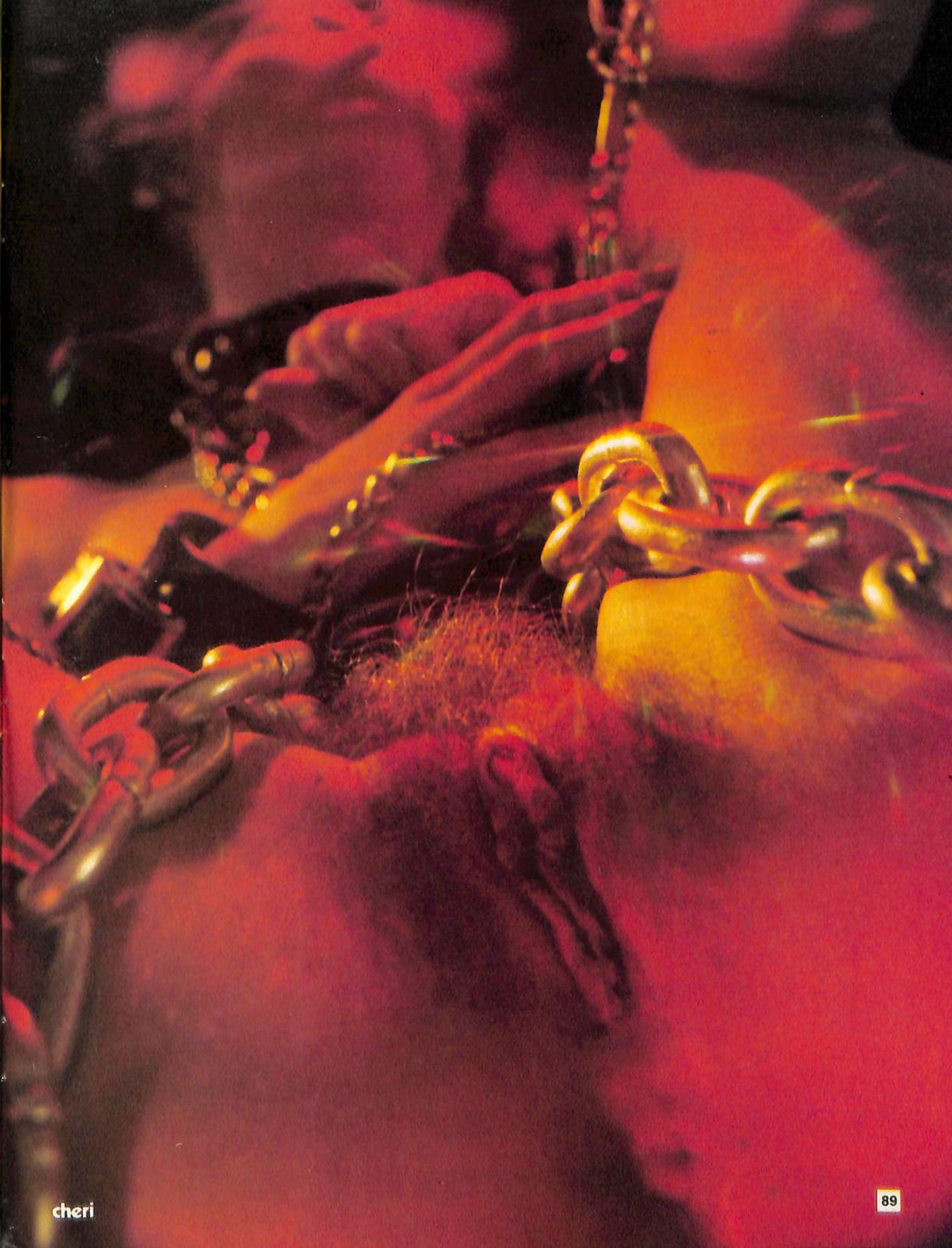
film, though, making mostly pontific versions of the controversial contraband shipped into the U.S. from Tijuana, Mexico, in the late Fifties.

Now Seeman works for a new adult magazine called *Puritan*. You may have seen it featured in *Americheri* in our September, 1977 issue—or at one of your local adult bookstores. Seeman is both art director, there, and a regular contributing photographer working closely with publisher

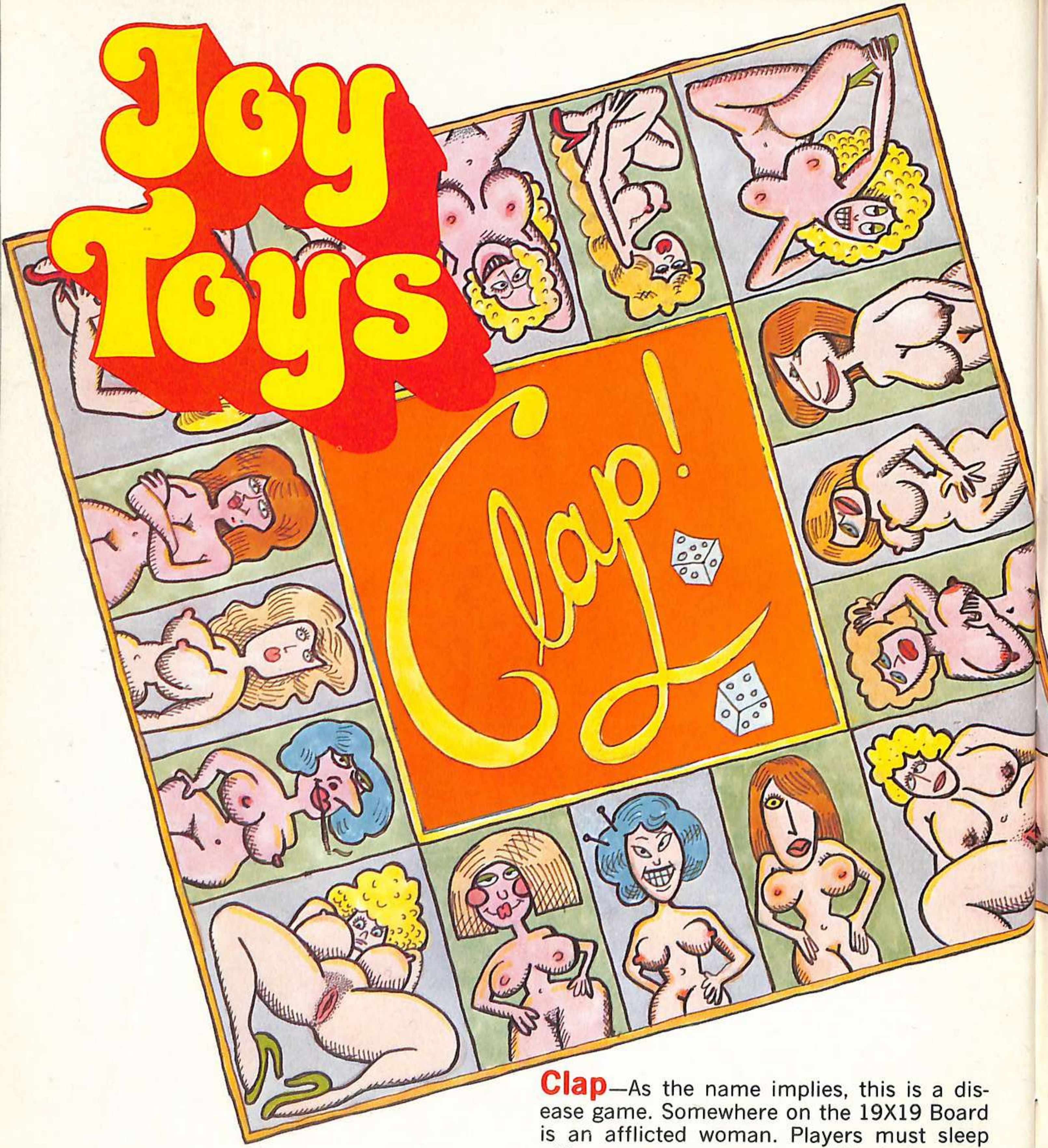
The model, Jenny, is no newcomer to porn, having done several hardcore films and magazine features. "She's an introvert," says Seeman, who appears and disappears pretty much at whim. "You don't know when she'll turn up . . ."

We do know, however, that here she's turned up again, submissive, explicit and ready to turn on a "just as" captive audience.





Joy Toys



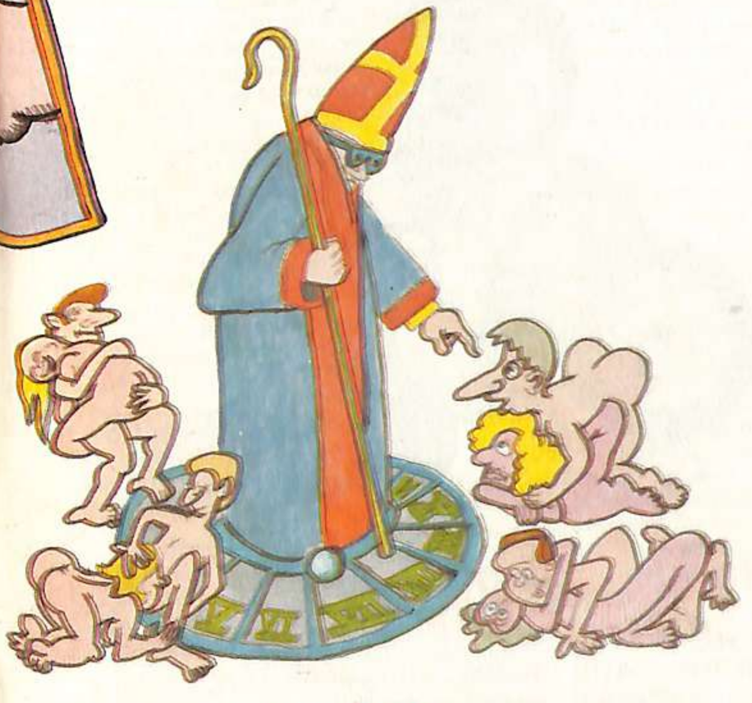
Clap—As the name implies, this is a disease game. Somewhere on the 19X19 Board is an afflicted woman. Players must sleep with as many women as possible before getting the "clap".

KIDDIE FUN FOR GROWN-UP SWINGERS

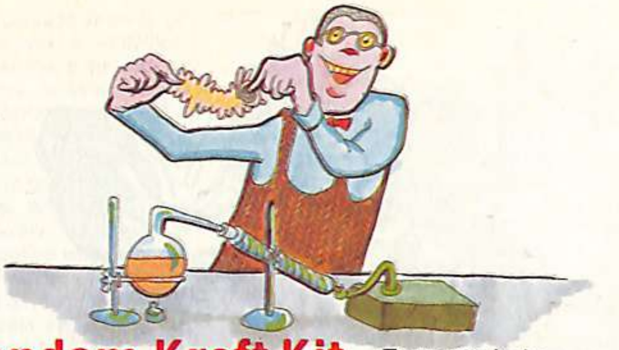
Written and Profusely Illustrated by
KEN WEINER

The warm summer days are over in Swingers' Country and once again thousands of lust-crazed men and women will be forced indoors to attend dull swingers' parties. It's for certain that the dreariest aspect of these concupiscent free-for-alls is the mind-numbing assortment of boring games. Games like chess, bridge, backgammon or Parchesi only serve to put horny party-guests to sleep.

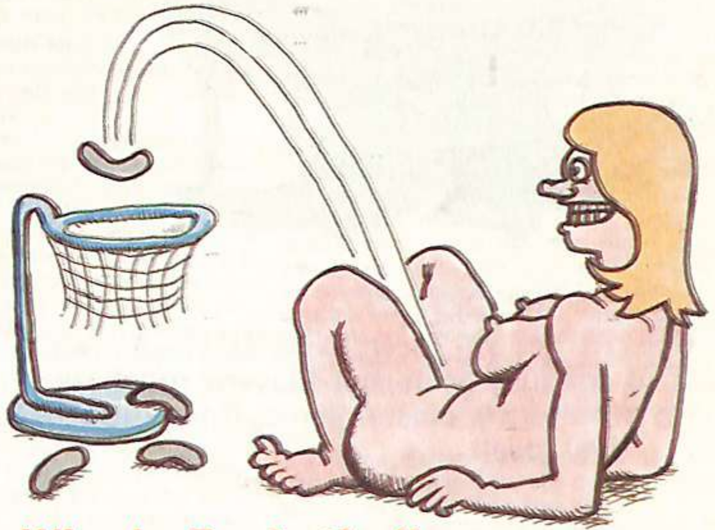
But this won't happen at **your** swingers' soiree. That is, if you got the smarts to buy one or all of these Swinger Games and Dolls from the fun people at Brainrot, Inc. These toys are educational but even a mental midget like you can have fun with them. If you're the host or hostess just leave these games around the playroom and watch 'em break the ice. If you're the guest, there is no better gift to show your appreciation to the hostess except perhaps your stiff pud. And for that special lady in your life there is an exciting collection of dolls to choose from. But these are no ordinary dolls. These dolls are designed to instill in your loved one a healthy knowledge of the world of sex. Dolls like Prosti Pam and Her Pal John will amuse and educate your lady while you eagerly grope her wet panties (or wet diapers, if that is the case). Look for Swinger games and dolls today in your neighborhood degenerate toy store.



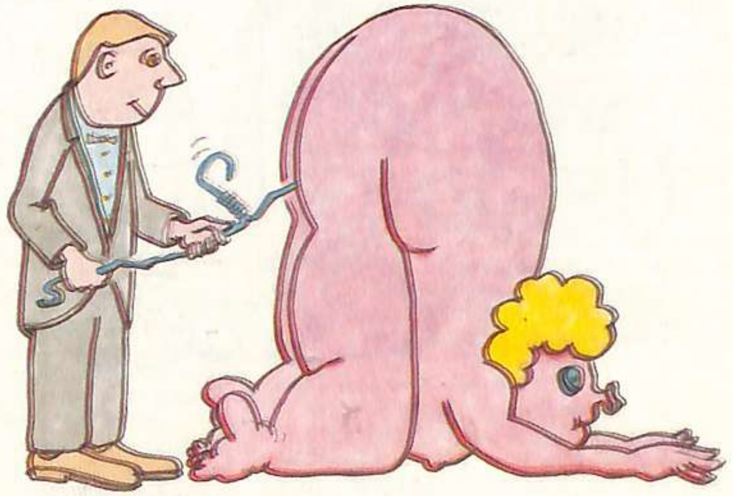
Vatican Roulette—Also called "Spin the Pope" Skill and chance are combined in this game. Players must fornicate as often as possible without getting pregnant.



Kondom Kraft Kit—Entertaining and educational! This "do it yourself kit" also provides the satisfaction of using the finished article. Makes great "french ticklers" too!

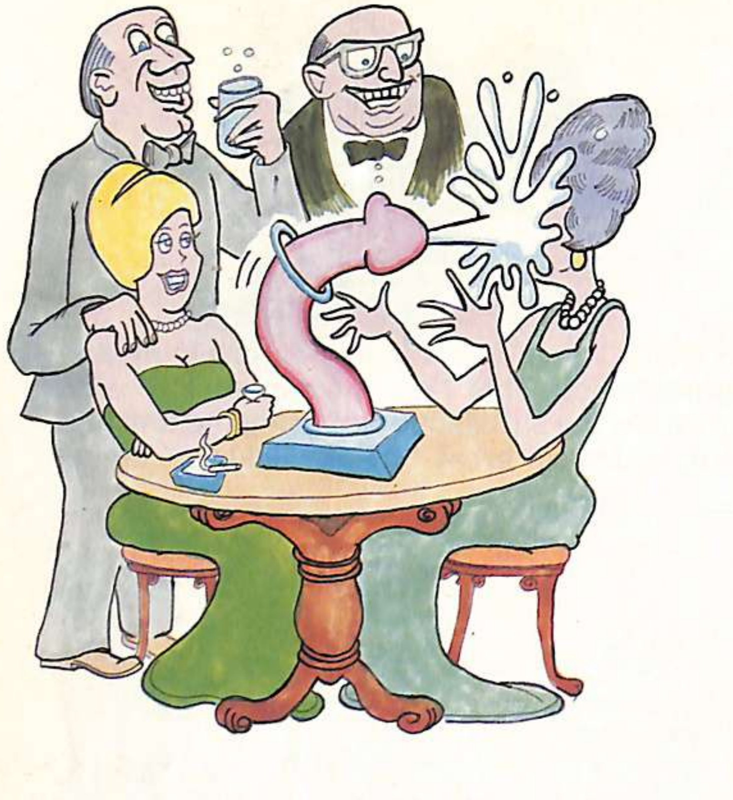


Wienie-Basketball—Every girl can squeeze in a foul shot (heh-heh) with this game. Comes with basket and a dozen rubber wienies.

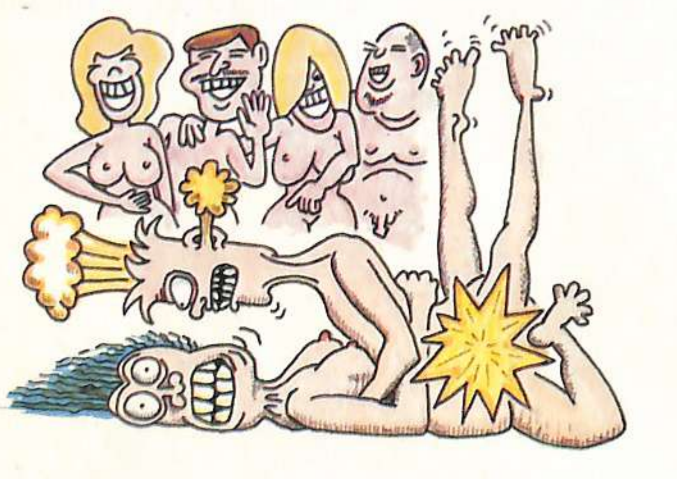


Abortion Mill—Legalized abortion has not lessened the popularity of this game. Players take turns removing the inflatable "fetus" from inflatable "patient" with rusty coat-hangers. If the player punctures the doll he lands in "jail."

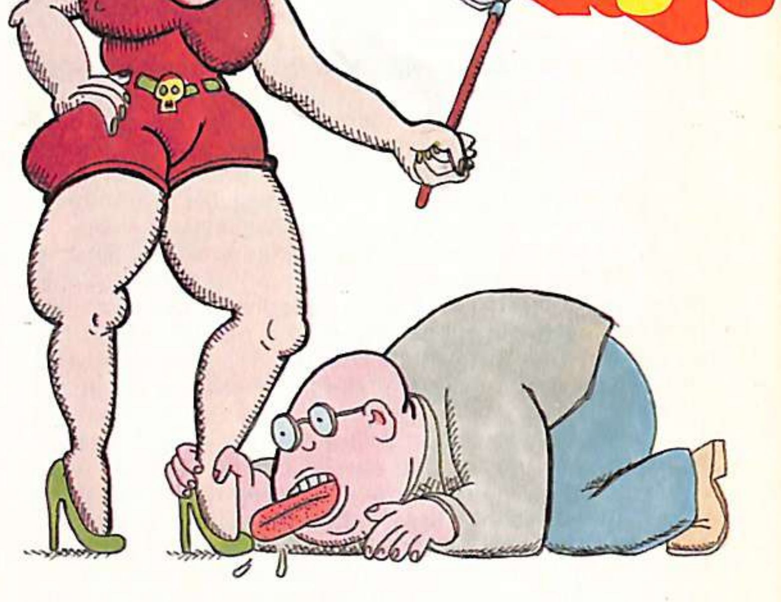
Joy Toys



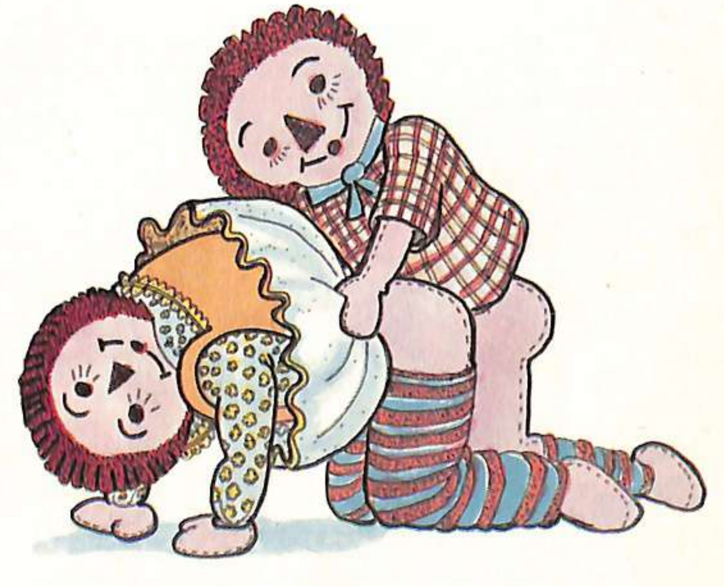
Premature Ejaculation—A real test of manual dexterity! Players must slip rings around the plastic penis. If they touch it . . . they lose!



Swingers party jokes and gags—There are surprises galore in this set of surefire party jokes. Included are exploding condoms, itchy cunt creme, whistling vibrator and much, much more.



Prosti-Pam and John—A new concept in doll-play for girls who have outgrown their Barbie and Ken dolls. Prosti-Pam is proficient in French, English, Greek and Polish culture.



Randy Ann and Randy Andy love dolls—Famous brother and sister storybook characters make great playmates; both have red cotton hair, button eyes and vibrating orifices.

SUE FEELE, SUPERSTAR

(Continued from page 20)

waited for instant retribution, and the delicate embarrassment of having Father Flannery catch him and the other alter boys in a circle jerk.

I still see Catholic men occasionally, but I try to avoid the ones who wear long pendants, as I once almost choked to death on a six-pound gold crucifix.

WASPS

I have a special fondness for WASPS, because they're generally so cute looking—especially the ones in the Van Heusen ads in the Sunday papers, all suntanned and toothy. Of course, they're all fags. But that's unfair. I've personally known at least three WASP men who weren't gay. They were far from perfect, however.

My main problem with WASPS is that they never want to take me to their clubs. I don't mind most of the time, as eating overcooked roast beef, and listening to lecturers drone endlessly about the joys of growing philodendron has never been my cup of tea.

Those WASPS who aren't embarrassed about my being part of an ethnic minority are usually overwhelmed by it, to the point where they're unable to function in the sack at all. "You're so exotic", they say, "those dark, heavy eyelids, those barbaric pierced ears with gold hoops, that wild bush." They rhapsodize on and on, and that's all they do.

WASPS also don't know how to eat pussy. They will run their tongues everywhere but on your clit, and after half an hour, ask you if you're frigid because you haven't come.

WASPS also have no sense of humor. Any time I've ever told a WASP a joke, I've had to repeat it three times, and then explain it, ending lamely with, "Well, you had to be there."

Maybe that's because WASPS take life so seriously. They love to work and they love to play, and they do both with the same dedication. Sex is play which is performed between the hours of 10 pm and midnight, and is considered an aid in digesting dinner. If you wake up a WASP during the night to fuck a second time, he will accuse you of being either kinky or inconsiderate.

WASPS do have redeeming features, however. They make wonderful companions on canoe trips and can generally fix anything in the house.

YOUNGER MEN

Younger men are touching in their eagerness and innocence. They also have wonderfully soft skin. I have little to say that's negative about younger men, but I'll do my best.

My main objective to younger men is their endurance. Two years ago, I met a man who was twelve years my junior. He saw me on the platform of a train in New Jersey and decided to follow me back to New York. He was a jazz trumpet player, with a remarkable tongue that was capable of lashing back and forth forever at the rate of 300 beats per minute (as I was later to discover). If you're going to date a younger man, it's a good idea to get into a steady regimen of acrobatics, to increase your lung capacity, and practice body building with weights for general strength and endurance.

Another difficulty with younger men is all the ritual surrounding their sexual activities. There is no way that you can have an hour or two of simple fucking and sucking. Most younger men won't even consider making a move until you're completely luded out or spaced on Thai sticks, ganja or THC. Then, when you're ready to fall out, they invite six of their most hirsute friends, and the party's about to start. After two hours of hanging from ceiling mobiles, being smeared with Day-glo body paint under pulsating strobe lights, choking under a holocaust of incense smoke, and performing unusual feats of toe-sucking and ear-raping, you're popping Geritol and dreaming of a Vitabath, while the rest of the team is fortifying itself with pizza for the next round.

But don't get me wrong—I like younger men. They listen to my opinions, no matter how silly, with rapt attention and respect, and always give me their seats on the subway.

OLDER MEN

Older men are not worth going out with at all, unless they are very old, very rich, and have no natural heirs.

One older man of my acquaintance was always bragging about his sexual conquests (who were all deceased, and therefore couldn't be checked on). Of course, they were all famous—"Did I tell you about the time I laid three Zigfield Follies girls at the same party?" That he hadn't fucked anyone since 1947 was very clear as soon as we hit the sack. Usually, he couldn't get an erection, and blamed it on me. ("Girls in my day used to shave under their arms. Would you mind if I gave you a razor?")

If an older man does get an erection, he is usually so excited about it, he forgets that you're there. When he finally stops shouting, "These young palookas have nothing on us old warhorses," he comes immediately and falls asleep leaving you alone to watch the 11:00 o'clock news and the late show.

I found another older man disconcerting because he would apologize whenever he used a four-letter word, saying, "Pardon my French." He jumped up and bowed every time I walked into the room. He also had a nasty habit of grabbing my tit, while introducing me to his friends as his granddaughter.

MARRIED MEN

Married men are boring—in fact, that's why most of them got married. Their wives not only don't understand them, they also control the purse strings so that you wind up paying for everything. Most married men feel it obligatory to tell you how much they love their children and how they would never desert their wives, even though you never asked them to.

You can never get the least bit passionate with a married man because he's afraid you'll leave marks, and there's always a half-hour scrutiny for tell-tale signs before he departs for the nether world of suburbia. That's before the two hour shower, of course, which precedes the mad dash to the Penn Central to make the last train back to Scarsdale.

One married man, whom I've been trying to forget, was convinced that all single women are carriers of V.D., or at the very least, Herpes Simplex. He insisted upon taking me out to eat in the most obscure places, like the city docks, or the Ukrainian National Home because of a morbid fear of being recognized with me.

Do I sound bitter? Well, I've got my reasons. Any response (short of letter bombs) to this column will be welcome and responded to.

Mistress Vickie

(Continued from page 19)

ty to my many and various apparatus, such as:

The large X frame, with it's hanging manacles for the wrists and ankles; The crank operated wheel and the cage, three feet by thirty-inches in which one may be punished over a period of hours; The strange and massive gadget that imprisons the arms and neck. (No doubt, the yoke reproduced by some set director for a movie, in B&D, and it is *very* effective); The winch, for hoisting my slaves off the ground with the help of a sturdy body harness placed on the poor scum; and the spreader board. I have a "classic" toilet seat to enjoy my water sports. Many whips, all kinds and shapes, paddles, riding crops and cat o' nines, straps and perhaps one of the severest of them all—*the cane*, have all hung on the walls of my playroom.

I have dildos of every shape and size, some battery operated. Vibrators, handcuffs and leg irons, thumb cuffs, tit clamps, ball spreaders, masks, hoods and assorted mouth gags, harnesses of all kinds, and electical devices for shocking, such as the old fashioned crank and the cattle prodder. The "gates of hell," cock rings, and the three-pound ball and chain weight add to my collection. If I were to use two pieces of my equipment every day I would not use the same situation twice in a full year.

The imagination is a "key" to being a good dominant and the ability and guts to carry out what you have in mind also helps.

I write stories of actual happenings with myself and my slave. I do not write stories for masochists only; I write stories for the public to enlighten them that B&D and S&M is very real and enjoyed by thousands of persons.

I consider B&D and S&M another form of lovemaking and I have a healthy, happy attitude toward the subject without making any moral judgement.

I am a woman who has chosen to do what I want to, like a doctor who chooses to do something that is not always pleasant but is helpful to the people who come to see him. Slaves come to be part of the show, to participate in my love of discipline and my imagination.

My desire is to bring B&D out of the hidden social taboos and into the reality of everyday life, if one so chooses, without the feeling of guilt or shame. Perhaps, we all have some primal scream inside of us. How wonderful to find one, a loved one, to help come face to face with it.

To give what your man or woman begs for on hands and knees is the ultimate in understanding. Giving him/her a "taste of your whip" (whatever "your whip" may be) may be more than just a ticklish delight.

P.S. I'm happy to announce, that, for your educational and listening pleasure, I've produced eight casette tapes. Subjects of the tapes include:

1) A session with Miss Vickie; 2) A severe session with photos taken during the actual session; 3) This is a tape of my talking to my slave, teasing and verbally humiliating him; 4) A tape for women, teaching them how

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Mistress Vickie

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to become dominatrixes; 5) How to help bring out the dominance in your mate; 6) A session with a woman being dominated; 7) How to break a man into submission; 8) The power and psychology of B&D.

You may order these tapes through my ad, on page 43 of this issue. Meanwhile, I welcome your thoughts and letters. Write me c/o CHERI.

TWIN CITY TWAT

(Continued from page 24)

looked at the picture and turned to me. She gave me a deep soul kiss, shoving her tongue as far into my mouth as she could while she gently fondled my willing ass. Within seconds we were undressed and on the bed kissing, fondling each others' bodies, sucking tits and finger fucking. It was simply minutes before she had her tongue on my clit, driving me crazy. All this time, John was standing by the door with the camera clicking as fast as the strobe light could come on. At that point my mother could have been at the door and I wouldn't have cared less. I was cumming so hard that I had cramps in my toes and I had my hands behind her head trying to get more of her tongue into my hot, juicy cunt. My body burst into a final, mind-shattering orgasm and I had to push her face away from my throbing clit. She simply rolled me over and gave my asshole one of the most fantastic tongue fuckings I have ever had. At that moment, I was certainly in love with that woman.

I had to rest for awhile, and while I watched, she gave John a blow job. (I think just to get him out of the way.) Then I took Carol in my arms and made love to her. I took my time, trying to push her to the top of the mountain I had just fallen from. I pushed her legs back so I could lick her from her asshole to her clit and I went ever so slowly to let her feel the sensations of my tongue in her orifices. She moaned softly, and after about a half-hour of licking and sucking, I got her clit between my lips and had her cumming so hard she was actually crying. When she went over the top she wrapped her legs around my head and nearly smothered me while she screamed in ecstasy. Neighbors a block away must have heard her cries.

The three of us just lay on the bed sipping fresh drinks. We smoked a little, and then John excused himself to go to the bathroom. Carol said she would join him so the three of us went into the bathroom. I picked up the camera on the way because I wanted to get a shot of Carol pissing, but it turned out to be more than a piss picture. It was my first experience with the golden shower scene and another chick.

Carol sat on the stool with John and I waited our turn. She told John to come over in front of her and she took his cock and said, "Go ahead and pee!"

John let go. She moved his cock around letting the piss hit her from her tits to her pussy. Naturally, I had the camera clicking as fast as I could and I got some groovy pictures, but not as groovy as the one John shot next.

After the two of them were finished I went over to sit down but Carol stopped me. She got into the bathtub and had me stand in front of her. I thought she wanted me to pee on her tits, too, but can you imagine my surprise when, as I started to pee, she put her head right under my pussy and starting drinking my piss . . .

God! I early came again just looking down at her with my piss running out of her mouth, down her body to her own wet cunt. We spent many unforgettable evenings with Carol after that, and each time she wanted the golden shower from both of us.

I'm sending a photo of that action to confirm this story. Confirmed? Okay. Sorry to say we can't publish the photo, but let your imaginations go and put yourself in that bathroom with us.

Editor's note: Indeed, we've seen it. Absolutely pee-posterous (but true)!

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 23)

know that you enjoy my panties and I only wish that I could meet all of you who enjoy nylon panties as much as I do!"

At least this way the consumer can be sure of getting authentic crotch stains. Ketchup and soy sauce might still be standard ingredients for concocting bogus instant soiled panties, but in this case there's proof that some wild filly at least put the lingerie next to her sizzling poozle.

To find out more about Sue, I turned to her letter. My first impression was that a very efficient secretary had typed this two-page opus. It was a form letter neatly laid out in the manner of correct business correspondence. The heading was proper, the margins perfect, and I would guess whole thing was xeroxed on an expensive office machine, since the quality of the duplication and the paper used were both excellent.

"Dear Fellow Panty Freak" began her missive. Following this was a reprint of a letter taken from a major sex magazine, proclaiming the infinite glories of panty obsession.

This seemed odd. Anybody who would go to such extremes to cut out magazine articles, paste them up, write an introductory letter and organize the whole shebang into a glossy package, should go all out and open an advertising agency.

Apparently, Sue felt that other customers might get the same impression of impersonality that I did from her form letter. She apologizes and tries to assure us "that this is only done for speed and in order to devote more time to having the right pictures taken for you and some of my other clients. . . . "

At one point she uses a strange phrase, hoping I'll "enjoy the *modern* panties that I am sending you." Sounds at first like a bad translation. But she explains further that she is indeed referring to the latest, most fashionable and "modern" up-to-the-minute snatch covers. "It's a job keeping track of all the different types of panties on the market today, but we keep trying. It's a lot of fun to watch the styles change and I keep getting those sheer, lacy ones that I love so much."

The "we" that she mentions may just reveal that Sue is a larger operation than just a lone hard-working nymphet trying to make a few extra bucks for carfare. However, she does offer "personal service," where she fills individual requests at prices ranging from $5.00 to $10.00 per item and photo, and she seems quite eager to accommodate her customers' exotic whims.

With a little motto that discloses her lively, liberal, and lustful approach to customers and the mail-order porn scene in general, she sums up with: "You are the strength of my sex life and I want to keep you happy. Remember to keep that cock hard, the cum hot and my panties forever used."

Amen and bye for now!

SILVER FROLIC CLUB

(Continued from page 65)

planet. "Oh, our audiences can never believe most of our talent is feminine boys!" she added, archly. "The real art in female impersonation—if one is an entertainer—is to get across a degree of femininity. I work very hard at that."

Kelly has one of the most beautiful bodies I've ever seen. Like the old-fashioned 'star' strippers, she's made her dancing a real profession as it was years ago. Gracious and soft-spoken, she's full of charm, hormones and silicone. "I've taken the hormones for three years now, and had the inserts put in surgically. That's less dangerous than the old silicone implants that used to wander around the body. The operation is very popular with transsexuals. Now don't confuse us with transvestites—oh no. It's not a question of dressing one way or another. A transsexual really crosses over sex, becomes a woman through the operation. It costs close to $5,000, although we've heard of a doctor in Trinidad, Colorado, who does it for less, if you do it all at once. I've already passed all the psychiatric screenings back in '75, and now I can go through with the surgery as soon as I raise the cash.

"I've been dancing since I was 14. I love it, it's easy money and I like putting on a show. I only realized I wanted to go through with the complete operation four years ago. My family's always been very close, they support the idea; to them I'm still the same person, why not?

"And the audience—oh honey, they've been after me for years. I've danced at all the clubs arond New Orleans, the Show Bar, the 500, the Bayou and so on, but the Silver Frolic is the best as far as getting along with the people. Now what we have here is a question period after the dancing, where the audience can ask about whatever's on their mind. And oh what they don't say! I don't do that anymore, as I'm the star. But I used to have to answer questions like, 'Are those breasts real? Do you tuck your penis down under your crotch? What *are* you, anyway?' Then later on they'd try and pick me up. I've met some fabulous people this way, like a lawyer who's become a good friend. Some just stay in a state of disbelief. A couple might come over and ask, 'Would you, uh, like to come home with us?' Guess they figure I'll be good for either one or the other, what can they lose! But I've never done that. I figure it's a case of a wife with lesbian tendencies. Just tendencies. She doesn't really want to go through with going to bed with a woman, but she wants to be in a physical act with someone who *looks* like one. The way the scene is opening up now, especially in New Orleans, they're less afraid to show their true desires. . . .

"This is a real gay town. Really only a small city, but I'd say the gay people have more businesses now and more control than the straights. Everywhere you look there's a gay bar or a boutique. And that Anita Bryant—she's helping us along! She condemns us so loud it only draws a lot of publicity to the source."

The girls gathered around me, lovely birds of passage, silky and feminine, and I felt a pang of regret that the 'straight' strip world had gotten so raunchy and lower class these days. Do we need female impersonators to show us how to go back to being real women, not just slabs of pink meat? I wonder. I much preferred the showgirl life when my costumes were hand-sewn and individually designed, with thousands of sequins and intricate embroidery over satin or silk. I respected my art then, and my audience did, too.

Tina Louise was another glorious dancer with perfect breasts and a soft, whispery voice. She'd been working here for four years and was extremely popular with the audience, which appeared to be largely tourists with bankrolls to blow. "But I can't do this forever," she admitted to me. "I want to go into cosmetology and get my beauty instructor's license—by that time I'll be too old and too weak to do another dance step."

UNI-SEX CLUB

(Continued from page 63)

to stay two or three feet apart and do absolutely nothing suggestive, 'cause we've been busted before. One of mah friends was imitating anal intercourse, and it was just too much. But isn't that what people come to see? This really is a sex act, but all we're *supposed* to do is dance.

"Face it, I'm a male go-go dancer that's hired—this is the only place in town that hires males—'cause the women were sick and tired of watching their husbands go crazy over go-go *girls*. I'm from around these parts, and I'd drop in now and then and dance, and the management liked my body, and my style, so they offered me a steady job. You understand this is a place for *straight* guys to dance, and for anyone who appreciates seeing them dance. Unless a woman is at least bisexual she's gonna be bored watchin' just girls, she's gonna be looking around—and now she has something she likes to see."

I'll tell you she likes it! Myself I would say that roughly 75% of the men in the French Quarter are gay, with almost half—more like a third—transsexual or something even more interesting. Things are so liberal down here (in terms of dress *only*) that you can present yourself any way you please. And just a few years ago, I remember, the police could have you against the wall if your eyebrows had too high an arch! At any rate, with all this flamboyance a girl likes to get close to a real man, so dancers like Scott are in heavy demand.

The women flock in, whole bridge clubs full of them, hot for a good time. Sometimes they're locals—it seems like the boy has his personal fan clubs tumescing all over town—or tourists, both wives and single girls. Apparently women on vacation have a distinctly horny attitude and really want a good time. Why not? The big cult/status item in connection with this maternal madness is a fringe from his bikini bottom. Petted, spoiled and adored, these boys make out quite well in terms of tips (one lousy fringe is good for at least $5 or $10). And they all looked very straight to me—all except one, who was said to be the boyfriend of a drag queen at the Silver Frolic. Another boasted to me that he had so many propositions he could go home with a batch of different women each night—and I knew he wasn't lying, or even exaggerating.

The tendency is not to charge "unless they're real dogs." Southern chivalry still has some holdouts, after all!

"Oh, things are really getting wild!" Scott told me—actually, murmured to me. The true southern drawl is hardly ever enunciated in anything above a bedroom whisper, such as, "Oh, thangs're reeeeellly gettin' wahld!" I became so enchanted with his tender descriptions that he could've read me a New Orleans bus schedule and I'd swoon just as hard. No wonder southern women are famed for voluptuous surrender—who could resist?

"Now you'll see," he went on as I staggered to a chair, "five, six, seven girls, all kinds, comin' in by themselves. They watch me dance, they give me quite charming compliments—and tips. The most I ever got from one was $30. She started off by giving me $5 for a fringe . . .

"Yes, I have been propositioned quite a few times. I'll be dancing, and she'll grab for my—whatyacallit—then ask me exactly what I'm doing when I get off work. Then, what's my phone number? And I will say I have a few sugar mammas.

"But, in general, if she's a nice girl I'd rather spend my time in pure pleasure. I don't need the money. If she's a real dog I'll just tell her I have something else to do. I have so many offers that if she doesn't look too good—I mean, I can go with anyone I want, so I usually wind up with a girl I like rather than one who pays.

"See, that's not the point. I do love to flirt, I'll stretch way over the carpet and shake it good. They really go crazy over that, even if it sort of is against the law. It's just real nice. The only part that isn't nice is when a guy gets real jealous and snobby and right away, 'cause he sees me with no clothes on, dancing, he clocks me as gay. Clockin' me like that really pisses me off. Now and then a guy might say some awful things to me, but for every badmouth there's a girl who's great. And the job is just—real nice. I have my friends here, working with me, and with the tips and all, I make good money. I used to be a motorman but it was greasy, greasy work, and this is real clean. It sure is a pleasure to give so many people what they like."

The girls here—it seems I have come this far in the article and have not mentioned the girls, how could that happen?—are gorgeous, too. They're not exactly topless as they wear those circular band-aids over their nipples, but isn't that silly? I recognized quite a few from other clubs. One told me she "dances the street," meaning she goes from club to club, performing just for tips. In between the regular girls serve as waitresses and take a commission on the drinks. Some dance alone, but most perform with a boy, and I will say their acts are very erotic, very appealing, very intense. You become mesmerized by their energy and by the fact that, unlike many I've seen, they really can dance.

How could any law describe their act as "lewd and lascivious display?" It baffles me. The Unisex Club is a *must-see* for any southern traveler—just don't touch!

BIG DADDY'S

(Continued from page 61)

clubs to dance just for tips, knowing how popular the place is. New Orleans is much more of a convention city than I'd realized—a fact not lost at all on the club owners and shopkeepers of Bourbon Street. They make a point of being extremely hospitable and glad-handed to tourists—and from the size of the tips I saw Elks laying down, that's not so dumb. You could have a wild night—or even week—partying the length of Bourbon Street, flowing from one club to another with the happy mobs. New Orleans is definitely one city that really knows how to show you a good time, even with pasties on.

KINGPIN

(Continued from page 64)

go dance place here, called the Ship's Wheel. But the Sheriff won't allow liquor permits for any new clubs here, so that's it! He's holding back the whole flow of money that could be coming to Fat City. And his rules! We have to keep the tables a certain number of inches from the stage. And dancing on the tables is outlawed—God forbid she should get too close to the customer. He feels that even being six-inches away there's some sort of sexual activity going on. Another ordinance says she can't dance on the floor, either, because that stimulates more sex. All she can do is stand up on that stage and perform. Oh, his laws are ridiculous! But you wait until he's out of office—then we'll definitely go topless, with real skimpy G-strings. All the candidates that are running for the next term are all right. Once we get a new sheriff the whole system will shape up . . ."

Johnny shakes his head in fiscal frustration. But the truth is that the King Pin is doing a great business and the girls, pasties and all, are very popular. The stage is table-top height so it really *feels* like they're dancing at your fingertips. "They can wear skimpy bikinis and dance to anything they want—I don't believe in laying down so many laws. They can talk to the customers and hang out as they please, although they can't ask customers to buy them drinks. I tell my girls, go on, have a good time, do whatever you want. If a girl's drunk at the end of the night that's not the worst thing in the world. We have all kinds of men coming in here, tourists, rich old men or guys who've had fights with their wives and want to tell the bartender their troubles. She can relate to them any way she wants. If a girl hustles and talks to a lot of different guys, she can go home with $250. But I have some who'd prefer to sit and drink with one man, very quiet. If she knows how to talk to a guy, she's got him. It's that little bit of sympathy . . . thank God there's no law against *that*."

Johnny's very proud of the Game Room he opened up a month ago. Of course I made a dive for the pool table, as I'm crazy about the game, which I've played between shows from Buenos Aires to Boston. The whole CHERI staff, which spends most of its time in bars, shoots a pretty fair game, actually. Added to the festive spirit is Johnny's concept of fair play: letting the girls drink whatever they want "as long as they don't fall off the stage. I try to keep the arrangement like a family, where everybody sticks together. Above all, I want to avoid the arguments that come up in a whole bunch of girls. The ones I have now get along real well. I think this attitude works, because we haven't had any really bad fights in here. You see that crack in the mirror there, that was the worst one. If your customers are happy, if you offer them a variety of amusements, they're not gonna break up the joint.

"We're considered the heart and soul of Fat City. We actually started out as a snowball stand—you know, those ice snow-cones—on the corner of Edenborn and West Esplanade. I guess some businessmen took a look at Fat City Snowballs and decided they could make something good out of that. I mean, the whole area was *nothing* but a field back then. Then it started comin' on. Even with these ridiculous laws, we get a lot of tourists who just can't hassle the French Quarter. It's very loose over there, you have a number of transvestite dance places, but you also have a lot of police walking the beat who will haul in girls who aren't even hustling. They make things very rough, the atmosphere's very tense—so why not come over here where we're not topless, but things are much more congenial? We've got live entertainment, discos, rock groups and 50's bands and a real great Game Room. And you give us another year, when everything turns over, and we'll *really* get crazy. You can't stop progress when people really know what they want. Legalize it! That's what the tourists and customers want. They're looking for the unusual, and I'd like a chance to let 'em find it, right here at the King Pin."

NUDIST RESORT

(Continued from page 66)

operation for three years, and I'm also in the apartment business, which supports this. Dodie's a ventriloquist, too—we even used to have our own show. Now we have a camper here in the Pines, and just love the life. Everybody's real friendly and nice, so basically we have no trouble at all. We go by the same rules you'd use on the outside: nobody fights, acts offensively or does anything that might be objected to. Nobody can walk up to anyone else and just grab ahold or manhandle them, or anything like that.

"But we have wonderful people here. I've visited many camps throughout the United States, and they're all generally the same—individually owned and operated, but belonging to a larger main organization such as the American Sunbathing Association, as we do.

"In this day and age I really can't say we have any problems. Oh yes, the New Orleans newspaper, the Times-Picayune, is owned by one single family who disapproves of us, so they won't take our advertisements. But all the others will, so we get a nice group of visitors year round. We're one of two nudist resorts in the whole state—just imagine! Whatever would our lives be like if I hadn't written to that nudist magazine, so many years ago?"

500 CLUB

(Continued from page 62)

Her style of strutting goes back to the nights when dancers, exotic dancers, took pride in their profession. Naturally we became fast friends, and she even asked me to take a few turns onstage, offering to lend me some of her frou-frouiest finery. The ham in me leapt up onto the runway, Joey launched a few one-liners someone *must* have laughed at back in '33 and the show was on.

Confronted by a sea of eager middle-aged tourists clapping and cheering, I felt right at home. "A mambo, Maestro!" I demanded of the band—not your average soulful jazz number—and they immediately launched into a flawless rendition that would credit the house band in any topflight Latin American dance palace. Somehow I wound up performing with a sixty-year-old drag queen, Bunny, and answering intimate questions thrown out from my wild audience, but it was all great fun.

The manager told me that the joint was always jam-packed on weekends, so plan a visit during the week if you prefer your pleasure in less impassioned doses. But if you love classy strip acts, and a trip back in time to a more glamorous era when style really counted, the 500 is the very best there is—so don't miss it!

HOUSE OF JOY

(Continued from page 64)

One thing I found very gratifying about the entertainment opportunities in New Orleans is that many are owned and operated by women. From discos to dance bars to, in this case, Bourbon Street leasure palaces, girls are running the show. Forget all the crap you've heard about helpless southern females—these dolls don't sit around fluttering fans, munching pralines and embroidering snappy samplers about home being where the heart is.

They know the heart can also be, for example, climbing the rickety stairs up to the House of Joy, one of the three massage parlors Sally owns on Bourbon Street. You're greeted courteously by a stunning receptionist who explains the price list—varying with preference, of course—in such a charming drawl you'd think she was proposing a weekend rendezvous.

Down in New Orleans, or at least on Bourbon Street, I was told the massage parlor girls were made up mostly by college students especially in the summertime. Of course you will run into your typical 'working' lady but I was truly surprised at the quality of lovely ladies who worked at this House of Joy. Many of them also recommended the House of the Rising Sun, which is another parlor, owned by the same people down the block. Apparently if one parlor is overrun with customers the manager just picks up the phone and the girls run down the block to help each other out. That's southern hospitality!

Bourbon Street is, as I have mentioned, very tourist-oriented—but not in a rip-off manner. The clubs do give you highly entertaining shows—and the massage parlor girls, from the flow of customers and the satisfied expressions they wore afterwards—did their jobs well. The premises are very clean, and the girls young and pretty and energetic. There was nothing at all vulgar about the places we visited, I'm happy to report.

LONI'S CREATION

(Continued from page 60)

"I'll see a couple come in, husband and wife, and I see he's just *dyin'* for her to put on some of my lingerie." But she pauses a bit. 'Oh, I don't know, it's so fancy,' she says, 'and with the children around . . . I don't know.' I take her aside and I say, 'Honey, put it on when he's looking'—take it off when he ain't!'

"Now I've (prounced Ah've, as with a mouthful of pecan pie) been in business here on Bourbon Street for thirty years. I'm the complete originator of this business. Back then I was so poor I couldn't even make the rent of $200 a month.

"But poor Bourbon Street has changed. Years ago you had handsome, respectable people goin' out, all dressed up. You never had to be afraid. Now there's trash everywhere—I guess in all the cities, and I've had my burglaries. I won't say this a bad area, but I tell my people to stay clear of some areas after 6:00. They love my shop, you know, and they're friends, not customers to me.

"And many years ago I dressed the real showgirls and strippers, smart girls like you, Fanne, and I helped 'em make a lot of money. What do they wear now? Nothin' but junk! A G-string and pasties while they're doin' somethin' real nasty to the bedpost, nothin' sexy to that. The transvestite shows are much nicer than the real women, and they remind me of the days when—oh, like the Cat Girl. Up until she died she was fan-tastic! I'd make all her clothes to order with special snaps so she could strip quick. She was a very big name, and she brought in others—I had to hire three seamstresses to keep up with their demands!

"I get lots of transvestite customers and never a moment's trouble. Big boys, but they love sequins and beads, even in a size 15. When I buy my holiday line I always keep them in mind for sexy gowns in big sizes. One of my favorite brands, "Funky," stops at size 15, which is a shame, 'cause it's real class, expensive, bitchy and way-out. As I'm here for years I know exactly what my customers are after, and it sure ain't conservative stuff. Uh-uh! I used to get my shoes special from Hawaii, with such lovely, skinny heels. Now they're makin' these wooden clod-hoppers. And what with the shoe problem, the little queers just go insane. Their poor feet are size 12 or 14 and most of the hand-mades just go up to 10. One of these days I think I'll go down and see their shows again. They really know how to entertain, they put on all that pretty stuff and then take it off gradually.

"My straight customers are mostly husbands and wives, and of course a lot of tourists. If a man comes in alone and asks me for something conservative I know right away it's for his wife. And my stuff is *real therapy* for a marriage! I tell friends of mine, I say, 'Don't tell me about wantin' nothin' to do with husbands anymore. You're gettin' older! I don't give a damn what you say, that man wants you to look nice.' Don't you laugh about the woman that wrote that book—now, what's her name? She was on Johnny Carson and said, 'Meet your man at the door in a sheer negligee, honey, he sure ain't gonna love you for your food.' Meet him right and *that's* what holds on to him.

"Now and then you'll get a real foxy wife comin' in, or a girlfriend, and I can tell she lives dangerously. She knows what bait is. She asks for my most risque number in a tiny size, 6 or 7. She knows what I'm all about. Now look at this garter belt—$7 for this piece of fluff! But I sell 'em out. Some couples buy four and five. One bunch of tourists just spent $150 on things like this, and the other day $275—they're havin' fun and it adds up pretty quick. I have some steady customers, women, just crazy about my fabulous brassieres that hold ya up high, and when they go on vacation they'll buy 'em in every color!

"It's nice. I get such long distance calls at Christmastime, or when men know an anniversary is coming. 'Hi'ya Loni, remember me?' I say, 'Howya doin', why don't I send up two or three gowns for you to choose from.' Sometimes he'll say, 'Oh, don't do it, Loni, she'll keep 'em all!' Then there's my filthy billionaire from Mexico, real big wheel down there. Comes in with a bunch of lovely young girls. He can hardly speak English, but he sits here, all perfumed, and they come out in my gowns and trot around. He'll buy each one five or six sexy things. Then he takes 'em all to Europe. Oh, I've got some amazing customers comin' through that door.

"And not only at the Mardi Gras. Well, first off, the natives here really don't party on the streets, just for the tourists. It's private and indoors, maybe upstairs on a balcony overlooking the parades. Oh, I used to throw fabulous parties where you'd look down and think that they could not fit one more human being on that street. Bourbon is wall-to-wall from Canal to Esplanade.

"But it's a real fun time. Once I was on a spree, a shopping trip, and I bought stuff to make a Do-It-Yourself Striptease Kit. Oh yes! Bought it for my Mardi Gras crowd. I designed the G-string and little pasties with bows, with spirit gum, and now I sell 'em by the thousands. Got 'em all loaded up on the floor in the back, ready to go. I don't know what there is about Mardi Gras, but all my floozy stuff just goes like a shot!"

It goes without saying that the poor CHERI expense account was severely depleted as we ran riot through the merchandise in childlike delight. But who could resist Loni, much less her glorious stock? Frederick's of Hollywood, eat your heart out—we'll take Loni of New Orleans any day.

THE BEEHIVE

(Continued from page 25)

Gary Dee ranted and raved that there was nothing wrong with a girl using her god-given talents to play a horn. He said she doesn't play hippy music or hard rock, but rather she plays our National Anthem and has all the men standing at attention. He said there is nothing wrong with her using her god-given extraordinary muscle power. He said, "There is nothing wrong with Honeysuckle, she just hears the beat of a different drum. She just strayed off the beaten path of life." Then, a guy called in and asked if I were going to give a concert in the park.

Some lady called in, "You are terrible, I can't stand you!" He replied, "Kiss my grits!" After a lot of such phone calls, he played the song, *Let The World Go Away*.

I laughed so hard in my hotel room, I was almost rolling on the floor. I called Scarlet Rose and Shanna, of whom I've spoken before in CHERI. They agreed to be on the Gary Dee Show with me that day, but by the time they arrived at my room, I had already got the phone call saying I couldn't appear. They had been listening on the car radio on the way over, but the hotel didn't have a radio in my room. The only radio I had was the nude doll with the battery radio controlled by the nipples on the doll's tits, which Lefty (The Kool Kat) gave me in Philadelphia. I thought the battery was dead, but Shanna shook it and some faint sound came out.

We called the bellboy asking for a radio, but he started twisting the nipple around on the doll, and our radio was working!! We laughed and said it took a man's touch. But, we couldn't get Gary Dee very clearly, so finally the desk clerk let us use his radio. He had been listening to Gary Dee, too, and laughing like hell. He was delighted to see us girls right there as Gary Dee spoke of us.

I had told Gary Dee earlier over the radio that I was working with Margo St. James, trying to help get prostitution decriminalized. Gary had a busy phone, so when I had any message for him, I'd call the news hot line, and the very sweet Jim Belles walked over to Gary's section with the message. After I sent the message that Scarlet Rose and Shanna were waiting in my room to appear on his show, too, he spoke of "Those two hookers in Honeysuckle's room."

Scarlet Rose almost died! She said her mother listens to Gary Dee every day and what would she think?!? But, we later got it all straightened out. Scarlet Rose and Shanna worked at Nickey Finn's Night Club in Cleveland. Scarlet's mother used to call Gary Dee and tell about her daughter being a stripper there. Her mother, Mrs. Cooper, is pretty famous herself, from her many phone calls over the radio.

Liz Richards, Gary Dee's wife, has a TV program at 7 am on Channel 5 there in Cleveland. They are a very controversial couple and their domestic squabbles have made the newspapers. People call him and make comments about his wife's show, too. As soon as Gary Dee told people I had two hookers in my room waiting to get on his show, he started getting calls saying we were lesbians.

Finally, towards the end of his show, he said he prayed to Jesus and in a vision, Jesus told him to do what is right. To tell Honeysuckle to come on down. That it is harder for a rich man and a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than it is for Honeysuckle to shoot a cantalope. Gary Dee said come hell or high water, he was going to call Honeysuckle and those two hookers and tell them to come on down. He said he wanted to warn everyone that the rest of his show required parental discretion, telling the kids not to let their parents listen. Then he said the door is always open to Honeysuckle and those two hookers at station WHK. Then, he played the song, *The Door Is Always Open*.

I called the hot line again and got the exact address. It was only a few blocks from the hotel, so we walked over there. We told some people in the lobby of his building we were going up to see him, and one grouchy old woman said she never listened to the fool. We got a laugh out of that. The elevator lady was obviously listening, as she was all smiles and asked if we were the "happy hookers".

So! We finally got on the Gary Dee Show. We explained Scarlet Rose and Shanna were not hookers, and that they worked at Nickey Finn's Night Club. I gave Gary Dee a copy of CHERI and we discussed pornography. Then, we left.

Gary Dee is a fantastic talent. He is a genius! I marvel at his sense of humor and the dramatic way he can keep people in suspense. He can aggravate people and make them furious, yet they wouldn't miss his show for anything. He certainly wakes up the city of Cleveland, Ohio, in the morning.

There is a darling, elderly newslady on Channel 5 TV in Cleveland, named Dorothy Fieldheim. She reminds me of my favorite aunt. She is very clever and witty. People in Cleveland love her. Now and then, some guys in my audience ask if Dorothy Fieldheim taught me how to do my pussy tricks. That always gets a good laugh.

One guy named Avery, told me he brought his girlfriend, Ellen, to see me for her dinner-date and reserved one of my peanut butter pussy*burgers* for her. She got a laugh out of it. Some dinner date!

A guy named Ted ate a pussyburger and asked for another. I told him he was too young to die. He also sucked the broom handle with peanut butter on it from my puss, and put a ping pong ball into his mouth after I shot it out of my puss. One guy named Joe asked for a "blow job to go" so I blew up a paper sandwich bag and put a rubber band on it to keep the air in it and wrote "blow job to go" on it.

Eddie had a bachelor party consisting of about forty guys. Joe, his best man, was talking to all the girls pointing Eddie out, and made sure he "got the works" at the bar next door as well as at the theater. I gave out about seventy extra autographed ping pong balls that show, and I think everyone in the bachelor party got one. As a result, I ran out of ping pong balls on Sunday, and used a few practice golf balls, instead. The golf balls were slick and my pen didn't autograph them very well. I also ran out of CHERI magazines on Sunday and couldn't find any place thah sold them so I got some copies of "Pussy" magazines at a nearby dirty book store to give out for the stump-the-cunt contest prize.

Glen, from Wooster, Ohio, flicked his *bic* and lit the cigarette while it was in my puss. I met some other guys from Wooster, Ohio, out on the street, too. Jerry was there from Rochester and remembered my performance there several years ago. Gene, from Diamond, Ohio, said his wife has planted a Honeysuckle vine in their yard for him and said he could see my show, but he better not come home with peanut butter or Jergens lotion on his breath. He wore a button saying "Dirty old men need love, too." A birdcaller in the audience got hit with a wad of Kleenex I shot out of my puss and I told him it was my Coo-Coo Bird. I want to thank Uncle Ted "The Hustler" for the darling rubber rabbit, and Terry, the former hot dog girl and stripper (whose charming mother came to see my show) for the cute wall plaque she gave me. Brandy, the manager, was very helpful to me and even cooked up a big batch of food for all the girls on Sunday.

A lot of beautiful girls worked there that week, among them: Nicole, Deanna Diablor, "The Killer Queen", Joanne Marie, Kim Lee, Franci Felisis, Misty Blue, and Coffee. Coffee said she is the Philadelphia Coffee and not to confuse her with the New York Coffee. I know New York Coffee, too, and both are delicious!!! I was told that Count Desmond, the Sword Swallower who I worked with before in Cleveland, recently set another world's record swallowing five swords and three coat hangers at the same time. Look for him in next issue of *Guinness Book of World Records*.

Benny "The Bear" was a pure delight as well as Kay, a Capricorn from Tennessee, and Danny, the lip reader, who stumped the cunt. Ron, the projection man, was still there from when I worked Cleveland a year ago. It was great seeing everyone again. I am returning to Cleveland the week of October 17, 1977, about the time this issue comes out on the stands. I am hoping I don't become a victim of the "clean up" campaign since the mayor is running for election only a few weeks after that. If so, all the gory details will appear in CHERI. Father Genska, the Franciscan priest who appeared at Hookers' Convention, has offered to testify for me if the Grand Jury in New Jersey indicts me. So far, I have no word from them. I am very touched that Father Genska has offered to testify for me. More about him in next issue. Also, Pittsburg and Washington, D.C. will be in the next issue and I hope to get CHERI to do a picture spread on the Number One Gibby Girl, Danielle Duvoix who titles *Miss Nude World Sexuality* and *Queen of Burlesque*.

One night, the lights weren't working right, and I had to climb over a guy in the audience as I tried to get onto the stage runway in the dark, and my pussy raped his mouth! If he hadn't stuck his tongue in and swam like hell using a good back stroke, he might have gotten completely swallowed up!! The lights came on just before my snapping puss let loose of his mouth. I called him "Sweetlips" during the rest of the show.

See you in the next issue and hope to catch up on my mail soon. I am a bit shaky right now, as I just dreamed I was fucking Peter Lovejoy in a haystack, hot and heavy. I have to rush this column to the post office without even stopping to wipe off the come. Until next issue, sweet hot and wet dreams to all you horny fans.

BIKE GANG

(Continued from page 37)

other hand down to shove four fingers up my cunt. The pain ripped through me like fire. I would have killed him if I could.

"I bit his fist and screamed again, so he grabbed a pair of my panties and tied them over my mouth. Then he threw me over to the bed like a piece of meat, an inhuman thing—I could feel his contempt for me with every shove. The beast really knew what he was doing. He threw me over the bed rail and tied my legs to each post. Then he bent me back over the rail so that my pussy was forced out front. It was grotesque, being contorted like that, and it hurt so much. I could see him smile at my pain and he knelt in front of me, forcing me open with his hand, probing into me, pushing my legs wider apart. He was really getting excited now. With a sudden swing he reached over and grabbed the wine bottle on my dressing table and thrust it into me. Christ, it was cold!

"When he'd gotten enough kicks out of that one, he opened up his fly and took it out. He didn't even take his jeans off—just rammed it into me. He was thrusting so fast and deep I couldn't feel anything at first, but when I sensed his body quivering, the muscles hard and tense, I started getting off. Completely helpless and submissive, I sensed my blood rushing—and I came. It was a weird, jagged orgasm, the kind I get when I masturbate. I couldn't help it. I was so aroused by the muscles in his loins as he forced himself into me. That, and the screaming fear of what he'd do next. . . .

"Then he leaned back and took off the stocking mask. It was Bob, it was my husband! He'd decided to actually act out the fantasy game we'd mentioned so often. I collapsed with a sigh of relief, but I couldn't forget it was the best sex we'd had in years."

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The woman quoted here is describing the opening act of various sexual dramas she and her husband have worked out to heat up their love lives. They have, she claims, the wildest responses when the tension between them is high, when it's either great sex or picking up an axe. The psycho-dramas are the perfect escape valve, says she.

John and Penny were a happily married couple, highly sexually compatible—except that she refused to go down on her husband. She found it degrading and demeaning, and he found the whole situation so frustrating he began paying prostitutes for the favor. Sincere conversation did not help. He became angry with her for denying him the one act that really turned him on, and she felt he was trying to humiliate her, and so on.

One night he came up with the idea of a game board with penalties for the loser. Together they made up a simple dice game for the newly perverse. John was calculating for cocksucking as the chief forfeit, but declined to play his hand so openly, so they decided on masturbation—but not much. "Masturbating to orgasm would destroy the whole game from the beginning," said he.

Then he hit upon the idea of Monopoly money. Payment of penalties could be avoided by fat payments of money, just like in real life. But if one player ran out of money and borrowed from the other, and ended the game in debt, he or she would get spanked—once for every grand owed. In no time at all the two of them were competing for wild penalties, from anal sex to walking around the block naked. Even oral sex was mentioned, which was okay with Penny, who figured she could always buy her way out.

But after a few redhot games, she made a few fatal calculations that cost her throat its cherry. She ran out of money and credit, and John was adamant. Finally she psyched herself into going down on him, even to swallowing when he came. John was so pleased that she forgot how humiliated and degraded she was and they went on to a much more intimate marital relationship, which proves, after all, that you too can buy love-you just have to know when it's for sale.

Sexual games, passion playlets, are becoming more common among couples who've been together for a long time. Psychologists and psychiatrists who've documented recent years of game-playing claim it's a very valuable motif for greater physical compatibility and lesser bedroom boredom, and who should know better?

Games set up situations for a freer expression of sexual desires, and they are limited only by the imagination of the participants and the perversity of their fantasies. The tension of the couple here is fully released when the husband becomes an outlaw biker rapist. The wife finds her own ecstasy in forced surrender as a passive victim. Both parties are released from their everyday rut by the opportunity to become, for the moment, another *persona*.

Many couples, psychologists say, never suspect the existence of the many sexual selves inside them. What woman, married ten years, can see her mate as a vicious animal, a cringing child or an imperious sultan? What husband can see the female stacking the dish washer as a conniving courtesan, a ruthless grand duchess or a defiled nun? When a couple acknowledges those aspects of each other's sexuality, the relationship grows.

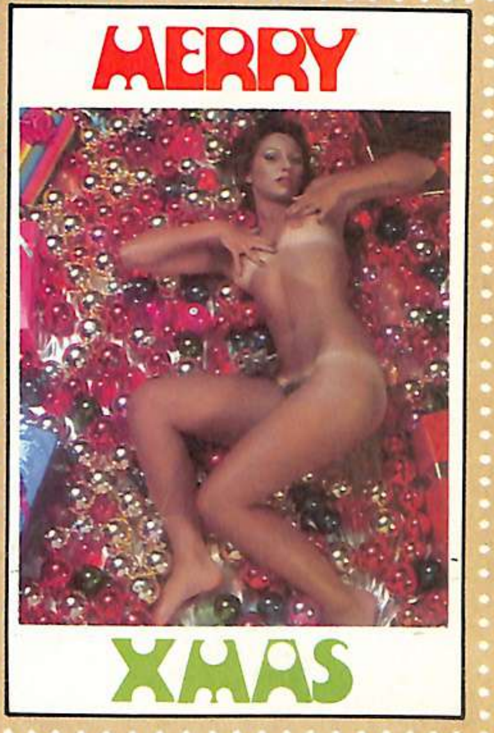
When both parties agree on the rules, anything goes. The game situation applies to its own private world, where behavior is divorced completely from so-called "normal" responses. Thus, if a girl loses a hand at strip poker and is "forced" to bare her breasts before a group of strange men, she can't be considered a wanton exhibitionist, a prick-teaser or a pig. She's able to enjoy exposing herself because it's part of the game, and her mate would be the first to complain if she broke the rules.

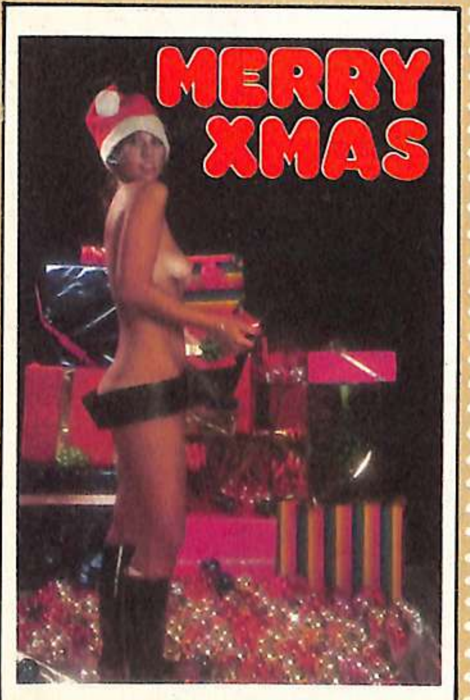
Every one of us has a whole collection of furtive little fantasies that could, possibly, interlock with someone else's. Sexual games allow for promiscuity, a curiosity for either the sadistic or masochistic experience, a taste for rough trade, exhibitionistic tendencies and lots of other forbidden funk.

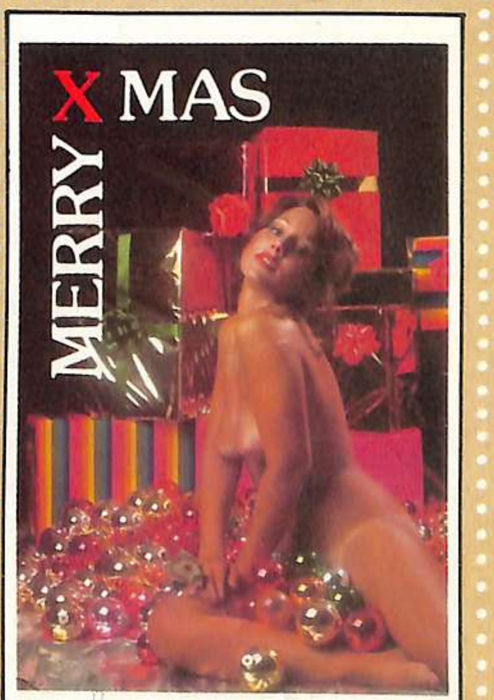
XMAS CARDS...

We're FUCKEN
SICKENTIRED OF
THOSE DIPPY LITTLE
CARDS THAT SAY
"TO ___"/"FROM ___".
THIS YEAR, WHEN
YOU GIVE A GIFT,
USE OUR UNIQUE
CHERI STICKERS.
CUT 'EM OUT
AND GLUE 'EM
ON!

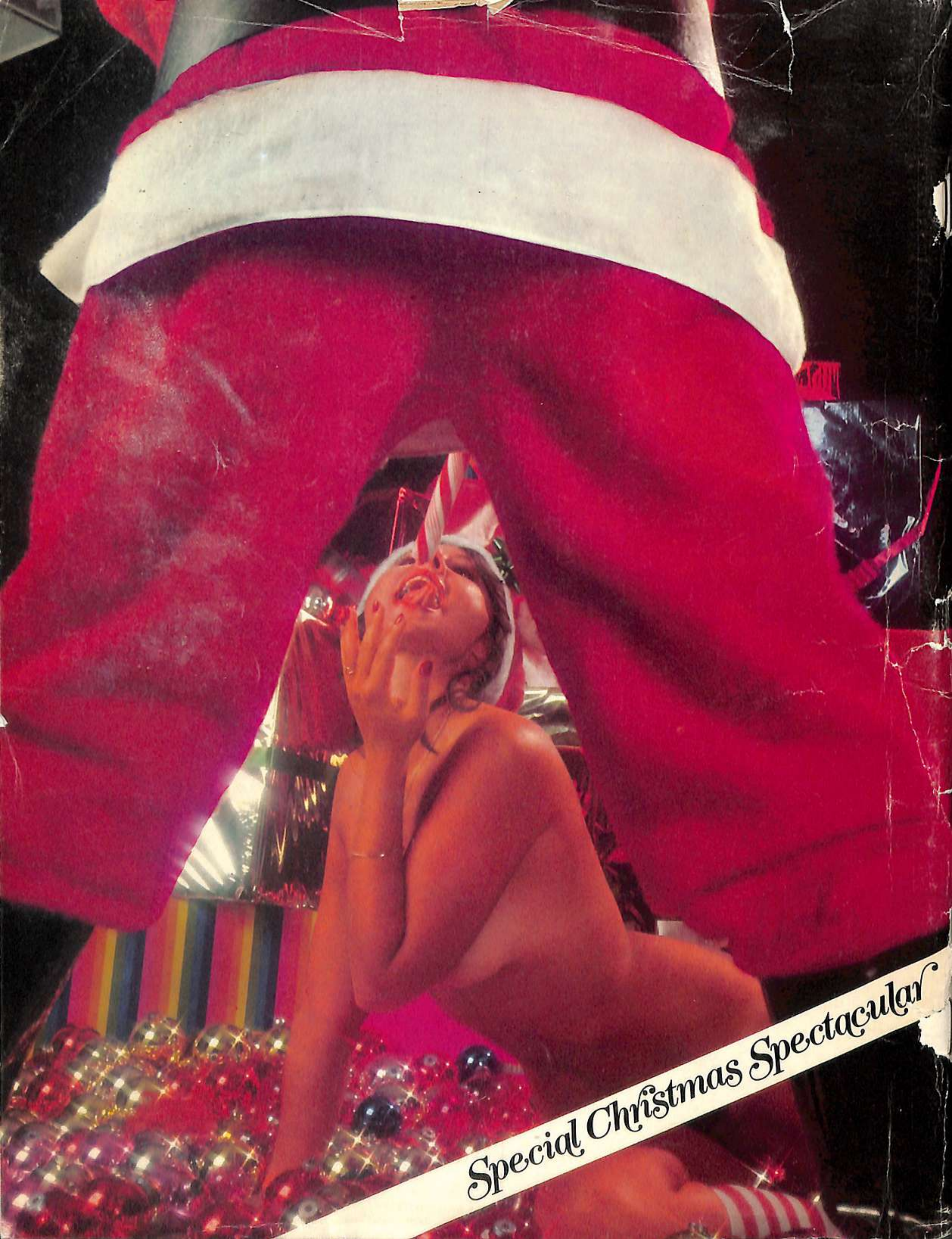
The Family







FOR THOSE SPECIAL FRIENDS



Special Christmas Spectacular